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CP

Mulock

THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS

OF

SCOTLAND,

SOCIALLY CONSIDERED, WITH REFERENCE TO

PROPRIETORS AND PEOPLE:

BEING A SERIES OF

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE PERIODICAL PRESS.

BY

THOMAS MULOCK.

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.—ECCLES. iv. 1.

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PREFACE.

THE present publication owes its origin to a strong and general desire expressed throughout the Western Highlands and Islands, that there should be a cheap reprint, in a collective form, of the numerous Articles bearing on the social condition of the North of Scotland, which appeared from time to time in the *Inverness Advertiser*. Although the Articles in question were mainly written on the editorial spur of the moment, they were essentially the product of close local observation, and of deep after meditation—they are therefore entitled to a measure of confidence which cannot always be safely conceded to the speculations of newspaper essayists, whose range of personal enquiry is limited to their writing chamber. Before the author framed a sentence concerning Highland themes, he took an extensive survey of the state of the country—made himself familiarly acquainted with the actual condition of the people,—and endeavoured to draw a clear line of distinction between causeless complaints and justly-alleged grievances. This was not the work of a day, for the discovery of truth is a painful and difficult process, where oppression frowns upon a crushed community. Oppressors disclaim or disguise their acts of despotism, and slaves deprecate disclosure even while smarting under the sorest wrongs. At length, however, the real state of things becomes apparent to a patient investigator, and the materials for forming an impartial

judgment are accurately accumulated, so as to be fittingly placed before the public. The object of the writer has been to pursue a middle, truthful course—neither exaggerating nor extenuating social evils—but depicting with plainness, sincerity, and dispassionateness, the fearful facts which were presented to his perceptions. The upright, liberal administration of property is the true test of a nation's prosperity—for where *men oppress the poor to increase their riches*, there can be no soundness in the state of society—all is false and hollow—power has no permanence—and servitude has no valid motives for subjection.

Some Miscellaneous Articles upon topics of enduring interest have been added to this collection, and it is hoped that their introduction will not be deemed obtrusive. To Scottish readers it will be hardly necessary to apologize for the insertion of Essays touching the theological repute of *Chalmers*, or the literary renown of *Jeffrey*.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

LORD MACDONALD'S EVICTIONS AT SOLLAS, NORTH UIST.

Letter to the Lord Advocate of Scotland, . . . Page 1
Letter to Inverness Advertiser.—North Uist.—Sheriffs Colquhoun and Shaw, and Lord Macdonald's Commisioner, . . . 2
Letter to Lord Advocate, ... 3
Letter I. The Sollas Trials—To the Right Honourable Lord Macdonald, 4
Letter II. The Sollas Trials—To the Right Honourable Lord Macdonald, 8
Letter III. Highland Depopulation—The Sollas Trials.—To the Right Honourable Lord Macdonald, ... 14
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—Good Tidings of Lord Macdonald, . 20
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—Lord Macdonald's Estates, . 21
Lord Macdonald's Sollas Tenants, ... 22

PART II.

SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS.

Letter to Inverness Advertiser—The Duke of Sutherland and the Golspie Fishermen, ... 24
Letter II. To the Inverness Advertiser—The Duke of Sutherland and the Golspie Fishermen, ... 27
Letter I. To the Inverness Advertiser—The State of Sutherland Impartially Disclosed, ... 30
Letter II. To the Inverness Advertiser—The State of Sutherland Impartially Disclosed, ... 36
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—Juggling Mal-Administration of the Poor-Law in the Highlands, ... 44
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—The Duke of Sutherland's Editorial Panegyrists, ... 47
The Queen's Rumoured Visit to Sutherland—Poetry and Plain Prose, 49
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—The Rejoicings in Sutherland, . 52
The Neglected State of the Highland Parochial Poor, . . 57

PART III.

GLENELG AND LOCHALSH.

Roads in Glenelg—The Commissioners of Supply, . . Page 59
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—Notices of Lochalsh and Glenelg, . 60
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—The Emigration from Lochalsh, Glenelg, and South Uist, ... 67
Letter to Inverness Advertiser—Reported Liberality of some Highland Proprietors, ... 73

PART IV.

THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION RELIEF BOARD'S OPERATIONS.

Letter to Inverness Advertiser—The Highland Destitution Relief Board: Edinburgh and Glasgow Sections, ... 77
The Highland Destitution Relief Board, ... 85
Present Destitution in the Hebrides—Highland Relief Board, . . 88

PART V.

HIGHLAND ROAD-MAKING.

The Ross-shire Roads, ... 93
Ross-shire Road-Making.—Tulloch, Dundonell, and the Highland Destitution Relief Board, ... 95
Road Making in Ross-shire, ... 103

PART VI.

ARTICLES RELATIVE TO LANDLORD AND TENANT, PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

The Laws Affecting Agriculture, ... 106
The Protectionists, ... 110
Plain Truths Regarding Protection;—Especially addressed to our Agricultural Friends, ... 114
Highland Farming, High Rents, and Low Prices, ... 121
Where are Farmers to Look for Relief? 124
High Farming and Highland Farming: or Blackwood Turned Triptolemus, 130
Mr Caird Again: or the Peel Missionary to Ireland, . . 136
Tenant Right, ... 138
Quack D'Israeli's Latest Nostrum, ... 143
Sir Robert Peel on Protection and Rents, ... 146
Sir Robert Peel on Free Trade and Rents: or the Two Voices from Tamworth, ... 148
Practical Improvement of the Crofter System on the Estate of Mr Fraser of Culbokie, ... 149
More Ponderings of a Perthshire Farmer—Improvement of the Cottier System, ... 153
Should not the Highlanders be Scholastically Taught their own Native Language? 155
Proposed Weekly Markets in the Highlands, . . . 155
Desirableness of Steam Navigation as applied to the Outer Hebrides, 159

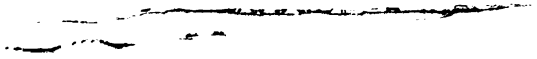
PART VII.

LITERARY ARTICLES.

The Vanished Year, 1849! . . . . . Page 162
Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-Law, the Rev. W. Hanna, LL.D., . . 172
The Late Francis Jeffrey, ... 179
Thomas Carlyle, the Amateur Statesman and Uninspired Prophet, 183
Thomas Carlyle's Latter-Day Prison Pamphlets, . . . 187
The Cameronians Past and Present, ... 196
Lord Clarendon between Two Rival Reviews, ... 200
The Termination of Vice-Royalty in Ireland, ... 207
Capital Punishments—The Mannings and other Murderers, . 212
Capital Punishments—Execution of Margaret Hamilton at Glasgow, 216
The Army Estimates—Does Great Britain require 100,000 Soldiers? . 219
Prince Albert's Hobby—The Industrial Exhibition, . . 224
The Marriage Bill, ... 227
Compulsory Emigration—Strathaird, Skye. Scottish Proprietors and their Factors.—Communicated to the Northern Ensign, . . 228

APPENDIX.

The Mackintosh Bequest, ... 237
The Mackintosh Bequest—Omitted Words of the Will, . . 244
The Mackintosh Bequest—From the Inverness Advertiser, . . 246
What can be done to Remedy the Disastrous Depreciation of Railway Property? 249
The Caledonian Railway, ... 252
Country Deputations to Members of the Goverment, . . 254
The Sabbath-Day's Respite from Post-Office Labour, . . 256
The Present State of Ireland, ... 259



LETTERS, &c.

PART I.

LORD MACDONALD'S EVICTIONS AT SOLLAS, NORTH UIST.

To the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Carinish, North Uist, August 29. 1849.

My Lord,—During a course of enquiry into the circumstances connected with the recent commotions at Sollas, in this island, some facts have come to my knowledge which I judge it proper and respectful to submit to your Lordship, before I take steps to publish them as widely as (in my opinion) their importance demands.

Sheriffs Colquhoun and Shaw were, as your Lordship is no doubt informed, officially employed at Sollas in ostensibly enforcing certain rights of property urged on behalf of Lord Macdonald; and had those functionaries limited themselves to the strict discharge of their proper duties, as administrators of the law, no cause of complaint could be justly alleged against them. But it pains me to be obliged to state, that from the testimony (which they are ready to verify upon oath) of many parties at Sollas, the aforesaid sheriffs compelled by *menaces* a number of heads of families to sign an agreement with, and framed by Lord Macdonald's so-styled commissioner, binding themselves to emigrate to Canada between the months of February and June 1850.

Now, I appeal to your Lordship, as the protector of public rights, and the avenger of public wrongs in this part of the United Kingdom, to satisfy the humble persons thus despotically dealt with, whether the law of Scotland justifies a sheriff called in for *one* purpose, viz. that of enforcing a proprietor's right of rent, to subserve *another* purpose, namely, that of aiding a proprietor in

promoting compulsory emigration? On this plain point I am sure an explicit answer will be afforded by your Lordship. I am not aware of any principle of *English* law which would bear out a sheriff, or any other officer, in so violent an interference with the liberty of the subject.

The "menaces" to which I referred, as used by Sheriffs Colquhoun and Shaw, were, "that if the agreement to go to Canada, or elsewhere, as emigrants, was not signed by the Sollas tenants, their houses should be pulled down, roof and stance."

Again, my Lord, I ask for my own information, if the Scottish law of ejectment warrants a sheriff in thus acting towards parties against whom writs of ejectment are to be enforced?—I have the honour to be, your Lordship's obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

NORTH UIST.—SHERIFFS COLQUHOUN AND SHAW, AND LORD MACDONALD'S COMMISSIONER.

[From *Inverness Advertiser*, Sept. 11. 1849.]

SIR,—I am pleased to find my letter to the Lord Advocate copied in your journal, and I am still more pleased that you have not undertaken to vindicate the contents of that letter. My statement requires no vindication. I laid down as a truthful proposition that the sheriffs had flagrantly gone beyond their legal functions in abetting the course pursued by Lord Macdonald's factor, viz. *that of making the execution of a writ of ejectment contingent upon a forced agreement to emigrate to America*—the threat being the demolition of the houses of *unsigning* parties. This is the pith of the whole matter. Let the sheriffs shew—let the commissioner of Lord Macdonald shew, what legal right they had to coerce the poor people of Sollas into any such agreement. And can that agreement be enforced by law? I maintain that it cannot—that it is essentially vicious and void, as having been extorted from parties who were under police *duresse* at the very time. And if the agreement be invalid, then all the previous notices of ejectment, &c. fall to the ground—for the agreement was a waiver of all previous proceedings.

It is, however, quite true that there is a class of cases where the interference of the sheriffs in enforcing compulsory emigration

might be both proper and necessary; but it should be added, that the coerced parties must be *criminals convicted by the verdict of a jury;* whereas the guilt of the Sollas tenants only consisted in their being debtors to Lord Macdonald in a small arrear of rent, which had accumulated in very hard times, with perhaps the additional culpability of holding lands which were desiderated for sheep-walks.

In a very few days I shall be able to lay before the public a succinct and faithful statement of facts connected with the North Uist affair, which will, I trust, prove useful to all parties concerned in promoting compulsory emigration, which I take to be a very illegal proceeding. To aid or facilitate voluntary emigration is one thing—to persecute the poor into forced expatriation is quite another thing—and this latter course is now so rife in the Highlands as to call for thorough exposure and reprobation. As I have no interests or feelings mixed with my researches, my inquiries are perfectly impartial, and my zeal for truth forbids my too ready reception of representations which I might hereafter have occasion to qualify or retract.

To satisfy you that my remarks regarding the sheriffs can be borne out, I beg to say that I possess a notification signed "Patrick Cooper," in which that gentleman identifies "the authorities" with his own menaces against such parties as should refuse to sign the agreement to emigrate.

I must trespass still farther, by asking you to insert a second letter to the Lord Advocate, a copy of which I subjoin.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Reraig, Lochalsh, Sept. 7. 1849.

To the Lord Advocate.

Portree, September 3. 1849.

MY LORD,—Before my departure from Lochmaddy, I had an opportunity (through the courtesy of the Procurator-fiscal) of examining the bail-bonds executed on behalf of the four parties against whom your Lordship has raised indictments for alleged rioting and assault at Sollas, in North Uist.

With the merits of their respective cases I do not, at present,

presume to meddle; but I take the liberty of asking your Lordship whether the surrender of the bailed prisoners at Lochmaddy would not meet the requirements of the law? for I apprehend if the parties had *not* been bailed, they must have been sent to Inverness at the public expense.

The parties in question are, I well know, to poor to provide their own *viaticum*—their stock, &c., having been seized by Lord Macdonald's commissioner, neither have they means to defray the cost of witnesses, which might amount to a denial of justice. When I see the formidable list of witnesses for the Crown (30 in number), the subject becomes still more important to the prisoners. —I have the honour to be, your Lordship's obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

LETTER I.—THE SOLLAS TRIALS.

To the Right Hon. Lord Macdonald.

MY LORD,—Now that the "majesty" of the law of landlord and tenant has been measurably vindicated by the conviction of the poor prisoners from Sollas, your Lordship must not be surprised to find the noble proprietor of North Uist himself subjected to a course of investigation, quite as rigorous as can take place in an ordinary court of justice. As your Lordship's so-styled commissioner has thought proper to impugn indirectly the Christian compassion with which the Jury humanely qualified the stern uprightness of their verdict, it appears to me but just that your Lordship should be held accountable for the statements, as well as the acts of a delegated despiser and oppressor of the poor. I, for one, disdain to descend to altercation with Mr Cooper: but I assume your Lordship to be responsible for all the errors, all the harshness, all the vulgar virulence which abound in a statement to which Mr Cooper subscribes his name. I respect your Lordship's rank—I unfeignedly pity your painful position, but I cannot suffer your Lordship to be screened by the interposition of an underling; as you have made the poor people of Sollas answerable for *their* acts, so your Lordship must now submit to a scrutiny of your own conduct. No privilege of your order can avail you here; and in your character of proprietor you are as amenable to the

principles of truth and righteousness, as your captive tenants were to the common law of the land.

Apart from the studied misrepresentations and prolix mystifications of your Lordship's magniloquent commissioner, the whole case of the ill-treated people of Sollas, lies in a nut-shell; and if your Lordship shall be shewn to be the transgressing party, through sheer ignorance of your own affairs, you must blame your own supineness, instead of finding fault with my freedom. I assert, without fear of confutation, that your Lordships statements (made through your vice-gerent) are wholly incorrect when you allege that "Sollas was not suited for small tenants, from the scarcity of manure, and the nature of the soil." I maintain, on the contrary, from actual observation and inquiry, and from the written testimony of your Lordship's former factor, Dr Macleod, that the experience of more than seventy years justifies the belief that the district of Sollas is well-suited for small tenants, if proper and reasonable encouragement were afforded them. "Up to the years 1846, 1847, and 1848, the rents of Sollas were as regularly paid," says Dr Macleod, "as those of any other lands in North Uist, which can be proved from the factor's books." It is true that the potato failure threw the people of Sollas, like all other Highland tenants, necessarily in arrear,—and the absolute need of increased corn cultivation, at once demonstrated the inadequacy of existing crops to supply subsistence for the population. But the real remedy for this distressing state of things lay with your Lordship, who, by reducing rents and enlarging crofts, might have secured the continuance (after a period of difficulty), of a thriving and thankful tenantry. But other counsel prevailed, and Sollas was fore-doomed to depopulation, in order that the district should be partitioned among two or three prospective tacksmen, who had found favour with your Lordship's functionaries. And I boldly affirm that these monstrously unjust pre-arrangements lie at the root of all the systematic clearances which disgrace and desolate the Highlands. The old dispossession of Naboth's Vineyard, is renewed on a larger scale by the Celtic Ahabs—and when once a devoted district is fastened upon, or, in other words, *bespoke*, by some unscrupulous sheep-owner—pretexts are not wanting to colour the tyrannical eviction and forced expatriation of the unfortunate and unprotected peasantry. Thus, your Lordship (*per* commissioner), having resolved upon converting Sollas into a sheep-

walk, it follows, as a matter of course, that the people must be idle, ungrateful, and insubordinate; and yet, upon investigation, their idleness turns out to be a reluctance to work in wintry weather, at least six miles from their own homes—their ingratitude consists in not bartering their Highland hearths for a few bolls of meal—and their insubordinacy is chiefly attributable to Commissioner Cooper's settled purpose to consider them as a "mob." That a rash young man, flushed with sudden authority, and inflated with professional pedantry, should have been let loose upon the ancient retainers of the house of Macdonald, is not creditable to your Lordship's judgment; and I take upon myself to aver that the whole scheme of violence to be perpetrated at Sollas, was forcibly, though respectfully, denounced two months previously by your Lordship's factor in Skye, Mr Mackinnon of Corry.

And now, my Lord, I come, in order, to the imposition palpably practised upon your Lordship regarding the alleged application of the people of Sollas to be helped to emigrate. In a letter signed "Macdonald," now lying before me, your Lordship states that "the tenants of Sollas, sometime ago, petitioned to be sent to America. Their petition was taken into consideration, and everything having been done to forward their wishes, they now, at the eleventh hour (July 12.), after considerable expense has been gone into for the purpose of carrying out their wishes, draw back, and say they will not move." Confiding, as I do implicitly, in your Lordship's veracity, I must, nevertheless, plainly declare that your Lordship has been made the victim of some unworthy trick, for, on two occasions, the whole of the heads of families at Sollas emphatically assured me that they had never signed—never seen—never heard of any petition on the subject of emigration! I cannot yield to the supposition that fifty or sixty decent persons palmed a rank falsehood upon me, and I therefore conclude that a sham petition was obtruded upon your Lordship by interested parties, "whose wish was father to the thought" of compulsory emigration. As to the expenses contracted to carry out this pretended petition, your Lordship best knows to what extent your purse was drained to promote the ideal project; but one statement made by Mr Cooper, sounds to me very apocryphal, viz., that "the proprietor had arranged to get assistance from the Highland Destitution Committee to the extent of 20s. for each adult, and 10s. for each person under fourteen years of age." Now, my Lord,

the contents of a letter which I have recently received from Mr C. R. Baird of Glasgow, entirely negative Mr Cooper's statement; for Mr Baird asserts, that all applicants were cautioned against supposing that the committee would give aid towards emigration unless carried on "on a system calculated to promote the permanent benefit of those who emigrate and of *those who remain.*" It being clearly your Lordship's intention to effect a wholesale removal of the tenants at Sollas, it was impossible that any *bona fide* arrangement could have been made with the Highland Destitution Committee.

I must frankly avow that, looking calmly and impartially at these proceedings, I cannot avoid compassionating the false position of your Lordship. That a nobleman, hitherto distinguished for liberality and kindness towards his dependants, should shake off all ancient affinities—discard all friendly and patriarchal feelings, and become the extruder from their native land of families who, even in their calamity, do not breathe a reproach against their still revered chief, is matter for serious and saddening contemplation. Is there no hope for landlords but in the expatriation of their humble and attached tenants? Is it a crime that the poor Highland peasantry should still cherish that instinctive patriotism which binds them to their native mountain nooks? My Lord, I entreat you to lay to heart the awful responsibility which belongs to the possessors of the soil. If proprietors are so infatuated as to suppose that all the precepts of Christianity may be violated with impunity in order to subserve their imagined interests—that districts may be depopulated to gratify the greed of some childless grazier or Malthusian sheep-feeder—then be it proclaimed that the doom of ill-administered property is scaled! Neither laws nor soldiers can permanently protect property when the blessing of the Most High is withdrawn from the heritors of the soil: as they mete to others it shall be measured unto themselves. The pitiless promoters of forced emigration may, in the course of righteous retribution, become weeping wanderers from their own princely halls. I conjure you, my Lord, to be wise in time, and to secure safety at Armadale by clemency at Sollas.—I have the honour to be, your Lordship's obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Sept. 21. 1849.

☞ In the foregoing letter I have abstained from all specific mention of a subject formerly adverted to, viz., the improper interference of the Sheriffs in the matter of emigration, which, however, is an error in judgment not likely to occur again. Adhering immutably to my former views upon this point, justice impels me to add that, apart from his mistaken course at Sollas, the general conduct of Mr Sheriff Shaw is worthy of all commendation. From every quarter I heard testimony as to his impartial administration of the law, and very specially as to his attention to the poor.

T. M.

LETTER II.—THE SOLLAS TRIALS.

To the Right Honourable Lord Macdonald.

" The wretch that works and weeps without relief
Has one that notices his silent grief.
He, from whose hands alone all pow'r proceeds,
Ranks its abuse among the foulest deeds,
Considers *all* injustice with a frown ;
But *marks* the man that treads his fellow down.
Remember Heav'n has an avenging rod—
To smite the poor is treason against God.

Cowper.

My Lord,—In the further prosecution of my inquiries into the miserable state and mischievous mismanagement of property in the Highlands, I see the propriety and feel the convenience of dealing with principals. Provisional commissioners and fugitive factors are not the men for me; and for this, among other reasons, that, although responsible to their own employers, these delegated despots owe no allegiance to the public. Mr Cooper may spoil a steel pen in vindicating the iron rule of Lord Macdonald; but if held accountable himself for the dark doings at Sollas, the wily Aberdeen advocate would soon shift his ground, and plead the lawful liability of his noble master. Therefore, my Lord, I beg you will bear with me while I again address you on the multifarious topics connected with compulsory emigration. Your Lordship will perhaps be inclined to ask, by what title I presume to invade the sanctity of your private interests and personal possessions? My answer is brief, and to the purpose. If your Lordship swayed your own estates without resorting to public bounty, or without increasing the public burdens, I should

deem myself a vulgar intruder if I ventured to peep into the privacy of your lordly affairs; but when I find your Lordship (like His Grace of Sutherland, and scores of Highland proprietors), sueing, *in forma pauperis*, for savoury slices from a public charity (the pernicious perverted Destitution Fund); when I see your Lordship figuring in blue books as a drainage borrower from the State Exchequer—and above all, when I behold your Lordship inflicting a heavy impost on the county of Inverness, to defray the costly transport of policemen to North Uist, and the still costlier transport of unexamined witnesses *from* North Uist, and all this expense saddled upon the public, in order to force your Lordship's tenants to become despairing emigrants; it strikes me very forcibly that your Lordship has ceased to be a privileged private possessor of the soil. If your Lordship cannot get on without public succour, you cannot reasonably expect to escape public scrutiny. Retire into the seclusion (not the *sequestration*) of your own resources, and your Lordship shall meet no molestation from me—but so long as you call in sheriffs and policemen to frighten poor tenants into agreements to emigrate—so surely as you tell Sir George Grey that the law of landlord and tenant must be maintained by files of fusiliers conveyed to North Uist at the charge of the county—I shall feel myself absolved from all delicacy in discussing, to the very quick, your Lordships's most intimate concerns. Let me also add another reason for making choice of your Lordship's matters as a subject of investigation. As your Lordship tried the harsh hand of authority upon the poor people of Sollas, with the view, no doubt, of spreading a salutary terror among the refractory, non-emigrating tenants of other *clearing* proprietors, allow me to select your Lordship as a cautionary example for the benefit of your estated brethren; and I hope the warning will not be lost on the owners of Glenelg, Lochalsh, South Uist, and other wholesale deporters of flesh and blood.

Dispatching these preliminary considerations, I must now enter in earnest upon the proper theme of this letter—the general subject of emigration—of which your Lordship's proceedings at Sollas form a part. In the year A. D. 1849, a cry is raised from certain quarters, that Great Britain and Ireland are over-peopled. The proprietors, or, more correctly speaking, the *quasi* proprietors of the soil—the commercial community of mortgagees and money-lenders—in short, the whole tribe of creditorial claimants, backed

by a host of stipendiary scribblers, dubbing themselves philosophers and political economists—all these gentry concur in the inexorable proposition, that, to rescue the British Empire from impending ruin, a vast portion of her alleged surplus population must be expelled from certain localities, and driven across the Atlantic in search of the necessaries of life. No room—no subsistence—no bowels of compassion for them *here!* It is remarkable, too, that the districts fastened upon by the population-thinners are *not* those marked by over-grown cities, or by continuous towns crowded with manufacturing myriads exhibiting every variety of squalidness and misery; for *these*, sanitary regulations are profusely provided, and *their* condition is, it seems, to be permanently improved at home. But the peasant population—especially the numbers scattered over immense tracts of half-cultivated country—are deemed to be nuisances in the land that gave them birth, and the cruel yell of despotic proprietorship is, Clearance! Clearance! coupled with its austere adjunct—compulsory emigration.

As no general movement can possibly take place in society without some adequate cause, it behoves us to inquire into the grounds stated by proprietors themselves in justification of their wholesale ejectments and emigration projects. "Our lands," say they, "swarm with a population sinking daily into pauperism. We cannot realize our accustomed rents, yet we are compelled by law to support masses of indigence and idleness, existing, but not prospering upon small subdivisions of land. The prices of agricultural produce are injuriously lowered by free, foreign competition, whilst our burdens are fearfully augmenting, and we see no remedy for this disastrous state of things but in emigration; for if our ejected tenants be not removed to another region, *extra quatuor maria*, they will (failing to obtain a legal settlement in some other parish) fall back upon *our property* for support derivable from increased poor's rate."

I think, my lord I have fairly stated the landlord's plea for extensive schemes of emigration. Let us now investigate closely the truth of the case—and in the first place, notwithstanding the moan of philanthropic proprietors, and the babble of Malthusian deprecators of progeny, I demur stoutly to the alleged *fact* of over population in the Highlands. In traversing large districts, I have indeed found the peasantry crowded into some narrow,

swampy spots, for which they have been forced to exchange their former patches of cultivated land, now added to the huge farm of some tacksman upheld by cash credits from an acommodating Bank. I have seen the industrial efforts and scope of the humble tillers of the soil completely cramped by the vile system which actually extorts a higher, proportional rent from the struggling, starving crofter, than from the insatiable engrosser of a hundred crofts, sacrificed to swell his enormous holding. I have computed the rents paid for some mossy moor (at Lochalsh for example) and on conjoining them with the amounts exacted for miserable but indispensable grazing land, it was clear to me that the annual average was higher than the best land in Staffordshire—for the poor occupants being crushed into an inadequate space (thirty-two families upon sixteen acres of arable land), their necessities are laid hold of to demand rents utterly unjustified by any equivalent advantages. And yet Mr Lillingston, like Lord Macdonald, is a benevolent man—but also like your lordship, looking through the spectacles of some oppressive official, or sordid sub-agent, instead of exercising his own judgment, and practically exploring his own affairs. It is curious to observe how much of the pristine inequality between the superior and his dependants, still subsists in the Highlands, but stript of its ancient alleviations. The chieftain of the olden time reckoned on the ready claymores of his fighting and *lifting* followers; and his will was their law: but, in requital, the members of the clan were cherished, sustained, and regarded by their lord, to whom affable access was never denied. *Now*, the poor clansman, degenerated into a rent-paying serf, knows nothing of his landlord but through some deputy-assistant factor, armed with "*missives*" (like the Lochalsh code of impossibilities invented by mistaken Mr Lillingston), to compel a course of agriculture suited to the Carse of Gowrie, but utterly impracticable at Kintail. Still, there are pleasing exceptions to the rigorous rule of non-intercourse between landlord and tenant. I was gratified to perceive at Dunvegan, that even in his regretted fall, Macleod of Macleod commanded the affections of his condoling tenantry; and it is plain to every inquirer, that Mackenzie of Applecross studies the welfare, and enjoys the esteem, of his thriving dependants.

Your Lordship will now have gathered the grounds of my denial—that the Highlands are over-peopled. I maintain that the

people are not too many, but that their holdings are too small—their rents too high—their oppressions innumerable—their encouragements *nil*. Impounded in sterile spots, which even the tacksman forbears to envy; their industry checked by the total absence of all efficient incentives to exertion; they plod painfully the thorny path of hopeless penury, drenched in debt, which, at length, has its issues in ejectment and emigration. And all this accumulation of wrongs and neglect on the part of unworthy proprietors, is, forsooth, to be huddled out of thought and sight; and the whole evil to be accounted for by Malthus's infidel doctrine, denouncing early marriages, and progressive population—as if youthful brides should never gladden the lowly roof, and the law of increase should not be tolerated except at Armadale, or other august mansions fitted for connubial felicity! My Lord, I treat with the scorn it deserves the trashy theory with which the oppressors of the poor seek to cover their agrarian tyranny. If I were disposed to turn the tables by means of their own false principles, I could readily point out *where* a surplus population might probably be detected. What think you, O philosophers, of a surplus population of idle, improvident, or insolvent landed proprietors—men recklessly enforcing more than the rights of property, and shamelessly evading all the duties of property? What think you of absentee landlords grinding the faces of a poor Highland tenantry, in order to support a shabby splendour in London or Brighton? What think you of proprietors loaded with ancestral encumbrances, and the added fruits of personal extravagance, who "lie floating many a rood," sustained by private usurers, or by the still more deadly help of banking accommodation? Now, I ask your Lordship if it would not be desirable to check a population of *this* sort—not by the penal prohibition of honourable wedlock, but by instilling the great Christian principle, that the proprietors of the soil, and all owners of other property, have no rightful tenure but that which is derived from the sovereign pleasure of "the Most High God, the possessor of heaven and earth." Parchment grants, title-deeds, legal usages—these are but the external evidences of a proprietor's rights; his true tenure consists in the wise, liberal, and merciful management of the property entrusted to him, not for mere selfish indulgence, but for diffusive benevolence, flowing from the righteousness of God. When once a proprietor loses sight of his responsibilities and lives only for him-

self, he becomes the pest, instead of the conservator of society. His domains wither under his baneful rule—the poor are harassed with all the subtle severities of petty despotism; to avert his just destruction, he summons ejectment and emigration to his aid; but all the trickeries of tyranny are vainly employed, and the lands of the oppressor know their ruined possessor no more!

And now, my Lord, lest my canvass should appear charged with too dark a picture, allow me to sketch a more agreeable theme. I have not the vanity to suppose that your Lordship would condescend to ask my advice, so I take the liberty of profferring it. My counsel has the weight that belongs to years and experience, instead of the immature importance of a stripling Commissioner—and I venture to throw out good counsel gratuitously; whereas the Commissioner is no doubt amply remunerate for the worst possible advice. I recommend your Lordship not to wait until better times shall enable you to equip a yacht like Lord Cardigan's, but to take an early passage in the packet-boat to Lochmaddy (the honest Captain will make you very comfortable), and at once enter upon an impartial, kindly investigation of the true state of your tenantry in North Uist. Your Lordship will require neither Sheriffs nor special constables, neither Inverness police truncheons, nor the gleam of bayonets coaxed from Sir George Grey. Visit Sollas, not for the purpose of forcing your dependants to emigrate to Canada, but with the nobler view of turning their industry to account in their loved native locality. See whether a poor crofter might not be made as useful and as happy upon a moderately-rented patch of ten acres, as the Rev. Mr Macrae upon his gigantic farm, larger than many a German principality. Examine whether the proper manuring of their little lands is not hindered, by the witholding of the very sea-ware that lies rotting on the shore. Commune freely, as I, a stranger, did, with the elders of the rustic population, and your Lordship will find a clearness of mind and soundness of views, which would put to shame all the astuteness of Aberdeen advocates. In promoting the just interests of your tenants, your Lordship's own interests will infallibly be secured; you will return to Armadale with a satisfaction which never fails to cheer the conscience of an upright and generous landlord; and your Lordship will be all the more warmly welcomed by Lady Mac-

donald, for having brightened the homes of the sorrowing wives and children of Sollas.—I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Sept. 29. 1849.

☞ As I have adverted to the misapplication of the Highland Destitution Fund, I may as well notify my intention of bringing the whole of that subject fairly before the public. One of my earliest efforts will be, to show the fatal results of the much-lauded *labour test* enforced by the Committee's Inspector-General, Captain Elliot, of which the cruel and demoralizing principle has been, to exact a *maximum* of labour for a *minimum* of wages, thus destroying, instead of encouraging, the motives for industrial exertion. Captain Elliot's co-operative compacts with proprietors are equally objectionable, being, in fact, plans for relieving the rich, instead of relieving the destitute.

T. M.

LETTER III.—HIGHLAND DEPOPULATION—THE SOLLAS TRIALS.

To the Right Honourable Lord Macdonald.

MY LORD,—The second letter which I used the freedom of addressing to your Lordship was concludingly couched in (I fear) a somewhat poetical strain. I pictured your Lordship voyaging unostentatiously to North Uist, and revisiting, not as the prodigal son, but as the penitent, paternal proprietor of Sollas, that noted scene of enormities recently perpetrated, under colour of law, by your Lordship's ejecting agents, and emigration-compellers. I drew still more largely on my imagination, by pourtraying your Lordship as the benignant stiller of the late stormy state of things, retrieving yourself in the affections of your oppressed dependants, by doing justice, and loving mercy, and returning to Armadale as a peaceful conqueror, to be crowned with conjugal gratulations on the result of your Lordship's humane interposition in behalf of disconsolate wives and wailing children. But, alas for the evanescent delights of poetical creations! Poets and landed proprietors have nothing in common; and even the golden age would find no favour with the owners of the soil, except the muse would under-

take to prove that the exorbitant rents, punctually paid in genuine sovereigns, constituted the real *aurea ætas*. Therefore, I must descend from the heights of pleasing fiction, and commune once more with your Lordship on the sad realities of ordinary life and practical proprietorship; cheering myself, however, with the expectation that, in the course of my present communication, I may chance to throw out hints serving to show that justice is immutably blended with the permanent prosperity of men, and that when proprietors flagrantly violate the rights and injure the interests of their dependants, even-handed equity infallibly visits the wrong-doers by retributively uprooting *their* vaunted success and superiority.

It will tend to avert any misapprehension of my views, when I distinctly avow to your Lordship that I do not entertain the slightest objection to natural, wholesome, voluntary emigration—whether the movement is on the part of individuals, families, or associated bodies—free to choose their change of lot, and anxious to betake themselves to another hemisphere. I have no fault to find with the emigrating parties, and with themselves rest all the responsibilities of so grave a determination. But when a totally different class of cases is painfully presented to my observation; when I see all the arts of persecution employed to impoverish, degrade, and render miserable the smaller tenants of an estate, with the view of making them vacate their little lands to swell the grazing solitudes of some insatiable sheep-master; when I hear of ship-loads of these poor expatriated creatures departing from their native coast, stripped of their substance to pay the price of a compulsory passage—leaving land, and stock, and crop, in the clutch of an inexorable factor; and pursuing them to their despotic destination—when I find them vomited out upon some unfriendly shore—harassed, hopeless, and penniless—can I hesitate in affirming that these results are the product of tyranny and covetousness excluding all semblance of free agency on the part of the unhappy victims of a ruthless and (as I trust subsequently to show) an utterly unwise system? That forced emigration was, until of late, deemed to be an abominable act in Scotland, is curiously enough attested by the published archives of the House of Culloden—a family which may well boast of having produced the most enlightened patriot that ever sprang from Scottish lineage—I mean, of course, the Lord President Forbes. Two days since, while per-

using, with great interest, the cleverly-compiled *Culloden Papers*, I was so lucky as to pop upon an epistle from the "Lady Margarett Macdonald to Lord Milton, Justice-Clerk, concerning emigration to America, dated Sky, Jany. 1. 1746." The letter is so very *piquante*, that I must indulge your Lordship with an extract or two; and although the good Lady's orthography is occasionally somewhat obsolete, yet she pleads the cause of her liege lord with as much zeal as the present Lady Macdonald could possibly evince, if she felt moved to pen a polite and perfumed *billet* to Justice-Clerk Hope, in refutation of my uncourtly censures. Thus writeth the blandishing Dame of the olden time:—"Dear Justice, —Being informed by different hands from Edr. that there is a currant Report of a Ship's having gon from thiss Country with a greate many people designd for America, and that Sir Alexr. is thought to have concurred in forceing these people away; as I am positive of the falshood of this, and quite acquainted with the danger of a Report of this kind, I beg leave to informe your Lodp. of the reall matter of fact. In Hervest last, wee were pritty much alarm'd with accounts, from different corners of thiss and some neighbouring Islands, of persons being seized and carry'd aboard of a Ship which putt into differant places on thiss coast. Sir Alexr. was both angery and concern'd at that time to hear that some of his oune people were taken in thiss manner; but cou'd not learn who were the actors in thiss wicked scrape, till the Ship was gon. One Norman McLeod, with a number of fellows that he had pick'd up to execute his intentions, were the Real Actors of thiss affair. Sir Alexr. never made much noise about the thing, in hop's that this Normand McLleod might some time or other cast up; but he has never yet appaired in thiss part of the world, and probably never will as the thing has made so much noise. Tho' thiss is the real matter of fact, Sir Alexr. can't help being concerned that he should be any ways mentioned in the story, tho' quite innosent. This affair has made so much noise with you because of the way it has been represented from Irland, that possibly there may be an intention of prosecuting Sir Alexr. If that should go on, though it cannot be dangerous to him, yet it cannot faill of being both troublesome and expensive. And therefore let me begg of your Lop' to write to the people of poure above to prevent this impending Evell, because a little time may bring the real actors to a tryall, which I dare say your Lop' wou'd rather

see in a pannel than imagenery persons that had no hand in the matter." The worthy "Lady Margarett" does not afford us the means of judging why her "inosent" lord and master should be singled out for prosecution instead of the actual delinquents, but she shows us that the aristocracy then, as now, were anxious to get the ear of "the people of poure above" (the Sir George Greys of the last century), in order to effect what the law could not do for them. I am aware that this dark transaction in which (I presume) your Lordship's ancestor appears to have been at least calumniously involved, will be set down as a mere case of kidnapping, bearing no analogy with the sort of shipment which your Lordship designed to make of the poor people of Sollas; but, without wishing to lay too heavy a hand upon your Lordship's recent peccadillo, I must honestly say that the fresh form of forced emigration seems to me more objectionable than the old system of the Skye man-catcher. For in the latter instance of the buccaneering Macleod, the law was very properly called in to visit the suspected culprits with condign punishment—whereas at Sollas, the Sheriff and a *posse comitatus* were employed, contrary to law, in bullying or cajoling the poor people to consent to compulsory emigration. Let me express my belief that no Scottish Sheriffs will ever again (from defective judgment) lend themselves and their official weight to subserve the improper ulterior objects of any ejecting proprietor; let Sheriffs enforce lawful ejectments as strictly as they may, but let them wisely refrain from mixing up banishment with ejectment.

After this little episode, let me now entreat your Lordship's attention to the main drift of my present letter. On former occasions I dwelt on the rank injustice—the barbaric despotism—the palpable defiance of all Christianity—which mark every movement of those Highland proprietors who openly avow their settled purpose of thinning their tenantry by means of forced emigration. But the hearts that can coldly plan, and wickedly work out, such iniquities, are proof against appeals in the cause of humanity. Their actuating axiom is to *do evil that good may come—i. e.* good unto themselves, for all consideration of benefit towards their wretched vassals is scouted from their selfish schemes. Now, my Lord, I am so scripturally persuaded of the utter blindness and fatal folly of all projects of injustice, that I am as certain as I am of future judgment, that temporal disappointment and destruction will infallibly await the promoters of all such wholesale evictions

and emigrations, as your Lordship's commissioner endeavoured to effect at Sollas. I am not adverting to any special visitation, of an openly judicial cast.. I speak of the sure, inevitable consequences of a pernicious system your Lordship and many other misguided proprietors are now desperately bent upon—dissolving the relation which the *only wise God* has ordained to subsist between cultivable land and progressive population. You want to rid your estates of human beings, and to crowd them with sheep. From glens and straths, where manly industry and womanly thrift had for generations matured a social condition, which conduced to the prosperity of their superiors, the present population are now to be cruelly driven—and for what? Why, to have their once happy homes levelled for the sheep-walk of some stranger who, provided his flocks are fed, cares no more for the improvement of property than a South American cattle-catcher, who lives by his *lasso*. The fact is, that your Lordship, and other sticklers for emigration, are doing your utmost to turn back the tide of civilization, and to restore the sheep solitudes (but not the kindly affections) of the patriarchal times. A vile fabrication is always the ready plea of the emigration-mongers. They invariably assert, of any peopled district, fore-doomed to desolation, that it is incapable of producing subsistence for man—quite unfit for even common cultivation! And yet hearty men and women have been nourished by the produce of their industry in these very tracts of land, and contributed rents which went to feed the depopulating despots who now desire to reign in deserts of their own making. That the heathery hills of Scotland are suitable for sheep, is a truth open to a traveller's observation; but the mighty man of sheep must have "every valley," as well as every hill, transferred to him before he agrees to give the lumping rent so dazzling to a short-sighted factor; croft after croft, where village smiled, must be from henceforth unploughed and unsown—and at the touch of these magicians of misery, yclept sheep-owners, a succession of happy hamlets is converted into a wilderness. Aye, but the rent—the rent—cries some commissioners of Lord Macdonald, or of the Duke of Sutherland, or of Mr Baillie of Glenelg. Now it is the universal belief that all these sheep-farmers are rented too low: and let them pay what they may, one thing is certain, they do not, and they cannot effect any improvement on property which has been devoted to arrenness for their sakes. Within a few miles of the place where

I write, this cruel system has long been in full operation; three or four opulent sheep-owners possess the sweet straths which were formerly subdivided among small agriculturists, but which are now like a region laid waste by some hostile spoiler. I passed yesterday through a district ruled by a shepherd king, a *roitelet* renter of the Duke of Sutherland's bye-gone village lands, and the sight was truly sorrowful. Vestiges of dykes, obscure remains of houses, traces of pristine cultivation—but for aught else, I seemed to be "out of humanity's reach," within half-a-dozen miles of the proud towers of the gorgeous Dunrobin! I had the culpable curiosity to approach the mansion of this sheep monarch, and I found the premises and grounds presenting the appearance of an Irish house and demesne on an estate withering under a chancery receivership. There was not so much as a paling before the hall door, giving me to conceive that surplus sheep might be folded in the parlour. And why not? for do not this great man's sheep, like the Irishman's pig, "pay the rint plaze your honour." But that rent is, I am confident, poor in comparison with the aggregate rents which would be cheerfully paid by industrious tillers of the soil, if the Duke of Sutherland had moral boldness to forego the false principle which prompted the havoc and horror that more than thirty years ago stained the modern annals of Sutherlandshire. But I must reserve this theme for another class of communications, making thus much use of it to assure your Lordship, that what *Strathbrora* is now, Sollas will infallibly become, if your emigration scheme be not signally frustrated. Two or three sheep-farmers will line their purses while leasing your Lordship's pasturages, and will then make their bow and invest their capital in some other country.

Benjamin Franklin has laid down some sarcastic "rules for reducing a great empire to a small one," and it strikes me that the venerable Mr Loch, with the aid of your Lordship's juvenile commissioner, Mr Cooper, might concur in concocting an essay "on the art of pauperising great proprietors." The mysteries of management might be discreetly disclosed, so as to form a hand-book for rising evictors and emigrationists, and as pictorial embellishments are now on a par with letter-press, some dashing artist might help out the doctrine of depopulation with spirited sketches of the old Sutherland clearings, relieved by head and tail pieces of

the unroofings at Sollas.—I have the honour to be, your Lordship's obedient servant, THOMAS MULOCK.

P.S.—I had intended to put some questions to your Lordship, bearing upon the treaty negotiated by Captain Elliott with the head of the house of Macdonald, the paramount condition of which was—the granting of leases to small tenants on your Lordship's estates; but I postpone this subject until I come specially to an inquiry into the achievements of the gallant captain, as Inspector-General for the Highland Destitution Committee.

Golspie, October 18. 1849.

GOOD TIDINGS OF LORD MACDONALD.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—As I have not scrupled, when I conceived the interests of truth and justice made it necessary, to censure the conduct of Lord Macdonald as a proprietor; I feel a still greater eagerness in giving publicity to the following facts, just made known to me by a friend on whose veracity I can confidently rely, and who, indeed, was a witness to the gratifying proceedings I now refer to.

Instead of pertinaciously pursuing an erroneous and oppressive system, which I, with others, ventured to expose and condemn; Lord Macdonald, influenced by the high and generous sentiments which befit his position, has, it appears, authorised his Commissioner, Mr Cooper, to announce to *all* his Lordship's tenants in Skye and North Uist the following liberal intentions:—

All parties who have paid rent regularly during the last five years of tenancy, are to be granted leases—it is stated of 21 years.

All tenants now in arrear shall, on the payment of the last Martinmas rent, receive an acquittance of *all such arrears;* and the expectation is held out, that if they continue to pay their rents punctually during the next ensuing three years, leases will be granted to *them* also.

I am further informed that other excellent arrangements are contemplated, which will have the effect of throwing a large additional quantity of land into cultivation, so as materially to improve the condition of the poorer peasantry.

I cannot resist the pleasure of imparting this good news, even at the risk of prematurely publishing what seems to require the sanction of official authority. But I am so anxious to render justice to Lord Macdonald, that I am willing to forego ceremony. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, December 14. 1849.

THE MACDONALD ESTATES.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—A letter bearing the above title, and addressed to the editor of the *Inverness Courier* by Mr Cooper, Lord Macdonald's commissioner, has just fallen under my observation; and as that official epistle is quite silent upon certain points to which I eagerly gave publicity, I must free myself from the reproach of having circulated "good tidings regarding Lord Macdonald," which his Lordship's agent refuses to ratify. Up to the period when I made the communication in question, I was impressed with the belief that Mr Cooper's mission to Skye and North Uist was likely to prove a penal visitation—as it had done before. But the welcome information I received was so specific and circumstantial, that I hastened to lay it before the public. However, as Mr Cooper impliedly intimates that Lord Macdonald's "arrangements" are "incorrectly reported," I lose no time in notifying the quality and opportunities of *my* informant. Mr Archibald Stewart of Ellanreach, Glenelg, is the respectable party from whom I derived my "good tidings of Lord Macdonald," and I neither had nor have any reason to distrust the authenticity of his statement. Mr Stewart enjoys Lord Macdonald's confidence, for his Lordship employed him as a valuator of his estates in North Uist; and that he enjoys Mr Cooper's confidence, may be inferred from the fact that he accompanied the *promising* Commissioner to a succession of audits in Skye, where Mr Cooper distinctly declared to batches of well-pleased tenants the precise benefits which I stated as being in course of fulfilment by direction of Lord Macdonald. Whatever incorrectness there may exist in my notification of intentions so eminently creditable to his Lordship; it is quite impossible that any mistake can rest upon me. Mr Stewart will testify that I

was extremely sceptical when he announced his good news—that in fact I deemed it too good to be true—and even when my incredulity was fairly vanquished, I wrote down Mr Stewart's *ipsissima verba* in his presence, and obtained his confirmation of my accuracy.

There is nothing remarkably good or bad in Mr Cooper's letter. It merely sets forth Lord Macdonald's anxiety to have good tenants; but of the liberal, just, and needful arrangements which the public have given his Lordship credit for, Mr Cooper refrains from saying a single word.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, January 3. 1850.

P.S.—In order to obviate all misapprehension or cavil, I subjoin a repetition of Mr Stewart's version of the declarations made by Mr Cooper on behalf of Lord Macdonald, viz.—

All parties who have paid rent regularly during the last five years of tenancy, are to be granted leases—it is stated of 21 years.

All tenants now in arrear shall, on the payment of the last Martinmas rent, receive an acquittance of *all such arrears;* and the expectation is held out, that if they continue to pay their rents punctually during the next ensuing three years, leases will be granted to *them* also.

LORD MACDONALD'S SOLLAS TENANTS.

We have received a communication signed on behalf of our humble friends as above, which we are anxious to acknowledge in such a way as shall not occasion them any hurt, if we should fail to render them any service. They complain, but in the most temperate manner, of the distressing dubiousness of their present position as tenants of Lord Macdonald; and as it appears to us not without sufficient reason. From documents before us we gather that these poor Sollas people applied on the 17th December, to Lord Macdonald's Commissioner, Mr Cooper, for leave to cart seaware in order to manure their lands for cropping. In answer to their respectful entreaty the following letter was received, of which we hold the original:—

To the Tenants at Sollas, North Uist.

Portree House, Jan. 2. 1850.

SIRS,—In answer to your letter of the 17th ult., I have only to say that I am in treaty with Dr Mackintosh Mackay, Denoon *(sic)*, regarding your position, and when I have his determination, I will communicate the same to you. In the meantime be making every preparation within your power to go to America, or elsewhere, as you may determine, in conformity with the written bargain existing between you and Lord Macdonald.—Believe me, faithfully yours, PATRICK COOPER.

This letter, brief though it be, has puzzled us not a little. We were fully cognizant of the fact that Doctor Mackay of Dunoon (who is a man of ability and universally-admitted worth) holds the present position of Moderator of the Free Church; but we certainly are surprised to learn that he enjoys the sort of potency which Mr Cooper ascribes to him. Doctor Mackay can hardly be considered as minister plenipotentiary on the part of the Sollas sufferers, forasmuch as he appears to be unprovided with the necessary credentials; at least we infer as much from the following paragraph in their letter to ourselves:—"If we are not allowed to make crop anywhere this year, there is a sad prospect for us. Dr Mackay has been in correspondence with Mr Cooper, but Dr Mackay has never mentioned the matter of it to us." Giving the Rev. Doctor all credit for good intentions, we must candidly confess that we are much in the dark as to the benefits of his interposition; for under colour of his delayed determination, the Sollas tenants have been kept on the rack of suspense, and they are at this moment, unjustly withheld from cultivating their land, in consequence of Mr Cooper's shuffling negociation with Doctor Mackay. As the people of Sollas appeal to us for advice, we tender it to them confidently and unreservedly. We counsel them to do their utmost to crop the land of which they are presently in possession. The notices to quit, and the processes of ejectment formerly served, are wholly void by reason of the very "bargain" to which Mr Cooper adverts; and as for the written agreement, we boldly maintain that it is not worth a single straw. Every one knows, from the Lord Advocate down to the Inverness policemen, that the said agreement was improperly forced upon the defenceless parties, who reluctantly subscribed it; and that their constrained concurrence

was due to the menacing presence, and peremptory suggestion of two of her Majesty's Sheriffs, who, we trust, have improved their acquaintance with Scotch law, since their unlucky interference at Sollas. We disclaim all desire of meddling with Lord Macdonald's affairs; but we really wish, for his Lordship's sake, that he would adopt a manly, generous course towards the poor people who have been oppressed under the sanction of his noble name. We understand his isle of Rona is vacant of tenants. Why not transfer the Sollas tenants thither, if his Lordship is resolved to remove them from their present holdings? The transit would be cheaper than a voyage to Canada; for, of course, if Lord Macdonald insists upon people emigrating, he is prepared to defray the expense of their passage, and perhaps to furnish a luck-penny to cheer their landing on a distant shore.

PART II.

SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND THE GOLSPIE FISHERMEN.

[From the Inverness Advertiser of Oct. 16. 1849.]

Sir,—Just as I was on the point of visiting Sutherlandshire, my attention was drawn to the statements headed "Golspie—Case of Hardship," which appeared in your journal of the 9th inst. I immediately determined to enquire closely and impartially into the alleged circumstances, and having done so this day, I lose no time in sending you the result. I have no hesitation in saying that the particulars furnished you are substantially correct, but as the whole case is strongly illustrative of the narrow views of some Highland proprietors, I will give you my version, founded on recitals made to me by several of the aggrieved parties.

Golspie seems eminently suited for a fishing station, and as the policy of the great Sutherland clearances was meant to remove large portions of the peasant population to the coast, it would appear to be the bounden duty of the proprietor to afford all reasonable encouragement to fishermen, and the best of all encouragement is to allow free scope to their peculiar branch of industry. This, most assuredly, has not been done by the Duke of Suther-

land in limiting the number of fishing boats to six, and those boats of so small a size as not to admit of being conveniently manned by more than four hands. Some time ago the Duke removed four fishing families to Brora, and thereupon a boat was purchased by some young men of Golspie, with the view of extending the trade. On applying for bait, of which the Duke retains the monopoly, the additional boat's crew were not only refused but for at least twenty days, all bait was penally withheld, and of course all fishing operations at Golspie entirely suspended, until the delinquent surplus fishers relinquished the boat, and consented to be drafted into the only permitted boats. Another point is stated to me, which denotes such rank injustice that I hope the Duke of Sutherland is not cogniaznt of the fact—viz., that the regular boatmen had actually paid £12 (two pounds for each six boats) *in advance* for a year's bait; and yet to subdue them to the restrictive system. Faith was thus broken with parties who, according to my view, might have gone before the sheriff and showed their claim to redress, after a legal fashion. But it is one of the consequences of oppression exercised by a proprietor, that an intimidated dependant is shut out from the protection which laws are designed to yield; and he succumbs to injustice rather than assert the plainest right. It is difficult to imagine what can be the drift of the Duke of Sutherland's advisers in recommending the absurd limitation of fishing boats to six, when there are sufficient hands to man more than that number. The fishermen at Golspie have no land, and whoever presides at the Duke's admiralty, seems resolved that they shall have no sea; and thus, from some undivulged crotchet, the Duke's tenants are prohibited from making an honest livelihood in a pursuit calculated to increase the supply of food in these days of destitution.

As I find my allusion to the Duke of Sutherland's successful application to the Highland Destitution Committee is not intelligible here, from a total ignorance of any grant having been made to his Grace, I think it but right and fair to present your readers with a clear exposition of the matter. It is remarkable that the subject should never have transpired through the press; but I could not help noticing at the time, that when an abstract of the Committee's report was sent round to the Edinburgh newspapers, the grant to the noble proprietor of Sutherland was (as it appeared

to me) studiously kept out of view. I will endeavour to supply the omission.

In the year 1848 the "Duke of Sutherland, and those entrusted with the management of his vast possessions," preferred a somewhat queer request to the Highland Destitution Committee, viz., for "the service of the Committee's staff to report whether he (his Grace) had adequately fulfilled his serious self-imposed responsibilities." That the Duke should require a certificate of good behaviour is undoubtedly a little odd, and at the expense, too, of a public charity; but such was the case, and Captain Elliot, Inspector-General, received orders to "attend to the Duke's wishes." The result of the gallant Captain's mission was a high-flown report, extolling the Ducal bounty towards his Sutherlanders, which utterly excluded the necessity of aid from the committee. The Captain is touched with the ambition of fine writing, and occasionally indulges in that splendid figure of speech commonly called nonsense; but he is alway consistent in his abuse of poor incorrigible Highlanders; and in praising co-operative proprietors (particularly the distinguished Dame of Gairloch, Lady Mackenzie) the eloquent Elliot is the pink of panegyrists.

After this elaborate report, proving that the Duke of Sutherland demanded "no assistance" in the beneficent task of succouring his distressed tenantry, what was my surprise to find, in the next published proceedings of the committee, a correspondence with Mr Loch, M.P., the Duke's Premier, who put the committee in mind that the Duke of Sutherland had formerly subscribed £1000 to the Highland Destitution Fund, and conjoined with this reminiscence, a supplication to the committee to grant his noble employer the sum of £3500, to help towards the relief of the poor people of Sutherland! Subsequently, the Duke's petition was acceded to, with this important modification, namely, that the money was to be expended in the formation of a road, "bisecting" his Grace's territory "in the most favourable direction" (Mr Loch's own words). The Sutherland Premier goes on to prove the vast utility of the road in question (planned by himself, and to be executed by the committee), it being designed to stretch from Inchnadamph, in Assynt, to the boundary of the county with Caithness.

That good roads, extending inter-communication between distant districts, are admirable modes of improvement, I concede to

the uttermost; but of all the parties likely to be benefited by the proposed highway between Sutherland and the late Cromartie's possessions, *who*, and whose posterity are likely to reap such abundant advantages as the Duke of Sutherland and his successors? Therefore, I presume to proclaim that the opulent owner of Sutherland ought to have employed his own immense resources in constructing roads upon his own estates, instead of doffing his coronet to obtain a degrading dole from the faithless trustees of a public fund, charitably contributed for the direct relief of the destitute. Did patriotic Scotsmen, scattered over the globe, subscribe their willing sums to enable a few committee-men in Edinburgh to make roads for the pleasure and profit of the Duke of Sutherland?

These two topics have so filled up my paper, that I have no space to record my first impressions of Sutherlandshire. I had, however, the good fortune to travel with Mr Hall of this county, well known in the *ovine* world, and I gathered from his statements, that Sutherland is the Elysium of sheep-feeders, though I question very much if it be the paradise of the poor.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Golspie, Oct. 13. 1849.

II.—THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND AND THE GOLSPIE FISHERMEN.

[From the Inverness Advertiser of Oct. 30. 1849.]

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—I am, of course, flattered to find the Duke of Sutherland, who silently passed over anonymous animadversions, honouring with his notice my avowed strictures on his maritime affairs. Faithful to our respective principles of investigation, I endeavoured to examine a case of alleged hardship by hearing the aggrieved parties; whereas the Duke relies for information on the infallibility of his factor, who happens, however, to be the inculpated aggressor, and consequently not the fairest judge of the disputed question. To Mr G. Gunn the Duke proposes what are technically (and in *this* case appropriately) termed *fishing* questions—*i.e.*, interrogatories which suggest the desired answers, and which, moreover, have appended to them his Grace's "impressions" on the subject, not altogether correct, as I shall soon take occasion

to show. As I never do battle with chamberlains or factors, who are exclusively responsible to their employers, I assume Mr Gunn's replies to have received the Dunrobin *imprimatur*, and that his explanations are substantially those of his noble master; for otherwise there would be some marked discrepancies between the statements of the Duke and his factor. I asserted that the fishing boats had been limited to six by the Duke's order, or supposed order. The Duke, on the contrary, arrives, by a process of reasoning, at the conclusion, that the boats at Golspie "are limited in number by the circumstance of situation." But Mr Gunn settles the point in my favour—not in a proper answer to the proper (1st) query, but in the answer to the third query, where he says—"They applied last year to put up *a seventh boat*, but were told that it could not be." This positive restriction being plainly proved by the Duke's factor, the whole case remains precisely as I stated it; and a striking case of folly and oppression it unquestionably is. But let us hear Mr Gunn's motive for "keeping down" the fisher population of Golspie. This rigorous reformer assures us "that there were two families living in many of the houses, in a most disgraceful manner, equally injurious to health and morals. That they were offered free houses at Helmsdale, and mussels for a year, without charge, which they refused, though it is the best fishing station on the coast." From this it would appear that poor Helmsdale is considered by Lycurgus Gunn as a sort of penal settlement, to which persons living "in a most disgraceful manner" elsewhere may be banished, getting, however, a *bonus* of "free houses" and gratuitous bait for transferring their alleged immorality to another quarter. It is curious enough, too, that Helmsdale, so lauded as a fishing station, is absolutely void of a single fishing boat for ordinary service—the herring fishing being only for a short season, and carried on by unskilled hands. As to the size of the boats at Golspie, I stated, and most truly, that they were "of so small a size as not to admit of being conveniently manned by more than four hands," and the oppression consists, *not* in the size of the boats, but in Mr Gunn's enacting that boats built for *four* persons shall be manned with *five*, so as to continue the unjust limitation of boats to six. The matter of the mussels is also mystified by Mr Gunn in a way which ought to teach the Duke how needful it is to scrutinize his factor's statements. I urged the injustice of withholding bait for

which the men had paid beforehand; but Mr Gunn blinks the real charge by extolling his own zeal for health and morality, to which I reply, with the celebrated monosyllable of Mr Burchell in the Vicar of Wakefield—fudge!

As to his Grace's "impression," that "Golspie is not suitable for a large fishing station," I beg leave to refer to facts rather than to ducal "impressions." The fishermen themselves (not the worst judges in marine matters) find no fault with the "coast or beach;" their chief complaint is, that their industry is cramped by the foolish and oppressive mandate which restricts the number of their boats, and prevents them from supplying Mr Hoggart, the fish-curer, (who has an establishment at Golspie) with as many of the finny tribe as he is ready to take off their hands. But it is too late now for the Duke to enter upon nautical disquisitions as to the eligibility of the coast of Sutherland for the profitable abode of fishermen. *This* would, indeed, have formed an important element for consideration when his Grace's late parents were about to issue the dreadful decree which depopulated so many inland districts—when whole villages were burnt down, under circumstances of horrible havock, which the Duke of Cumberland never perpetrated upon prostrate rebels—and when these atrocities were coloured by the prospect of a peasant population being converted into fishermen! (See the "Account of the *Improvements* on the estate of Sutherland," by James Loch, Esq., M.P.) By the way, the Duke of Sutherland seems to be very imperfectly acquainted with some of his subjects. His Grace says, "fishermen from other districts have been brought to Portgower," leaving it to be inferred, that this was a recent proceeding; but not so, the fishermen resident here were brought from Hiltown in Ross-shire, by directions of the late Duchess Countess, who, with great good sense, was anxious to fix a small colony of expert fishermen to teach the peasants a new trade. These strangers, I must add, have been most liberally treated—are perfectly content and comfortable, and speak with deep gratitude of their obligations to the noble family of Sutherland. *O si sic omnia* in this region!

I am sorry to perceive, from the information furnished you, that, instead of honourably rectifying a gross abuse, the Duke's Cabinet Ministers have resorted to menace and mulct towards the justly-complaining fishermen of Golspie. What they told me was strictly true; and I now openly declare, that if I shall learn

authentically that any person has been threatened or punished for giving truthful information to me, I shall consider such injustice as the act of the Duke of Sutherland, and deal with it accordingly. I am entirely of your opinion, in forming a most favourable estimate of the Duke's personal character; but the fact is, that where oppressions exist, underlings derive a dangerous impunity from the known good qualities of their master. Some sincere friends of the Duke would paralyze my inquiries by harping upon his Grace's benevolence; but my answer is, that I am not come here to ask about the Duke's benevolence, but to satisfy myself whether justice is done to the Queen's subjects located in Sutherland; and, let me add, that I am acting fairly and amicably towards the Duke himself, in pointing out *proveable* grievances which ought to be rebuked and rectified. His Grace says, somewhat petulantly, that I came hither "in search of subjects of complaint;" but I beg leave to tell him that he is utterly mistaken. I came to Sutherland to ascertain the true condition of the poorer part of the population, and if I am so unfortunate (the Duke thinks me fortunate) in finding grievances—real, sore, unredressed grievances—"as plentiful as blackberries," I apprehend that the Sutherland Metternich, Mr Loch, must be to blame, not the writer of this letter.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. MULOCK.

Port Gower, October 24. 1849.

P.S.—How comes it that Mr Gunn, who, from his former professional pursuits, is well qualified to conduct the Duke's naval operations, has never suggested the formation of piers along an extensive line of coast? Two years ago, a dreadful loss of life and property took place in sight of Helmsdale, which Mr Gunn extols as the "best fishing station." Why not give activity and safety to the fishing trade by piers erected at judicious intervals, which would also afford employment to the local dyke-builders?

T. M.

LETTER I.—THE STATE OF SUTHERLAND IMPARTIALLY DISCLOSED.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—Some of my previous communications which appeared in your journal may have led your readers to expect, from my pen, a

more detailed exposition of the true condition of the people of Sutherland than I had leisure to furnish while traversing and examining parts of that country. In now endeavouring to fulfil my implied pledge, I wish to place on record some preliminary considerations, which, I trust, will be borne in mind by those who shall pursue the train of my facts and comments. I am no radical railer against the existing order of society. From a principle of obedience to divine authority, I *meddle not with them who are given to change;* and it is mainly from a desire to avert anarchy, that I utter the voice of friendly warning to the possessors of power and property. I am unalterably persuaded that political agitations and reforms can do nothing towards the amelioration of society. A handful of aspiring men acquire notoriety or personal benefit by stirring up the discontent which lies smouldering in all communities; but the mass of mankind derive no solid advantage from the zeal of political theorists or democratic brawlers. Civil liberty, secured by law, seems, at first sight, to be *the one thing needful* for conserving the peace and prosperity of any given commonwealth; but to the quiet eye of Christian contemplation, these vaunted political arrangements are, for the most part, dazzling delusions—for constitutional charters and codes of law cannot execute themselves—they must be administered by formal functionaries, on whose wisdom and integrity the whole welfare of society actually depends. Christianity is the sole safeguard of any nation; and where its divine precepts are practically unheeded, governments, statutes, and tribunals will prove utterly powerless to ensure the well-being of subjects. These remarks, applicable to all bodies politic, are stringently significant when applied to the case of Sutherland. A portion of the British empire, and ostensibly enjoying its liberties and laws, has been from peculiar circumstances of proprietorship, separated from the general social system, and subjected to a despotic experiment, whereby unspeakable calamities were and are inflicted upon a large population. My great object is to show, that this rank and wide-spread injustice (perpetrated too under colour of law), has been as fatal to the interests of the proprietors as to the humble happiness of oppressed dependants; and thus the evil exercise of the rights of property has uprooted the productive principle of property itself. I disdain to exonerate myself from the imputation of being actuated by any malevolent motive towards the present noble head of the House of Sutherland;

on the contrary, I assert that my predilections are in his favour—for I consider his Grace to be the loftiest and largest victim of an incurably wrong system; and that the ducal disenthralment would be the first step towards the freedom and felicity of the people of Sutherland. The Duke of Sutherland is himself in sorer bondage than his writhing and groaning vassals, for he is enslaved by the harassing heritage of mismanaged possessions; struggling, it may be, to do partial good, but ever frustrated by the counteracting energy of a dominant evil principle. Thus the apparent inequality of conditions is often bitterly redressed, and the lot of the lofty is only "heavier toil, superior pain."

By the intermarriage of the heiress of Sutherland with the heir of the noble house of Gower, the vast territorial possessions of the Countess became, in effect, an *appanage* of the Stafford family. Under wise and benignant sway this altered sovereignty of a splendid inheritance might have been made a blessing to the people of Sutherland. Beneficial usages of English growth might have been gradually grafted upon Highland habits, and Scottish strength would have been happily blended with British refinement. But such was not the course adopted—"Some demon whispered, Crito have a taste"—and about the year 1807, the taste for effecting IMPROVEMENTS in Sutherland commenced under the desolating decrees of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford. The plan proposed for the august approbation of the noble pair, was neither more nor less than the wholesale clearance of the peasant population from the interior of Sutherland, and to drive the poor expelled families to the coasts, where a pursuit was to be enforced upon them, half made up of inexpert fishing, and half of the reclamation of rocky land. To an English reader it may be necessary to explain that the cultivable land of Sutherland, as of the Highlands generally, consists of glens and straths. The *glen* is a sequestered space winding between mountains, and chiefly valuable for its vicinity to hill pasturage; but the *strath* always implies the presence of a stream flowing between banks of some width, which are themselves bounded and sheltered by mountains. In these glens and straths dwelt a peasantry, of whom it is but bare justice to affirm, that Scotland contained not a finer race. I have seen them only in their desolation and consequent decay, but "even in our ashes live their wonted fires;" and I certainly notice in the natives of Sutherland marks of superiority which show the vestiges of

ancestral intelligence and independence of character. Were I to attach a particle of credit to Mr Loch's book on the pristine condition of Sutherland, and the *improvements* which he was commissioned to eulogize, I should of course take a much lower standard of the former position of the Sutherlanders; but Mr Loch's official volume has no more weight with me than the history of *Sinbad the Sailor*. It is a laboured attempt to blacken a people whom it was resolved to oppress, and, in order to vindicate tyranny, he seeks to vilify those who were fore-doomed to slavery. Such is, in truth, Mr Loch's publication, and every inquiry I have made in Sutherland proves to me the malignant fabulousness of Mr Loch's allegations against the peasant population. They lived peaceably in their primitive habitations—uninfected with the vices of a subtler civilzation, possessing little, yet enjoying much—for is not contentment with a lowly lot one of the surest and sweetest sources of genuine enjoyment? They were a hardy, healthy, and abstemious people—pursuing a course of life which held a moderate mean between savage idleness and the over-tasked industry of polished servitude. Their very privations were in accordance with their condition, for artificial wants are the cravings of high civilization, and mental desires must infallibly precede the conventional comforts of society. It appears to me that it would redound to the praise of the house of Stafford if they had given all due encouragement to such a people—a race devoted to their hereditary chiefs—profitable in peace, and loyally available in war! What *was* done, I shall endeavour to describe with fidelity, and with as much brevity as the distressing details will admit of.

Whether Scotch philosophy had any share in suggesting the Sutherland clearances, is a question not to be solved by a stranger to the *arcana* of Dunrobin or Trentham; but it is certain that the philosophers of the *Edinburgh Review* never deigned to notice the compulsory changes effected by the *fiat* of the Stafford family—indeed, by a sort of common consent, the painful proceedings which convulsed Sutherland were withheld from publication, and they never became (as they well deserved to be) formal subjects for parliamentary and national inquiry. General Stewart of Garth has incidentally adverted to the terrible theme; and the noble-minded *Sismondi* (whose friendship I had the honour to enjoy) dwelt with a philanthropic indignation on "the cruel abuse of legal forms" by means of which the oppressed inhabitants of

Sutherland were rooted out of their ancient locations. With these exceptions, I am not aware that any important literary organs have ever espoused the cause of suffering humanity in Sutherland. The devoted county appears to have been *tabooed*, so as to cut off communication with the sympathies of mankind.

In the year 1807, the work of desolation may be said to have commenced in the parishes of Farr and Lairg, from which districts about 90 families were removed. To these, however, small allotments were assigned at from 10 to 14 miles distance; but the poor ejected parties had to pull down their houses, in order to convey the timber to erect habitations on their new possessions. In the year 1809 similar removals were accomplished from the parishes of Dornoch, Rogart, Loth, Clyne, and Golspie, but under circumstances of much greater severity. Still, however, it had not occured to the promoters of this abominable system that plans of violence should be resorted to, which hitherto had only stained the memory of ruthless conquerors. During seven years (from 1810 to 1817) a course of cruel outrage and wicked spoliation was pursued towards the wretched tenantry of Sutherland which defies exaggeration. Notices to quit were served in each month of March, to take effect in each next month of May, and on the days of doom scenes of havoc took place which would remind the reader of the history of Turenne's devastation of the Palatinate, or the predatory incursions of Cossack hordes. In the earlier ejectments, the timber of the houses (which belonged to the tenants) had been permittedly removed, but now a sterner and shorter process of destruction was adopted. The roofs of primitive Highland dwellings were upheld, not by timbers springing from the summit of the walls, but by what are called *cupples*, rising from the foundation, and united by curvature at the top. By sawing these supports on each side, the roof gave way, and fire being applied to the inflammable (bog) timber, the tenement was quickly in a blaze. Hundreds of these conflagrations took place in Farr, Kildonan, and other parishes—grain, furniture, and clothing being, in many instances, consumed in the flames. In some cases the aged and the sick were with difficulty rescued from the burning ruins. To complete the domain of desolation the heath pasture was also set fire to, that the cattle of the ill-used people might be deprived of all supply of food. Scores of surviving witnesses have detailed to me the multiform miseries of those calamitous days, and the result of their com-

bined testimony impresses me with the belief that no country given over to military spoilers could have been more cruelly sacked and ravaged than was Sutherland by the minions of the house of Stafford.

But as these barbarities were wreaked under colour of law, it was deemed necessary to sanction them by the formalities of legal investigation. An active party in effecting these clearances (Mr Sellar) was brought to trial at the Spring Assizes of Inverness in 1816, and necessarily acquitted. Viewing Mr Sellar as the authorized agent of the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, it is perfectly plain that he was only working out the settled resolve of his noble employers. *They* had determined to substitute flocks of sheep for men, women, and children, after expelling the latter from all the arable land in the interior of Sutherland. *Theirs* was the original guilt and crime—Mr Sellar was but an instrument in accomplishing their objects. I consider the trial of Mr Sellar as a crafty subterfuge to screen the noble delinquents. The indictment was, I think, purposely framed so as to include charges that could not possibly be sustained, such as "culpable homicide," "fire-raising," &c., and thus, by cleverly urging sham allegations, not only did the prosecution fall to the ground, but occasion was taken to convert Mr Sellar's acquittal into a judicial approval of the penal proceedings in Sutherland. The implacable enforcement of legal rights can never be remedied in a court of justice. Woe be to the misguided sufferers who resort to the law to avenge the wrongs inflicted by operation of law—double suffering is sure to be the result.

At Inverness, therefore, the Sutherland clearances received a sort of solemn sanction—proprietorship was re-enfeoffed with supreme sway—and from henceforth the prosperity of the rich was to be secured by the ruin of the poor. The population, it was now decided, should quit for ever their former abodes on cultivable land, and be penally fixed on coasts, where the reclamation of rocky land was to constitute their chief hope of subsistence. Splendid straths were now wholly turned over to sheep-farmers, and from *them* it was fondly expected that more than oriental opulence would flow into the treasury of Dunrobin. How far that expectation has been fulfilled—how far the noble proprietors have been enriched by the pauperisation of their people—shall form the fitting subject of another letter.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. MULOCK.

Portgower, Nov. 12. 1849.

LETTER II.—THE STATE OF SUTHERLAND IMPARTIALLY DISCLOSED.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—In my former letter on this subject, I judged it absolutely necessary to revive, by faithful, though brief recital, the dreadful details connected with the execution of those desolating and depopulating decrees which emanated from the then heads of the House of Sutherland. No feeling of hostile vindictiveness—no desire to inflict irritating chastisement, influenced my mind while occupied in painfully pourtraying the scenes of havoc and misery which, in past days, darkened the annals of Sutherland. I wrote with higher and more righteous aims than can ever be associated with angry or wrathful denunciations. I wished to prepare the way for demonstrating to the Duke of Sutherland, and to all other proprietors of the soil, great and small, that the path of selfish aggrandizement and pitiless oppression, leads, by sure and inevitable results, to the impoverishment, yea, ruin and destruction, of the blind and misguided oppressors themselves. There is *a root of rottenness* in all systematised injustice, which, after a lapse of time, causes the blossomed iniquity to *go up as dust.* And this is very specially the case where the civil rights of property are, in their implacable enforcement, ostensibly sanctioned by the laws of men. The true and stable right of property is God's free gift, protected and prospered by God's fructifying blessing; and that boundless blessing secures the righteous and bountiful administration of property, so as to diffuse distributive prosperity among the gladdened gradations of grateful dependants. Such was patriarchal proprietorship, when *the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things*—making him the honoured instrument of *doing justice and judgment*, and of conferring inestimable benefits on the generation that looked up to him for direction and liberal succour. I do not gainsay other rights of property though far inferior to the Abrahamic title—I mean the civil rights springing from legal institutions established in this and other lands. I admit, as fully as proprietors can assert, that legal rights are enforceable by all the rigours of legal procedure, and that the whole machinery of the law can be put in sternest action to recover rent, or to dispossess the tillers and tenants of the soil. But when functionaries have

wreaked, and tribunals have sanctioned, all the severities of the law, is there no supreme seat of infallible judgment and equity before whose dread decision human oppressors are made to bow? I maintain that *there is*, and that the *Judge of all the earth* carries on a course of righteous retribution, which sooner or later overtakes the oppressors of the poor. It is emphatically declared concerning such in holy writ—*They shall not be rich, neither shall their substance continue, neither shall they prolong the perfection of it upon the earth.* The essential sinfulness of injustice, however cloaked or coloured by law, is a deadly gangrene, which slowly eats away the vital vigour of human power and prosperity. *Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity: for vanity shall be his recompense.* There is an eternal emptiness in all iniquity which can never be fully fathomed but by Omniscience; still the barrenness of tyranny and covetousness becomes, at certain seasons, so plain a certainty to the minds of men, as to make us wonder at the folly as well as guilty greediness of oppressors. They *sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.*

Therefore, in pursuing my course of strictures on the state of Sutherland, I am desirous of keeping firmly and fearlessly in view the signal lesson which is taught by the prostrate condition of the pauperised population of that wretched country. I proclaim the project of coercive removal of the peasantry from the cultivable interior to the sterile sea-margin of Sutherland, to have resulted in a calamitous failure, as ruinous to the interests of the ducal possessor of the soil, as to the hunger-bitten households who were plucked from their long-enjoyed places of settlement, and penally fixed upon rocky allotments. The undisguised drift of the vast plan of compulsory removal, whereby thousands were to be driven from the cherished scenes of infancy and age, was to benefit, by these so-called IMPROVEMENTS, the noble proprietors of Sutherland. Now, after the experience of more than thirty years—the life of a generation—surely we are entitled to examine whether the expectations founded on an executed scheme of violence, extrusion, and spoliation, have been fulfilled to the immediate descendant of the late Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford. Is the Duke of Sutherland enriched by the fruits of the wholesale ejectments which stripped his princely possessions of their human occupants? Is Dunrobbin Castle, though splendidly swollen in the external signs of magnificence, the scene of as much conscious, self-approv-

ing, prosperity, as in kindlier days ere the panic-stricken peasants were forced to flee from their conflagrated cottages? "Huts," no doubt, Mr Loch would designate them, but, nevertheless, the honest abodes of peaceful industry, and as much endeared to their inmates as could be the lordly mansion of *Clieveden* to Mr Loch's master, which sumptuous structure has been recently consumed in flames as fierce as were kindled under the roof-trees of Kildonan! In a word, is the Duke of Sutherland wealthier in consequence of all the calamities inflicted upon the indigent thousands who have been ground to powder by the fell hand of intolerable harshness and oppression? Why the plain answer is, that the Duke of Sutherland, by his own shewing, proves himself to be an enormous *loser* by his Sutherland possessions. Every man of ordinary intelligence can quickly comprehend the condition of an estate which not only ceases to yield to the proprietor "any part of nett income," but requires that "above three times the amount of it should be expended in the country." Why, my Lord Duke, this, so far as concerns Sutherland, apart from other resources, is a manifest case of insolvency. Any estate, like any trade, or business, or profession, which cannot, after sufficient trial, support itself, must be considered as falling under the category of bankruptcy. That the Duke has vast available means drawn from other sources, does not in the slightest degree alter the pitiableness of his position with reference to Sutherland. *There* pauperism must bear universal sway, for, according to the Duke's voluntary admission, his nominal property renders him no returns.

It strikes me very powerfully that before I close this letter I shall be able to solve the secret of the Duke's deficient exchequer; but this appears to be the fitting place for enquiring into the Duke's statement that he "receives no nett income" from Sutherland. Now I must be permitted to say that it is high time for the Duke to ascertain *who* the parties are that intercept his "nett income," for to my certain knowledge his Grace's *Rents* are paid throughout the length and breadth of Sutherland, with a completeness and punctuality not to be surpassed in any part of the British Empire. I cannot be mistaken on this point, for, in visiting innumerable hovels on his Grace's estate, I found the wretched inmates, however destitute of food, or fire, or clothing, possessed of *one* proof of probity, the last of a continued series of receipts for rent! Nay more, I saw clouds of printed notices, threatening these same needy

rent-payers with legal prosecution if they did not *repay* the Duke certain "arrears of grain" delivered from Dunrobin, during the appalling scarcity consequent on the failure of the potato; and the tendered payment of rent was refused, until these said "arrears" should be previously discharged! These menacing applications were almost incredible to me when I called to mind Captain Elliot's dashing declaration that the Highland Destitution Committee had no field for benevolent operations in Sutherland, inasmuch as the Duke had munificently undertaken to provide for the poor of his own people! But the information which I verified while in Sutherland, led me to the clear conclusion that Captain Elliott was flagrantly imposed upon, and I would, in common fairness, add my belief, that the Duke's name must have been unwarrantably used, and his intentions perverted; for who can suppose that a high-minded nobleman would so descend from the dignity of compassionate bounty, as to wring from needy recipients the price of grain proffered to them in their hour of extremest destitution? Be this matter as it may, two facts are fortified by this exposition. First, that although the Duke is so unfortunate as to pocket no "nett income," his Sutherland rents are austerely demanded, and regularly paid—and secondly, that be the amount of funds "expended in the country" ever so large, it most assuredly is not expended upon the struggling and starving natives of Sutherland. Perhaps the enormous outlay at Dunrobin, without and within that superb pile, may help to explain this mysterious expenditure; to which might be subjoined the lavishness that palpably prevails in providing costly buildings for opulent sheep-farmers, whereas the small holders of land have to house themselves at their own expense.

Leaving these considerations to work effectually on the minds of my readers, I now proceed to that portion of my subject which offers an adequate explanation of the total failure that has attended the cruel clearance of Sutherland. We must keep steadily before our eyes what was really done. The whole of the peasant population was forcibly removed from the finest glens and straths of Sutherland, so that the vast cultivable interior of the country became transformed into sheep-walks, where all agricultural improvement was for ever penally precluded. Mr Loch has dwelt acrimoniously on the rude husbandry of the dispossessed Sutherlanders; but will he venture to tell us that thirty years of en-

couragement would not have elevated the habits, quickened the industry, and improved the farming skill of the laborious peasants, who, instead of useful counsel and instruction being afforded them, were driven with ruthless severity from lands which they could have been easily taught to render more productive? This is the just and proper way of considering the subject—whereas a Highland proprietor compares the fruitfulness of the Lothians with his own barren territories, and without aiding or awaiting the progress of improvement, rushes rashly into a systematic extermination of his dependants, and couples with this inhuman process the total annihilation of agriculture itself. We cannot state too strongly the awful responsibility of proprietors who at "one fell swoop" throw land out of cultivation and banish the cultivators. And this was the twofold turpitude of the desolators of Sutherland, which has clenched the calamity of proprietor and people. All progressive prosperity was utterly barred. In the room of hundreds of happy families exercising their augmenting industry on land devoted to the production of food, came half-a-dozen leviathan capitalists, followed by flocks of sheep, destined to browse over solitary pastures which were no longer to echo with the voice of cheerful, hard-working men. Apparently high rents were of course obtained from these extensive sheep-farmers, but here lies the deep delusion—for the largest rent that can be expected or exacted from a sheep-owner is but paltry recompense when contrasted with the accumulation and aggregate of remunerative rents derivable from the different grades of cultivators of the soil. The sheep-owner can have no conceivable interest in promoting any improvements, nor in truth does his calling afford any scope for ameliorations. To see his sheep nibbling wholesomely on the wild wastes which have been made for his personal benefit, is the sole object of a sheep-master, ruling over a region capable of furnishing subsistence to a large population, and of contributing a vast and increasing amount of rents to a wise and liberal proprietor. No rational man denies the importance of sheep; but when sheep are deemed to be everything, and the welfare, nay the very existence of countless families considered as nothing, then are we justified in putting the interrogative of the Lord of Heaven and earth, *How much then is a man better than a sheep?* Yes, my Lord Duke of Sutherland, yes, my Lord Macdonald, yes, ye inferior proprietors, who are infatuated with the unjust desire of

sacrificing hosts of tenants, and supplanting them with flocks of sheep, depend upon it ye will be smitten more and more with retributory judgments in the decay and ultimate ruin of your own property. *The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand*, but *he that oppresseth the poor despiseth his Maker;* and unrighteousness and permanent prosperity are irreconcileable with the eternal equity of God.

Quitting the sheep owner's tracts of desolation, let us now glance at the condition of those who, by inexorable edict, have been driven down to the rocky ranges of hills that edge the ocean—that ocean which was from henceforth to be ploughed by peasants exiled from their own arable land! As you travel along the coasts of Sutherland, you notice petty patches of land reclaimed from utter barrenness by the incredible industry and untiring toil —of whom?—why of poor, broken-spirited labourers, who have been expelled from soils worth tilling, and are now fastened upon sterile hills, where an acre or two is assigned them, whereon they dig, and pine, and starve! Nor have these oppressed creatures any certainty of being allowed to remain on the wretched holdings, which by torturing toil they have exasperated into something like cultivation. More than one instance fell within my knowledge, where the builder of his own house, and the reclaimer of his allotted piece of sterility, has been arbitrarily thrust out of his little possession, without compensation, to begin the world anew. As, since the failure of the potato, no family could possibly subsist on the miserable patches of land marked out by the Duke's agents—it may be reasonably asked, how do these poor people contrive to pay rent? I reply, chiefly by means of the herring fishing, which generally lasts about six weeks in the year, though always a hazardous, and frequently a losing occupation. As for the ordinary fishing which furnished the pretext for violently removing the peasantry, under the atrocious circumstances formerly described, the wicked scheme has proved entirely abortive; for if the poor amphibious agriculturists possessed sufficient boats, or fishing gear—which they have *not*—or if little harbours of refuge were provided for them—which indispensable requisites the coast is wholly void of—still the barbarous depopulation of the country forbids all expectation of a *market* for fish. Where, indeed, could sale or purchase be looked for, when a traveller may plod scores of miles along the noblest straths without discerning a vestige of

humankind, except the solitary smoke wreathing upwards from some lonely shepherd's dismal dwelling? The crafty counsellors of oppression were forgetful of the fact, that a *trade* must also be a *livelihood*, or the disappointed proficients must wither into indigence; and such is the case with the compulsory fishermen of Sutherland.

Another fatal result of the clearances is the destruction of a most beneficial branch of domestic industry. In former days, the small holders of land possessed each of them a few sheep, whose fleeces supplied the raw material of homely manufactures, and chiefly a warm and durable clothing, more suitable to the habits of the peasantry, and to their northern climate, than the best wrought products of Yorkshire skill. All the domestic arts of useful manufacture have long since been silenced in the cottages of Sutherland; for the poor are not permitted to have pasturage for sheep, and wool cannot be purchased from the rich proprietors of flocks. And this is the state of things which is made use of to countenance the clamour against Celtic slothfulness and Highland folding of hands! A thoughtless, selfish proprietor, deprives his people of all incentives to industry, and all scope for profitable exertion. He denies them land—he renders the sea unprofitable to them—he virtually interdicts the spindle, the loom, and all the household employments which go to increase the sum of family comfort. He places over them stony-hearted and iron-handed Commissioners and factors, who inflict all the subtle ravage of delegated tyranny, and whose impunity is impregnable, for their position enables them to intercept all redress. One of the functions of such factors is to obstruct marriage. As the proprietor's miserable, short-sighted policy is sure to pauperise the people, the next step is to prohibit the poor from marrying. If a youth or maiden shall be joined in wedlock, he or she is commanded to depart from the parental roof, and the exiled pair are forced to become room-keepers in some village lodging-house! Can it be a matter of marvel, that under all these oppressions and discouragements, the Highlands—and very markedly Sutherland—should present an aggregate of abject wretchedness, where life loses its solace, and labour is at once restrained from activity, and robbed of its reward! Can it surprise the Duke of Sutherland, if he seriously considers the pernicious principles of the system which his agents are constantly employed in enforcing, that he has no

"nett income"—no thriving tenantry of the humbler classes—no prospects of prosperity before him—no gratifying reminiscences to cheer and support him? He has a palatial residence at Dunrobin—and he has half a dozen sheep-feeding satraps lording it over his once peopled, but now deserted inheritance—and positively this is all that can be said of the princely possessions of Sutherland.

I am aware that the Duke of Sutherland may, perhaps, count me his enemy for depicting with such plainness and sincerity the true condition of his vast estate in Scotland; but I firmly believe the great truth, that *he that rebuketh a man, afterwards shall find more favour than he that flattereth with the tongue.* I hold myself to be the Duke's best friend; for I have had the honest hardihood to press upon his attention facts and considerations which, I fear, have been studiously withheld from him. I have recalled to his reflective notice the evils committed by the erring advisers of his Grace's parents; and in the present letter I have sought to shew, beyond the power of contradiction, that the same unrighteous system which *removed the ancient land-marks*—set fire to the dwellings of the poor—and scattered the houseless wanderers into barren corners, where even thrift cannot thrive—now re-acts retributively on the proprietors for whose behoof these enormities were originally planned and perpetrated. There was no lack of *law* to enforce injustice, and to shield the instruments of oppression, but the *gospel* was set at nought by the instigators of wrong, and the God of the gospel now avenges the despisal of his grace and truth. He will no longer suffer the oppression to wear even the semblance of prosperity. The Duke of Sutherland, so far as relates to his Highland possessions, is a poor nobleman. Lord Macdonald is a still more indigent aristocratic proprietor, the veriest serf of a sordid banking establishment. Scores of other Highland proprietors are steeped to the lips in the most distressing and degrading embarrassments; and wherefore? I tell them the mournful secret—they are poor, because they oppress the poor—and oppression takes every day a sterner shape from the love of ostentatious expenditure, which menaces the higher classes with wide-spread, remediless ruin. My heart's desire is to see that ruin averted by timely retrenchment, which, among innumerable good results, would enable proprietors to seek the welfare of their dependents. How the Sutherland estate might be relieved and retrieved, and her people rendered comfortable and contented—conducing by thei

fruitful industry to the real prosperity of their Ducal benefactor—(should he be inclined to occupy that blessed position)—may probably, at no distant date, constitute the subject-matter of another communication.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Dec. 7. 1849.

P.S.—As I have named Lord Macdonald in the foregoing letter, let me express a hope that his Lordship has not (as rumoured) given in his adhesion to a fresh persecution of the poor people of Sollas, to be executed by that singularly lawless lawyer, Mr Cooper. If the report turns out to be true, I trust to be favoured with the facility of communicating, through your columns, some particulars relating to Lord Macdonald as a proprietor, which, from motives of compassion towards his Lordship, I have hitherto withheld from the public. My advice to the Sollas sufferers is, to endure patiently the oppressions which may be additionally heaped upon them—to resist no legal process—but to reject, with one voice, the tender mercies of compulsory emigration, under the frightful auspices of Mr Commissioner Cooper. T. M.

JUGGLING MAL-ADMINISTRATION OF THE POOR-LAW IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[From the Inverness Advertiser of Nov. 6. 1849.]

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—Pending the publication of my views on the state of Sutherland (enlarged by Caithness contemplations), I wish to avail myself of your widely-circulating columns to expose a most unjust system, which has grown out of the perversion of the Poor-Law Amendment Act. To render the subject fairly intelligible to all your readers, I would premise, that the true tenor of the act is to provide sufficient food, clothing, and lodging, for those among the poor who are proveably shewn to be *destitute*, and who cannot obtain support without public aid. For such destitute persons, and for such only, the law assigns adequate relief out of parochial rates, to be levied according to a just valuation of property within the parish. Nothing seems clearer than this simple statutory provision, and yet, in practice, the law is almost a nullity throughout

Scotland. The fact is, that in this country they have the English poor-law, without the English poor-law machinery, viz., the workhouse test, and the result is a blind confusion, blended with rank injustice, leaving nothing certain but the fearful increase of poors'-rate. It is true, there is a Board of Supervision, of which two able men (Sir John M'Neil and Mr Smythe) are the most responsible members; but it becomes every day more hopelessly evident, that the Legislature failed to give the Board such a quantum of controlling power as would tend to secure the due working out of the Poor-Law Amendment Act. The Board, not possessing a clear initiative in promoting a sound system, they are chiefly employed in endeavouring (by means of unheeded correspondence) to *undo* the errors, and worse than errors, which parochial boards have unwarily or corruptly committed. No proof more striking could be furnished of the powerlessness of the Board of Supervision than what has occurred in your own "gude toun" of Inverness, the paupers famishing, while the parochial authorities were squabbling—(the latter a sort of *hocus pocus*, in which the Rev. Mr Clark appears to be chief conjurer)—and the Edinburgh Board contenting themselves with interpreting their own letters, instead of taking steps to enforce the law, by sending down a sub-commissioner to take the starving paupers before the Sheriff. Such being the feeble jurisdiction of the Board of Supervision, it is no marvel that abuses of the strangest character should everywhere meet the notice of even a cursory enquirer. In rambling through parts of Sutherland, I saw enough to assure me that the scope of the poor-law system was totally misapprehended, and I supplied the Edinburgh Board with information which, it is probable, they have not power to act upon; but in Caithness I have fully ascertained a condition of things so reprehensible, as to make it desirable that the whole case should go at once before the public. I write in the parish of Dunbeath, forming part of the combination of Latheron. The poor-rate assessment is 1s. 6d. in the pound, collected with sufficient sternness—as attested by scores of summonses which I have seen to-day—some indigent rate-payers having to beg or borrow in order to discharge the rate and legal expenses. As the law is thus rigorously enforced towards needy defaulters, it would be but fair to expect that an equal measure of justice should be dealt out towards the opulent; but what was my astonishment, in the course of my enquiries, to find that a large number of paupers

receiving more or less relief out of the parish rates, were actually paying rents (aye, and comparatively high rents too) to the proprietor, Mr Sinclair of Freswick! Nay, some of these queerly destitute rent-payers are also paying poor's-rates, while receiving quarterly allowances from the parish exchequer! This is a compound system of illegal jobbery which calls for the most emphatic exposure. Here is a proprietor whose estate has been brought into pretty much the same condition as the Duke of Sutherland's, though, so far as I can learn, not by means of the terrific cottage conflagrations which marked the ducal territory. However, the identical system has been pursued of dispossessing small, industrious, thriving holders of land, and throwing arable straths into wastes for sheep-nibbling. Such of these poor expelled creatures as were not scattered to the four winds, are located upon strips of rocky land, which they reclaim with incredible labour, and on these sterile patches they erect a hovel—a high rent being wrung out of the necessities of the poor—who *must* have a roof to hide them from the weather. So inadequate are these patches of poor land to support a family, that were it not for herring-fishing, no sufficient maintenance could be obtained. This blind oppressive system has a constant tendency to reduce families to a state of pauperism, and the luckiest (sometimes not the most necessitous) are placed upon the poor's roll, to eke out a subsistence. Now, while I deplore the short-sightedness of the proprietor in pauperising his people, to enrich a sheep-farmer, I have no right to complain of his exacting rents from proper parties—*i. e.* from parties who can lawfully contract such an obligation with him; but I put it to the Parochial Board—I put it to the Board of Supervision—I put it to the public at large—whether it is to be endured that a proprietor shall swell his rent-roll with tenants who are helped to pay rent out of the parish rates? Let the door be either shut or open. If these people be really destitute, let the parish provide for them as the law enjoins; but it is monstrous that a proprietor should number parish paupers among his tenants. To cut short all cavil on this subject, suffice it to say that several of these paupers have handed me their receipts for rent, signed by the proprietor's factor, and I have transmitted one to the Board of Supervision as a sample of the Dunbeath system.

Improper practices are commonly contagious, so we must not wonder that the adjacent estate, rejoicing in the rotund appellation

of Latheron Wheel, rolls in the tracks of Dunbeath. Captain Dunbar, who, I understand, rents his brother's estate, has a goodly number of sub-tenants also on the parish roll, but who pay their rents with commendable punctuality. The only difference in this case is, the peculiar position of Captain Dunbar, who happens to be chairman of the parochial board—an office which seems to imply some knowledge of the poor-laws, but that knowledge has not, as yet, improved into practice.

Such are the present results of my inquiries in this remote region. I am told, I trust incorrectly, that the farther I proceed the less satisfactory will be my acquired information—*Nous verrons.* My monitor of the *Courier* (with whom I have no quarrel) will of course chide me for not knocking at the doors of factors and agents before I "sanction with my name" charges affecting proprietors and their officials. But as I am neither a *Times' Commissioner*, nor a deputed delegate of Government, nor an accredited missionary of any religious or political body, with what face could I presume to catechise a proprietor or his factor? Who are you? What credentials have you to shew? What part do you intend to take? would infallibly be the queries addressed to me, and I am not inclined to submit to such an examination. Nevertheless, if I could bring myself to believe—as the *Courier* obviously does—that the possessors of property have a monopoly of truth, I should waive all fastidiousness, and frankly resort to them for verifying information. But I am sorry to be obliged to say, that, where oppressions prevail, the statements of oppressors and their agents cannot be relied on, and that falsehood is too often the adjunct of tyranny. I must therefore pursue my own course, leaving to others such modes of inquiry as they may deem most expedient.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Dunbeath Inn, Nov. 1. 1849.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S EDITORIAL PANEGYRISTS.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—I have just seen in the *John O'Groat Journal* and *Inverness Courier*, the Duke of Sutherland's explanations regarding the case of the Golspie fishermen, and, though I think with you, that it would have evinced more fairness on the part of those

journalists to place *my* statements in their columns, yet had they limited themselves to the bare insertion of the Duke's attempted vindication, I should have considered it pretty much in the light of an advertisement free of stamp duty; but, as these respective editors have thought proper to lecture me on my mode of conducting my own inquiries, I must take leave to set them right in one or two important particulars. In the month of March last I was honoured with a letter from the Duke of Sutherland, on the subject of the grant of £3500 voted to him by the Highland Destitution Board, which allocation of funds from a public charity I had, in a letter intended for the *Scotsman*, strongly deprecated. His Grace, *inter alia*, was pleased to remark—"If you could have visited this country, and made yourself personally acquainted with local circumstances, I should not apprehend even the 'sharp scrutiny' you mention." I thought this observation of the Duke so reasonable that I withheld the publication of my letter, until I should be in a condition to judge for myself on the soil of Sutherland. On my arrival (which I courteously noticed to his Grace, and received a polite, though somewhat tardy acknowledgement), I proceeded to effect my objects precisely in the way which any man of plain judgment and undoubted impartiality would, if I mistake not, have chosen to pursue. I had before me the latest information as to the state of Sutherland, furnished by Captain Eliott, who had been sent by the Highland Destitution Board, at the Duke's express desire, to investigate his vast possessions; and I enjoyed a still greater advantage, in the shape of a *second* letter from the Duke of Sutherland, in which condescending communication, his Grace disclosed to me the astounding fact, that "the amount of expenditure continued to exceed that of twice the proceeds of his estate, and that, instead of his receiving any part of net income, above three times the amount of it should always be, as lately has been the case, expended in the country." As no proprietor could be expected to maintain a useful position under such circumstances as these, I resolved to institute a course of inquiry which might prove eventually as beneficial to the Duke as to his people; and, following up my investigations, I was led to the clear conclusion, that the state of Sutherland—alike ruinous to the proprietor and his tenantry—was chiefly ascribable to the unjust and pernicious system adopted in the commencement of the present century, and of which the public in general have never thoroughly understood

the horrors and atrocities—grievances—to which my attention was called, not by "ONE discontented voice," as the *Courier* will have it, but by mourning multitudes—I have carefully examined—ascertained to be true; and where would be the use of "consulting local managers" on points already established, and which, moreover, they would consider as accusatorial allegations against themselves?

Therefore, notwithstanding the friendly counsel of the *Courier*, and the penal prospect of having my strictures stigmatised by the sage of the *John O'Groat Journal*, as a "wild and furious *newspaper* onslaught!" I must crave the liberty of doing my own work after my own fashion. It is very easy for complacent editors, sitting snugly at their desks, to frame a *programme* of inquiry, which would be suitable for "our own reporter," but their suggestions are lost upon me. I never obtrude myself upon the hospitable halls of proprietors or their "local managers"—my business lies with the poor and the oppressed, and if I overcharge my statements of their case, I confess myself open to the censure of aggrieved proprietors, or their officials, who, it is to be hoped, will be more successful in their recriminatory scribbling than the Duke of Sutherland, and his factor Mr Gunn.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOS. MULOCK.

Dunbeath, Caithness, Nov. 4. 1849.

P.S.—It having occurred to me that the public journals (including, I presume, the *John O'Groat* and *Inverness Courier*), had circulated a statement extolling the Duke of Sutherland's liberality in ordering a large number of deer to be stewed into soup for his needy dependants, I have inquired everywhere on my route, as to the distribution of the savoury bounty, and, as yet, without result. —Can some thankful soup recipient instruct me as to the *locus in quo?*

THE QUEEN'S RUMOURED VISIT TO SUTHERLAND—POETRY AND PLAIN PROSE.

THE gentlemen of the London press who employ themselves in planning out royal movements, had, it seems, invented a marine summer excursion for our good Queen—including a peep at Gibral-

tar, a survey of the Barbary Coast, and several other interesting items of a visionary voyage; but the London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* has boldly undertaken to gossip down all these conjectural yachtings, by assuring us that her Majesty will limit herself to land-service "amid the Grampians;" with an extension of leave so as to reach the far-famed towers of Dunrobin Castle. From that magnificent mansion, the royal lady is to be greeted with the glories of Sutherland, which consist—but, no! we will not incur the risk of certain failure, by competing with the *Aladdin* style of our contemporary's dashing correspondent, who thus describes what the Queen is to gain by a "progress" through the territories of the "good Duke," as the bumper toast convivialists jollily designate him. "She will have the splendid palace; the elaborate and well-sheltered garden; the wild iron-bound coast, spurning the waves of the German Ocean; the sweet wooded and sequestered dells; the foaming cataracts, and rapids teeming with the silver-laced salmon; the wide heaths peopled with the antlered monarchs of the waste; the well cultivated fields with their comfortable steadings; and, above and beyond all, a loyal, and peaceable, and high spirited race of peasantry, of whom almost every woman is comely, and every man handsome—all rejoicing under the sway of a good, kind, and considerate landlord. These are a few of the things which the Queen will see in Sutherlandshire!" There's a series of *tableaux* for you, touched off with artistic power and piquancy by a wordy limner, who outgoes the spirited sketchers of *Punch*, or the handy draughtsmen of the *Illustrated News!* It is painful to be obliged to dim the splendours which this eloquent magician has exacted from "the slave of the lamp," but austere verity compels us to declare, that if Queen Victoria takes his pledge for some of the fine things here set forth, her Majesty will be in some danger of disappointment. The splendid palace, Elysian gardens, spurned waves, silvery salmon, and antlered deer, we suppose, may be safely conceded; but as for all the rest—all that appertains to the peasantry rejoicing under their present sway, &c., &c., we must beg leave to dismiss the enumerated articles as having no existence save in the fruitful and eulogistic imagination of the *Courier's* correspondent. Indeed, we are forcibly reminded of a scene in Sheridan's *Critic*, where a sort of second-sighted interlocutor describes a gorgeous succession of marvels, as if passing actually before his eyes. Upon being pressed

by an inconvenient interrogator to point them out for the benefit of wonderers standing beside him, he replies very satisfactorily—

"You cannot see them—for they're out of sight!"

We certainly bear in mind the *Potemkin* plan, by means of which the Empress of Russia was hoaxed into a belief of the prosperity of her Tartarian dominions, which we alluded to some time since; but highly as we estimate the energies of the great *Gunn*, and the greater *Loch*, we are clear that, except they can borrow the services of the *Courier* in substituting literary creations for living and breathing realities, the Queen will not discern the gratifying scenes pictured for her beforehand in the good shire of Sutherland. If, indeed, instead of devoting his royal zeal to the feeding of prize porkers, Prince Albert were to dedicate his whole mind to the management of *sheep;* we admit that Sutherland's noble straths would afford his Royal Highness ample scope for contemplating the grandeur of lonely shepherd life on the large scale organized by the late Marquis of Stafford! As the Queen has a decided taste for the picturesque, and sketches as well as she etches; we recommend her Majesty to try her hand in transferring to her album *Kildonan*, and *Strathnaver* landscapes, interspersed with the blackened ruins of burnt-down cottages, where dwelt in former days the "loyal, and peaceable, and high-spirited race of peasantry," who were driven from Sutherland, as the Jews were expelled from Spain, or the *Huguenots* from France! Friends sometimes do the work of enemies, by bolting in extravagant commendations, where a judicious, penitential silence is the one thing needful. So say we in noticing the encomiastic nonsense which is palmed upon the public with respect to the prosperous condition of Sutherland. We *know* it to be a complete fable. We have now before our eyes a letter just received from a trustworthy friend, residing within an easy walk of Dunrobin, and who is well acquainted with the whole mystery of Sutherland mismanagement. Very different are his statements, founded on local knowledge, from the rapturous rhapsody of the *Courier's* clever correspondent. "I have delayed writing from time to time, in the hope of being able to acquaint you with some improvement in the management of affairs in Sutherland; but I am sorry to say that things seem to be going on in the same old style—*grinding the face of the poor* more and more, and nothing doing for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. The Duke has very little of improvements going on this

year; and in consequence a great number of young men in the parishes of *Clyne* and *Loth* are perfectly idle, and a burden upon their parents; nor will the Duke let additional *land*, which would be rendered fruitful by numerous labourers. I do really believe, that if the Duke does not alter his system, and that speedily, he will lose that place of affection in the hearts of the poor, which they have cherished even under the hand of oppression."

It is plain that our Sutherland correspondent, and the *Courier's* London letter-writer, view matters under very antagonistic aspects. Not that we would impugn the veracity of the London writer, whose *pleasant pictures* evince so much of the *couleur de rose.* If twenty "correspondents" were to visit Sutherland to-morrow, they would sing of the Duke's matters pretty nearly in the same choral strain of laudation: for instead of roughing it at humble inns; penetrating into the abodes of poverty; and hearkening to the proved wrongs of the wretched and the oppressed—the amateur enquirers would be the guests of factors or potent sheep-farmers, and hear nothing "from morn till dewy eve," but praises of the "good Duke;" anecdotes of Dunrobin dignity; and little episodes of Mr Loch's wonderful wisdom in depopulating whole districts of their naughty inhabitants, in order to make way for innocent sheep! Out flies the note-book; down drops the encomiastic pen or pencil; and jottings are made, which, at the proper season, mature into poetical paragraphs, designed to enlighten the rural readers of "Our London Correspondent!"

THE REJOICINGS IN SUTHERLANDSHIRE.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

Sir,—The ample details furnished by your intelligent reporter, under the above head, in your last publication, served, I think, among other good purposes, to show that there existed no grudging spirit on the part of the *Advertiser* towards the noble house of Sutherland. Had the recital of those festivities proceeded from the Court journalists of Dunrobin, they could scarcely have supplied a warmer-tinted narrative than shines along your candid columns. The groaning banquet-tables—the bumper toasts—the high-flown speeches, and the responsive acclamations of hilarious guests—are described with a fidelity which assures us that good eating and potent drinking are excellent nourishers of loyal at-

tachment. But I confess, Sir, I should have felt somewhat more gratified to learn that the same system pursued on the Duke of Sutherland's English estates, in celebration of his heir-apparent's majority, had been graciously extended to his northern possessions. In Staffordshire and Shropshire, vast largesses of substantial food and joy-inspiring ale were discreetly dispensed to his Grace's poorer dependants; whereas in Sutherland, bounty seems to have taken the shape of giving silver money to buy illumination candles! What the *people* appear to have had most provided for them were *bonfires*—popular manifestations of rejoicing, I freely admit—but in Sutherland not quite so appropriate as in other rural regions. Some weeks ago, I had occasion to refer to burnings of a very different description, and such as I trust will never be renewed; but still, it strikes me that when the Sutherland skies were reddened with the blaze of so many rival bonfires, the flames caused by the conflagrated homes of other days, would flash fearfully on the memory of not a few of the Duke's well-wishers!

I am not inclined to attach over-importance to the effusions of after dinner orators, but an admission made by the chairman of the Dornoch convivialists in proposing the health of Mr Loch, seemed to me to possess some auspicious significancy,—particularly as Mr Dempster enjoys the pleasing privilege of interchanging *billets* with the Marchioness of Stafford. In allusion, no doubt, to Mr Loch's cruel clearance system, Mr Dempster is reported to have spoken as follows. "He was aware that the minds of some would recur to certain acts upon which differences of opinion might exist, and he was quite sure that Mr Loch himself, if he had to do over again all that he had done, would in the long period of his services in the county, find something which he could wish he had done better. All men were liable to mistakes, and Mr Loch would not be inclined to claim an exemption from the rule." To plain, old-fashioned people, who are frequently puzzled with the see-saw style of modern adepts in mystification, it would perhaps have been more intelligible if Mr Dempster had said, what *I* have ventured to say—namely, that the whole of the Sutherland *Improvements*, enforced and officially extolled by Mr Loch, were a barbaric blot on the House of Stafford,—a foul stain upon the annals of civilization and humanity! But when I call to mind that Mr Dempster is a friend and favourite of the noble family in question, I think his dim, twilight truthfulness may

convey some oracular intimations of a change of policy in the Dunrobin councils. I am bold enough to tell the Duke, that if he has at heart the welfare of his successor, and the prosperity of his people, he will lose no time in abolishing the whole system which Mr Loch has so craftily built up. The foundations of that ruinous system were laid wide and deep in horrible injustice towards the oppressed peasantry of Sutherland, and no modification of a cruel and corrupt system can ever produce really beneficial results. Some of the leases by which gigantic sheep farms are held, will, at no distant day luckily expire. Let there be no evasive trickery by means of arrangements which shall partition sheep walks among members of the same pastoral family, but shall still rigorously exclude the land from all re-conversion to agricultural purposes! The "good Duke" may, by an altered course of conduct, forfeit the favour of *Reids*, and *Halls*, and *Houstons*, and some few other sheep sovereigns in Sutherland, but by allocating cultivable land among his distressed dependants, he will retrieve his vast estate from the pauperised condition into which Mr Loch's schemes have brought it. "Look at my 500 miles of roads," exclaims Mr Loch; to which the Duke (in a polite note addressed to me at Golspie) adroitly adds the pleasant peculiarity of having no tolls to pay! But I found by experience that road without tolls were also roads void of travellers, and that macadamised highways were a miserable substitute for a rural population. No doubt droves of sheep are more conveniently hurried on to market; but where are the peasants to tread the vaunted roads of the interior of Sutherland? As I cannot help considering myself one of the sincerest of the Duke's friends—albeit my humble amity may seem questionable, from the absence of flattery—I am earnest in my expectation that his Grace will turn this season of rejoicing to good account, and, in conjunction with his highly-lauded son, do something efficiently useful for the *whole* of his Sutherland subjects. Half-a-dozen of mighty sheep-owners, although monopolizing the finest straths and glens, must no longer be mistaken for the *people* of Sutherland—a very great error, which Mr Gunn, and other officials, would vainly drown in croupier toasts, and the jingling of Golspie glasses. Let the Duke evince himself a truly kind man, by showing equitable kindness to the dependants who are actuated by an affectionate allegiance towards him, notwithstanding all the privations and

oppressions they are made to groan under. Grant sufficiently-sized crofts to hundreds of industrious tenants, whose hearts would leap for joy at the prospect of such a boon; and do not, my Lord Duke be surpassed by Lord Macdonald, but some fine morning, when Mr Loch happens to be absent ("my good man's awa"), *give leases* to humble holders of land, and the day of justice, liberality and prosperity, will soon have dawned brightly and blessedly upon Sutherland! No more petulant prohibitions of marriage, or angry expulsions of the already married, from the parental roof! The Duke will perhaps allow me to congratulate him upon being a grandpapa on a very promising scale of supply; and to add, that paternity has its legitimate delights, even out of the pale of the peerage. The Duke of Argyle, and his Lordship of Blantyre, had splendid ancestral mansions wherein to receive their beautiful brides; but, had they been less favoured by fortune, I have no doubt they would have been assigned locations at Dunrobin, or Trentham, or Stafford House. Why not permit the peasant papa of a rustic belle at Clyne, or Port-Gower, to exercise within his *but and ben* a privilege which the "Good Duke," in a case of necessity, would be sorry to part with? One unavoidable accompaniment of high life seems to be the almost total ignorance of the aristocracy as to the feelings and affections of the lowlier classes. The mistress of the Queen's robes, can hardly imagine that a maternal sempstress or washerwoman is quite as much alive to the wedded welfare of her fair offspring, as is the Duchess of Sutherland when shawling her lovely daughters at Almack's or in the opera crush-room! But hearts throb in all bosoms; and well it would be for Dukes and Duchesses that, without losing a particle of their proper distinction, they condescended to credit the laudable sensibility of the poor! One instance, however, of the Duchess of Sutherland's *tact* fell under my knowledge a few miles from Golspie. Two sisters occupy a sightly little mansion of rather ornate architecture, kindly allotted them by her Grace, who, however, had ordered a very pretty parlour to be made *for the cow*—which aristocratic apartment I hope Queen Victoria will visit!

This leads me to notice Mr Gunn's authoritative intimation of the Queen's intended visit to the noble host and hostess of Dunrobin Castle. I, of course, had only an external view of that magnificent mansion, but I saw enough to satisfy me that it would

prove striking even to a royal beholder. I was informed that the internal embellishments are also in the first style of splendour—befitting the rank and riches of the owner. Much expeditionary effort must be employed to complete the castle for the reception of royalty; but I have no doubt that the gorgeous feat will be accomplished. Would that the same successful speed might attend the Duke's exertions to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry! There is much to be done in order to clear Sutherland of the reproach of being a vast sheep walk; and the arrangements in progress for accommodating Prince Albert with a provisional preserve for shooting deer, are not likely to extend the sphere of agricultural improvement. The sheep and deer of Sutherland can of course be seen by the royal visitors; but the difficulty will be to find out a Sutherland yeomanry, living comfortably and thankfully in the interior, as in days of yore. The *Prince De Ligne*, in his amusing *Memoirs*, gives an entertaining account of an imperial visit of Catherine II. to her ultra-Russian dominions in the Crimea. The Tartarian tracts of desolation were as dispeopled as Kildonan or Strathnaver; but in timely advance of the august *cortege*, workmen were employed to construct nice *extempore* cottages, in which picturesque peasants greeted their sovereign Lady as she glided past; and when the monarch was fairly out of sight, the theatrical tenants were ejected, and the make-shift little mansions tumbled to the ground! Prince Potemkin was the author of this stupendous deception, and *Prince De Ligne* (who was in the secret, and travelling in the imperial carriage) could hardly forbear chuckling as they passed through successions of sham villages. Whether the Sutherland Potemkin—whosoever he may be—could manage to get up something in this way to exhilarate her Britannic Majesty, it is not for me to determine; but sure I am that the poor creatures miserably populating the sterile coasts of Sutherland, cannot be passed off upon our good Queen as the thriving tenantry of Sutherland. Well, if, in anticipation of the restituting reality, the Duke shall be prepared to submit to royal eyes the lands and leases about to be granted to her suffering Scottish subjects, I, for one, shall deem it to be the noblest homage that has as yet been offered to her Majesty.

I cannot conclude these honestly-meant observations without expressing my cordial concurrence in the good wishes unfeignedly demonstrated in behalf of the Marquis and Marchioness of Staf-

ford. Every kind of eulogistic eloquence seems to have its kindred orator at one or other of the complimentary dinners; but at the entertainment at Golspie Inn (which by the way is an excellent hostelry) a burst of imagination found its way into language, which is of itself sufficient to signalize the Sutherland rejoicings. The Rev. Mr Rose of Tain was on his road to Golspie for the purpose of mastication, deglutition, and declamatory achievement, when he was so lucky as to see (without second sight) *two* rainbows, one lovingly enclosing another and a brighter one! The rev. gentlemen treasured up these optical wonders in his "mind's eye," until a tenth toast enabled him to turn his rainbows to admirable account, by insisting that the larger, and (he somewhat ungallantly added) the *faded* one meant Mrs Hay Mackenzie, while the lesser and brighter rainbow radiently imaged the youthful Marchioness of Stafford! This bodes well for the congratulatory addresses to the Queen when received right royally at Dunrobin. If Mr Gunn fires off another loyal harangue, and the Rev. Mr Rose has the good fortune to pop upon another pair of rainbows (to suit the Queen and Prince Albert), the next Sutherland rejoicings will constitute a memorable affair.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Dec. 27. 1849.

P.S. Since writing the above I have seen a quotation from the *John O'Groat Journal*, predicting on behalf of the Duke and Mr Loch some of the very improvements which I have ventured to suggest. I anxiously hope that the rumour-loving editor is an authorised soothsayer. I wish some other revealer of ducal good intentions may be empowered to declare that His Grace will *not* give effect to certain meditated clearances of the poor people from *Elphin* in Assynt. My information on this subject is so specific, that I trust the Duke's officials will spare me the pain of giving it to the public, together with some reminiscences of Lochbroom emigrations!

T. M.

THE NEGLECTED STATE OF THE HIGHLAND PAROCHIAL POOR.

Pondering on our personally acquired information as to the general condition of the population of the Highlands, we are sometimes tempted to question whether some epidemic blindness and hardness of heart has not seized hold of the ruling and influential

classes of society. The interests of the rich seem to be the exclusive care of conservatism, while, in fact, the neglect of the poor is destroying the entire foundations of the social system. The wealthy have their assigned position: they are stewards, administrators, responsible trustees of property, with a bounteous proportion for their own superior support and gratification; but if they selfishly appropriate *all*, they risk the loss of *all*. There is nothing new in selfishness. "All for ourselves, and nothing for other people, has been in all ages," says shrewd Adam Smith, "the vile maxim of the masters of mankind." And our times are rife with this wickedness. In every city, town, village, hamlet, or isolated abode of poverty, we can trace the operation of that insatiable covetousness, which prostrates the poor beneath the feet of opulent oppressors. The indigent have their share of sin and guilt—they are partakers of the same evil nature that incurably taints the more fortunate classes; but, still, it is to be remembered, that the productive labour of society is supplied by those who, if we may so speak, are nearest the earth, who till and sow, or toil and spin. Remove the slothful, sleepy sons of aristocracy, *summa papavera carpens*, and the damage can be readily repaired, for the artificial orders of society can re-constitute themselves; but, if the great body of the people be crushed into the degradation of absolute pauperism, we may be assured that, whatever be the seeming splendour of a great country, the real springs of national prosperity are fatally dried up.

With the view of setting this important theme more clearly and emphatically before our readers, we propose, in an early article, entering upon the subject of the treatment of the parochial poor throughout the Highlands. We think we shall be able to shew that the poor relief act is almost a dead letter, and that the paupers on some rolls neither get what the law allows them, nor receive their unjust pittance with any thing like regularity. On looking into the statistics of pauperism in the northern counties, we meet with some startling facts, which demand inquiry. The average annual allowance to each pauper in this shire (Inverness) is nine shillings, being only one shilling more than in 1741! Caithness and Ross are still lower than Inverness; but Sutherland, the "happy valley" of some sycophants and dreamers, is lowest of all! We will endeavour to clear up these contrarieties, even at the risk of being denounced as grievance-hunters by his Grace of Sutherland.

PART III.

GLENELG AND LOCHALSH.

ROADS IN GLENELG—THE COMMISSIONERS OF SUPPLY.

"A petition was read from a number of farmers in Glenelg, praying that ten miles of road between Kirkton and Arnisdale (alleged to have been in a bad state for years), in Glenelg, might be kept in proper repair. A letter from Mr Mulock accompanied the petition, which was not read, and the subject was postponed." —*Inverness Courier, Oct.* 4.

As matters affecting public interests and convenience are always benefited by publicity, we think it right to subjoin a copy of the above-mentioned petition from Glenelg, and also of Mr Mulock's *unread* letter. We trust that, during the interval of postponement, the Commissioners of Supply will satisfy themselves as to the facts of the case, and that no private interests will be allowed to frustrate a public object. No district can possibly prosper where the roads are neglected; and as to the funds, the law sufficiently empowers the Commissioners to lay an adequate assessment, which, indeed, they are bound to do.

To the Honourable the Commissioners of Supply for the County of Inverness,

The Memorial of the undersigned Tacksmen and other holders of land, and other residents in Glenelg,

SHEWETH,

That the public road leading from Kirkton to Arnisdale, a space of at least ten miles, is now, and has been for years past, in a very neglected, and, in some places, dangerous and impassable state, and no measures have been taken for its due reparation.

Memorialists, therefore, earnestly solicit the effectual interference of your Honourable Board to have the said road placed in proper order, so as to secure the safe passage of travellers, and to promote the industrial intercourse of the whole neighbourhood.

And memorialists will pray.

(Here follow the signatures.)

To the Committee of the Commissioners of Supply appointed for Glenelg.

GENTLEMEN,—Mr Stewart of Ellanreach, Glenelg, has transmitted me the accompanying memorial, with a request that I would forward it, and also state, from my own recent observation and inquiry, the just grounds of the application.

Being recently in Glenelg, and having occasion to proceed from Kirkton to Arnisdale, I found it was impossible to pass the road in any wheel-carriage; and I further found that, even on horseback, the transit was dangerous. All the proper purposes of intercommunication are, in the Glenelg district, frustrated by the wretched state of this public road; and, wheresoever the responsibility may rest, it is to be hoped that some effectual remedy will speedily be applied.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Sept. 16. 1849.

NOTICES OF LOCHALSH AND GLENELG.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—The distressed dwellers in such parts of the Highlands and Islands as I have visited, must not hastily conclude, from the attention I have thought it needful to devote to Sutherland, that I am unmindful of other districts which I examined during the past autumn. The state of Skye, the Uists, and Barra, is perfectly present to my recollection; and if health and strength be restored to me (both seriously impaired by over-exertion) I shall avail myself of every fitting occasion to set before the public the true condition of the oppressed people in those remoter regions. In performing this duty, I am quite as much the friend of the misled proprietors as of their cast-down dependants. I hold it to be impossible that the welfare of the owners of the soil can ever be separated from the prosperity of the humbler classes who till the land; and therefore it is that the whole strain of my strictures goes to establish the fact, that where the poor are oppressed, the rich never thrive. But *the rich hath many friends*, insomuch that it is a service of danger to indicate the errors of faulty possessors of property. After close enquiry, and impartial consideration, I am settled in the conclusion that more blame is imputable to the

rich than to the poor; for men placed in important positions have weightier responsibilities cast upon them, which, when neglected, inflict injury upon all the subordinate classes of society.

It so happened, that in commencing my bold and adventurous investigation of the contrasted states of property and pauperism in the Highlands, there was but one proprietor of whom I had the faintest personal knowledge, and that esteemed individual was Mr Lillingston of Lochalsh. I emphatically repeat "esteemed;" for why should it be assumed that, because I censured an erroneous system which he has unfortunately espoused, I am insensible to the many valuable qualities which Mr Lillingston is well known to possess? In the whole circle of his admirers he has not a firmer friend than I am, or one who takes more pleasure in bearing testimony to the worth, benevolence, and unostentatious liberality of Mr Lillingston's character. But, when examining for myself on the spot, I found that Mr Lillingston's estate presented no better aspect than other dispeopled districts, and that the prospect of things was rather darkened than improved by successive emigrations from Lochlash. Whence, it surely may be asked, this painful contrariety? Here is a religious conscientious, pains-taking, resident proprietor, who denies himself, and opens his purse to the claims of poverty. None of the ordinary allegations against extravagant, selfish proprietors, can be fairly urged against Mr Lillingston, who, with his amiable lady, dwells constantly among his dependants, dispensing bounty, and diffusing the benefits of example. Another advantage is connected with the ministerial management of the Lochalsh property: for more than a quarter of a century, Mr H. I. Cameron has been factor on the estate, a professional gentleman of intelligence, integrity, and undoubted kindness of disposition. Here, therefore, we have all the elements for securing, under Providence, the welfare of the Lochalsh tenantry, who, to a man, speak affectionately of Mr Lillingston and Mr Cameron. Nevertheless, I affirm that great misery, and misery that might be materially alleviated, if not removed, exists in Lochalsh; and, with the help of a printed "*missive*," placed in in my hands by the courtesy of Mr Cameron himself (then visiting at Balmacarra), I was enabled to understand how good men may go astray by penally enforcing wrong principles. This said "missive" constitutes the code of Lochalsh; and statutes of more inflexible rigour never, I take upon myself to say, proceeded at

any time from any legislator. The poor creatures who hold land on these imposed conditions, are not only bound hand and foot themselves, but they are bound for each other; and all the acts of life, as well as the operations of husbandry, are to be subjected to a severity of *surveillance* which bids defiance to any freedom of action. No doubt, Mr Lillingston deems all his regulations to have a foundation in truth and wisdom; but I trust he will yet be given to see that it is by the blessed power of the *gospel*, not by the austere agency of the *law*, that men's minds are swayed—their prejudices abated—their affectionate allegiance secured—and their true temporal interests effectually promoted. I candidly confess, that when I perceived, both from the code, and from communications concerning it, that Mr Lillingston was transformed from a kindly Christian into a stern lawgiver, I was prepared for the worst; and I declare truthfully, though regretfully, that Lochalsh is in a very deplorable state. The land is far too highly rented, and the holdings are too small to render them adequately productive for the subsistence of families, even if the rents were considerably lowered. Nothing can compensate for the failure of the potato, but the substitution of a larger corn cultivation, which implies granting crofts of double the present average dimensions. Instead of at once meeting the present difficulty by a liberal distribution of land to industrious tenants, Mr Lillingston confines labour within the same narrow limits, and nevertheless indulges in vague visions of "rotation of crops," and "course of agriculture," as if he were adjusting the prosperity of 500 acre farms on the *Carse of Gowrie*. Why, thou worthy dreamer of Lochalsh, what the poor people really require is *land*—land at moderate rents, whereon may be raised food for the sufficient support of a presently stinted population! Vain, profitless, unaccomplishable, are all your projects for putting *horticulture* in the place of *agriculture:* your fond fields of beans and carrots, and still more beloved parsnips, will never answer the purposes of *food*. Throw into the market of labour the lands which the Lochalsh emigrants left behind them—some of which were recently covered with your own sheep. Try the result of leases to humble holders of land. Encourage them by proclaiming the absence of injurious and irritating restrictions, which only serve to sadden slaves, not to foster freemen. Manifest the *largeness of heart* with which I believe you to be gifted, in elevating and cheering the condition of your

dependants, and, as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, contentment, abundance, and increasing individual prosperity as respects yourself, will visit Lochalsh, and *remain* there! Some of Mr Lillington's religious friends are quite indignant that I should couple him with Lord Macdonald in my castigation of the false system pursued by Highland proprietors. My reply is, that I know nothing of Lord Macdonald but as a most unwise and unjust landlord, in special reference to his harsh proceedings towards the people of Sollas. If, after investigating North Uist, I bend my attention to Lochalsh, and plainly discern the same oppression and the same impoverishment *there*, am I to refrain from reproof because Mr Lillingston has the odour of sanctity? I venture to judge very differently. *Faithful are the wounds of a friend;* and Mr Lillingston's marked profession of Christianity should create a stronger desire on the part of his cordial co-religionists that their brother's worldly estate should be strikingly distinguishable from the landed possessions of persons less reputedly spiritual. So long as sin bears sway, worldly men will administer property on worldly principles; but it is the glory of Christianity that the precepts of the gospel should be the royal rule of all who *name*, believingly, *the name of Christ.*

The emigrations which have occurred from Lochalsh are, it is alleged, in no degree traceable to Mr Lillingston—who, it would appear, merely offered his help to parties desirous of emigrating. There is, however, so much tricky mystification, and, indeed, sheer falsehood, in most of the vindicatory statements regarding emigration, that it it is absolutely necessary to speak out. What I assert is this—that, in nine cases out of ten, the emigration of a large number of families is, however, cloaked, in fact and truth, a compulsory proceeding. The poor exiles are not captured, chained, driven to the coast, and forcibly shipped, like gangs of negroes on the slave shore; but their condition is rendered miserable and hopeless in their native land. In Lochalsh, emigration took its rise, in the desolating conviction which prevailed, that Mr Lillingston was inexorably pursuing a system, of which the primary principle was a denial of such distributions of land as would suffice for the subsistence of a family. Whether Mr Lillingston's existing code was in operation at the period of the first emigration, is a matter of little importance, for the spirit of that deleterious compilation was long previously doing its evil work in every part

of the Lochalsh estate. Men's minds were harassed—their lives embittered—their expectations totally crushed, by the persevering impolicy of their formerly kind landlord; and when a letter arrived from some refugee in America, recommending expatriation, the prospect then held out was seized on, as a raft is betaken to by shipwrecked mariners. I do not say—I never said—that Mr Lillingston planned, enforced, and carried out any special scheme of emigration, such as Colonel Gordon, Mr Baillie of Genelg, and others, have cruelly executed; but I fearlessly affirm, that the bulk of the parties emigrating would have been overjoyed to remain at home, if the relaxation of Mr Lillingston's system had left them a ray of rational hope that things would have taken a better turn. Of the awful loss of life which has unhappily attended these exports of human beings, I would only observe, that I cannot consider these casualties as necessarily connected with emigration, for pestilence can slay at home as well as abroad. But one view of the subject will press heavily on every humane mind—Why drive men into premature foreign graves, who might have filled up the measure of their days in the land of their ancestors?

I part amicably with Mr Lillingston, although we differ so widely. I am confident he has perplexities to encounter; but I entreat him to consider whether a portion of his difficulties may not have originated in his own faulty system, which it would delight me to see graciously amended.

Taking a boat from Balmacarra, the lover of the picturesque will luxuriate on the landscapes which crowd on the eye, as the loch of Glenelg is pleasantly traversed. I have enjoyed my share of fine scenery on the Continent, and in our British isles, but I am not clear that I have noticed any natural beauties surpassing those of Glenelg. All that the fortunate locality requires is a liberal resident proprietor, and a thriving happy tenantry, which do *not* exist in this lovely spot. The owner of Glenelg is Mr Baillie of Culduthel, and I am informed that this gentleman has not visited his estate during the last ten years. There is, of course, no law on the statute-book binding a proprietor to "illuminate with his presence" (as Chinese hyperbole has it) the property and people which he has inherited or purchased. But when a stranger reaches the territory of an absentee proprietor, and finds misery, squalidness, and destitution at every step, the thought will repeatedly recur, can it be possible that the proprietor of this region of wretchedness

and pauperism is at all cognisant of this calamitous state of things? Now, in fairness, I deal thus with Mr Baillie, who is, I take for granted, a man of intellect and information—either he knows or he does not know that Glenelg, notwithstanding the drain of compulsory emigration, swarms with pitiable peasants in the most frightful state of destitution. If he is aware of their state, and yet takes no steps to amend their condition, all I can say is, that much as I pity the poor people of Glenelg, I pity the rich proprietor much more! But if Mr Baillie should plead ignorance of the actual state of a numerous population, where can the blame be cast but upon his own culpable inertness? Well, to remedy his supineness, I propose to offer Mr Baillie a slight sketch derived from personal observation, of what he may readily verify whenever it shall please him to direct his movements towards Glenelg. *I* have no positive interests blended with the subject—*he* emphatically has—so I trust he will acknowledge himself benefited by my unselfish communications. Whenever you meet in the Highlands knots of dwellings, from which issue forth numbers of unemployed persons, half-clothed and half-fed, gaunt, and moping, and mournful—the explanation of this frightful face of rustic society, if furnished by a factor, primed with the current slang of the day, is invariably—over-population! The worthy proprietor (especially if he be a rich bachelor) is, of course, quite blameless in all that appertains to this aggregate of want and wretchedness. How can he be expected to support the multiplying paupers that fearfully infest his estate? Is it not shocking that a landlord, instead of pocketing "nett income," should be required to find subsistence for idle, thriftless tenants? These are the hard questions with which Mr Baillie's man-of-business would infallibly attempt to pose me, if we should come in contact at Glenelg to-morrow. But I have prosecuted my enquiries too deeply in the Highlands to be made the victim of such stupid sophistry as factors, or their masters—or the adulatory scribes patronised by their masters—would fain impose upon me. Instead of parleying with some surly "ground-officer" (as the *Courier* would counsel me), I apply myself to the discovery of the true condition of the people before me, and what do I find? Why, that not an able-bodied head of a family has a fifth part of the land that he could cultivate productively; and, moreover, would gladly pay a proper, equitable rent for. Employment, other than in this way, is totally out of the

question; for the proprietor employs no labourers, and sheep-farmers require only a few shepherds. As in despite of the most rigorous regulations, lawful marriage cannot be effectually checked, and families still follow the law of increase, the result is, that human beings are doubled down, if I may so express myself, into a state of constrained slothfulness, and consequent starvation, while they gaze with ghastly desperation on vast breadths of cultivable land, which they are forbidden to render fruitful! "Oh, but they have no capital," Mr Baillie, eyeing his banker's book, would, no doubt, complacently inform us. But I tell Mr Baillie, that where stalwart arms can be profitably exercised in increasing the productive power of the soil, a more useful capital is in course of organization than ever slept in the coffers of the sons of usury! If Mr Baillie could be prevailed on to let sufficient land at a moderate rate—(*not* two pounds per acre, as at present)—Glenelg would not importune him for *capital*, but, on the contrary, would, in the shape of augmenting, aggregate rent, soon minister very gratifyingly to his accumulations.

My letter has grown into such length, that I cannot claim additional space for commenting on the emigrations which have rid Glenelg of portions of her population, without, in the smallest degree, relieving the wretchedness of the sufferers who remain. And this will be found constantly the case wherever the consequences of compulsory emigration are truthfully tracked. The real drift of those proprietors who would force on emigration, is not to abridge the number of the peasantry, but to sweep *all* population from off their estates. They are enamoured of sheep-walks, and they dread the possible retribution of the poor-law—avenging upon proprietors the discouragement of industry, which is one of the chief causes of pauperisation. Therefore it is that ship-loads of exiled natives would not render the condition of the Glenelg remnant a whit more endurable. Not a single croft would be enlarged, although hundreds of expelled crofters should be carried across the Atlantic, and die of famine or fever in the wilds of Canada. But this subject is so fruitful in important themes, that I shall take care to revive it ere long.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, December 13. 1849.

THE EMIGRATIONS FROM LOCHALSH, GLENELG, AND SOUTH UIST.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—It was not my intention to return so speedily to this subject, but a sense of justice impels me to clear up many topics which I plainly perceive are clouded and confounded by the erring zeal of divers ill-informed writers in the Edinburgh journals. In these palmy days of the pen, there appears to me to be no small danger that the cause of *truth* may be overlaid and sacrificed by a surplusage of scribbling. We have large classes of practised penmen who seize upon topics which agitate the public mind—praise or pay being the legitimate stimulants, and yet whose lucubrations, however clever or influential, lack the essence of real usefulness, namely, that comprehensive impartiality which studies to embrace all sides of the subject. This may, at first sight, be deemed a high and hard requirement; but on juster consideration it will be found to consist in simply adhering to truth.

In the angry discussions to which the subject of Highland clearances and emigrations has given rise, a new element of contention has been introduced, in the shape of a grave charge against the Highland Destitution Committee; and it is boldly and confidently alleged by some persons of polemical and popular note, that the committee have abused their trust by concertedly co-operating with certain proprietors to promote compulsory emigration. Now I do not feel myself at all disposed to come forward as the champion of the Highland Destitution Committee, whose errors and shortcomings I have frequently exposed, and shall never shrink from publicly pointing out; but I must frankly avow my persuasion, founded on a personal knowledge of the subject of Highland emigrations, that the charge preferred by Dr Begg and others is not sustainable. It is one thing to write at an Edinburgh desk, or to declaim from an Edinburgh platform, upon the stirring theme of Highland oppression; but it is quite another thing to lay before the public well-considered details derived from honest, searching inquiries, made on the spot—gathered from all quarters—compared, and sifted, and modified, so as to justify clear, general conclusions. Whether my own communications come up to the mark on these points, it is not for me to presume; but I can conscientiously declare, that I have spared no pains to qualify myself for investigat-

ing the true state of things in the Highlands; and my very strangership has been of service to me; for, if I have had more to learn, I have not had to divest myself of either the antipathies or the predilections which cleave closely, though, I admit, naturally, to the mind and affections of the Scottish people.

So far as my enquiries extended—and I travelled in the tracks of emigration operations—the nature of the aid afforded by the Highland Destitution Committee was as follows. In the districts which became the scene of emigration movements, great poverty palpably prevailed; and on reference to documents, it would be evidently seen that the bulk of the population were inscribed on the relief lists of the Highland Destitution Committee. When any special scheme of emigration was arranged between proprietors and the parties consenting to emigrate, then the question arose, how far the funds of the committee could be made available in contributing to the sustentation of the voyaging exiles? Now, admitting that the emigrants had been on the relief lists, and must inevitably have continued so if no departures took place from districts where destitution so fearfully existed; where, I would ask, was the guiltiness in advancing, as a *viaticum* for a voyage, such an amount as would have been infallibly expended on families if they remained in this country? I, for one, do not believe, because I am furnished with no proof, that a single plan of emigration originated in a compact made between a proprietor and the Highland Destitution Committee. No case ever came under my examination, which did not fully prove that emigration would have unavoidably taken place if the Highland Board had declined to supply any succour. It is true that certain stipulations accompanied the grants of the committee, which, in practice, turned out wholly inoperative, as I shall presently explain; but this only serves to show the scandalous bad faith of the delinquent proprietors, not surely the ill intentions of the committee, although the credulity of the latter may be open to censure.

The emigrations from the Highlands would, I am convinced, have taken place, if the Highland Destitution Committee had never commanded a single sixpence. It is to the gross mal-administration of property in the Highlands that we must look for the solution of that want, and wretchedness, and oppression which, when hideously matured, make way for the expatriation of despairing, mourning multitudes. Some adventurous individuals,

greedy of change, and full of the spirit of enterprise, may recklessly transfer themselves to other lands; but to suppose that numerous families would, as a matter of choice, sever themselves from their loved native soil, abolish all the associations of local and patriotic sentiment, fling to the winds every endearing recollection connected with the sojourning spot of vanished generations, and blot themselves, as it were, out of the book of "home-born happiness," is an hypothesis too unnatural to be encouraged by any sober, well-regulated mind. To satisfy myself upon this subject, I went practically to work. At Glenelg, I assembled some forty or fifty heads of families who had signed an agreement to emigrate, and who had sold off every little article of property, in order to prepare themselves for embarkation in a vessel which Mr Baillie's factor failed to provide for them, and who, in consequence of this breach of promise, are now suffering the pangs of starvation. I asked these poor, perfidiously-treated creatures, if, notwithstanding all their hardships, they were *willing* emigrants from their native land? With one voice, they assured me, that nothing short of the absolute impossibility of obtaining land or employment at home could drive them to seek the doubtful benefits of a foreign shore. I enquired if a sufficiency of land for the support of a family, held at a reasonably reduced rent, would not quench all thoughts of emigration; and the hearty response I received almost led me to wish that I were for half a day Mr Baillie's commissioner, authorised to do permanent good to proprietor and people. So far from emigration being at Glenelg, or Lochalsh, or South Uist, a spontaneous movement, springing out of the wishes of the peasantry, I aver it to be, on the contrary, the product of desperation—the calamitous light of hopeless oppression visiting their sad hearts. Let us look with compassionate eyes into the actual condition of our fellow-men, holding small patches of land on the estates of Mr Lillingston, Mr Baillie, and Colonel Gordon, and we shall quickly discern an aggregate of wretchedness clearly traceable to the amazing impolicy, yea, suicidal wrong-doing of these respective proprietors. I do not pretend to say that the miserable peasantry are without fault—they have, one and all of them, enough of sin to ensure suffering—but the sinnership of the poor does not extenuate the sinful oppression of the rich; and instead of bringing black indictments against their dependants, it would be well if landlords

examined their own ways, so as to exonerate themselves from the imputation of sordidness and tyranny.

It should be always borne in mind that power and property in land are synonymous terms. No monarch rigorously ruling on an absolutist throne has a tithe of the potency to persecute that is presently possessed by a Highland proprietor. The Russian or Austrian autocrat may visit political offences with an iron hand; but, apart from politics, or it may be superstition, the social relations of life are uninvaded by the diademed despot! But go to Lochalsh, cross over to Glenelg, penetrate into South Uist (known localities for transforming tenants into emigrants), and you will find a despotism at work which forces its way into every hovel where human beings are imperfectly sheltered. If a peasant has not land, he is void of all means of obtaining a livelihood suitable to his agricultural position. The territorial sovereign (tyrant some would call him) sternly refuses a *sufficiency* of land, and to this churlish edict the wretched serf must sorrowfully submit. The patch of land is probably to be reclaimed, at all events to be improved, a high rent is imposed, and as for certainty of occupation by means of a lease, the bare supposition is utterly scouted, aye, even by men who babble about improving the crofter-system. Then follow innumerable restrictions and regulations, such as Mr Lillingston has compiled into a code, or such as Mr Baillie or Colonel Gordon continue to inflict without the formality of print or publication. The poor peasants are relentlessly pursued into all the recesses of humble life. To displease a pompous, arrogant, ignorant factor, is to be a lost man. Some unjust pretext is seized, and a whole family is marked for destruction—the landlord knowing little, and caring less about the penal changes inflicted by his agents. An industrious man, by unceasing efforts, causes a piece of rocky, or mossy, or marshy land to wear the aspect of cultivation; some favourite of the factor is substituted for the hard-working tenant, who is driven to some distant hill or bog, to commence a fresh career of exertion, and to be again defrauded of its fruits! The oppressions connected with grazing land are almost beyond belief, and the rents exacted at Lochalsh and elsewhere, by noticing the need of milk for eking out family food, are quite unjustifiable. Wherever there is any facility for fishing, it is plain that landlords consider it as an element of the rent of land, instead

of viewing it as a collateral source of comfort to their poor dependants; and where is the landlord that affords due encouragement to the fishing which he hopes to profit by? Certainly such encouragement is not manifested on the shores of Lochalsh, Glenelg, and South Uist.

Now when all these oppressions (although the tithe be not told) have been harassing and pauperising the small holders of land, the whole ruined face of things gloomily foreshews some great impending change. But no change of system on the part of the proprietor, so as to benefit his distressed dependants, is ever contemplated. Some adroit, subservient emissary (not seldom, I regret to say, a minister of the Established Church, piqued by the revolt of Disruptionists) is employed to sound a pauperised parish on the subject of emigration. Expectations are held out by agents, which principals subsequently repudiate, but still the pressure of an iron necessity urges the poor people to their doomed departure. They sign an agreement; sell their little moveables for next to nothing; their crop or stock, after a reservation for rent, is hypothecated for passage money; and the poor pilgrims of despair are shipped on board some vessel, where fever lies in wait for its victims! The survivors reach some shore of our colonies utterly unprepared to absorb any supplementary population, and a fresh form of woe and want, and wretchedness, is presented to the exiles. The rest of their painful history must be furnished by the sufferers themselves, whose trials and privations cannot even be conceived by any effort of imagination.

Well! they are gone. Hundreds, nay, thousands, have for ever forsaken Lochalsh, Glenelg, and South Uist! Is the prosperity of those estates markedly increased? Has pauperism vanished from view? Are crofts enlarged by a wise distribution of the emigrant possessions, according to certain stipulations made with the Highland Destitution Committee? Are the three potentates—Mr Lillingston, Mr Baillie, and Colonel Gordon—full of satisfaction, and sovereigns or bank-notes, as the rich result of their emigration schemes? Alas, alas, no! Not one of these anticipated advantages has accrued; nor is it within the pale of possibility that they ever should accrue. The misery of those who were banished seems doubly entailed upon the sufferers who remain; and, to all appearance, the domain of desolation is widened. Mr Lillingston and Mr Baillie have silently endured their disap-

pointment; but not so that publishing proprietor, Colonel Gordon. In a pathetic letter addressed to Sir George Grey, the disconsolate possessor of South Uist and Barra pictures the wrongs inflicted upon the opulent, and clearly demonstrates his own destruction, in consequence of having made an unlucky purchase! The innocent Colonel being, it should seem, quite a babe in pecuniary matters—a mere ignoramus in the mysteries of buying and selling—bought an estate, from which he expected what were styled *kelp rents*, whereas *kelp* itself—the golden-egged goose—had ceased to exist before the worthy Colonel had dreamt of being a *Lord of the Isles* by indiscreet purchase! To remedy this bad bargain, the Colonel importunes the Queen's Government to take South Uist and Barra off his hands, and thus relieve him from an overwhelming load of sorrows. Sir George Grey does not hold out strong consolation to the poor Colonel, who writes very much in the strain of the old Scottish ballad—

> "I am the most unhappy man
> That ever was in Christen land."

So very differently, however, do men view the calamities of others, that I could undertake to shew that the island of Barra alone might suffice to make a wise and beneficent proprietor wealthy, without emigration, and without pitiful appeals to Sir George Grey. The plain truth is, that Colonel Gordon, like many other rich men, is profoundly ignorant of the true uses of property. To hoard for themselves, or to spend on themselves, includes all their notions of the responsibility awfully attaching to great possessions. But the day is drawing nigh when these rank delusions will be frightfully dispelled. It is a Satanic imposture, that the solemn stewardship of GOD'S soil is freely convertible into a mischievous power of oppressing the poor. The use of property is to make property useful; and where this is not done, it were better for men to have been born beggars, than to live in luxury while causing the wretched to want and weep!

In concluding my present strictures on the subject of emigration, I would emphatically separate myself from all persons who are prone to invoke the interference of the Legislature to check this great evil. No law could reach any effectual remedy; for, although the law holds out protection to property, it cannot restrain or cure the abuse of property. Nothing but the influence of the gospel can lead men rightly in their conduct towards their fellow-

men; and a proprietor void of Christianity would be sure to evade the most stringent devices of legislation.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Dec. 20. 1849.

REPORTED LIBERALITY OF SOME HIGHLAND PROPRIETORS.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—The heartfelt eagerness with which I hastened to announce, through your responsive journal, the recent good deeds of Lord Macdonald in relation to his Lordship's Skye and North Uist tenantry, will have afforded some additional testimony to the truth of my oft-repeated declarations, that, according to my humble measure of mediatorial usefulness, I am equally the friend of proprietors and their people. In my Highland enquiries I have been filled with honest regret that the landlords in many, nay, most districts, were absolutely abandoning their own interests, in ceasing to consult the welfare of their distressed, neglected, and persecuted dependants; and while giving faithful expression to the severest censures, I still encouraged the expectation that well-meant reproof would find its way even to the most adverse quarters. But how much sweeter is the privilege of according praise, than the task of affixing blame! How pleasant to be enabled to dwell delightedly on acts of beneficence, rather than to chronicle the calamitous workings of churlishness and oppression! I am happy to learn that Lord Macdonald is not alone in his compassionate efforts to retrieve the wretchedness, and aid the activity, of the poorer Highlanders. Mr Mackenzie of Applecross also signalizes himself by considerate generosity and self-denying forbearance, which will infallibly produce beneficial results. From my brief but cordial communications with Applecross, I augured most favourably of him as a landlord; and my investigations in his neighbourhood confirmed me in the justness of my friendly surmise. Without at all attempting to detract from the merit of some other kindly-intentioned proprietors, I may be allowed to intimate my persuasion that Dundonnell possesses many qualities which will render him eminently useful in his Highland region. I write according to my conscientious convictions, undeterred by fear, and unswayed by favour.

My main object in calling renewed attention to the themes now embraced, is to turn to the best advantage the examples of bounty and commendable sympathy which I am sure will be gratifyingly hailed throughout the Highlands. The suitableness of this sacred anniversary for urging topics of mercy and kindness must not be overlooked by the Christian mind. The *unspeakable gift* of God —the divine donative of a glorious Redeemer—was vouchsafed, as at this season, to fallen man; and all the righteousness ever manifested on earth, flowed, and flows, and will ever flow, from that incarnate Saviour, whose mission was mercy, and whose whole life is celestially characterised by the words of holy writ—*he went about doing good.* It cannot, therefore, be out of place at this time to advert to some cogent considerations bearing upon the possibility of bettering the condition of our afflicted brethren among the humbler classes. The field is large, and it is to be feared the labourers are few; but, with the blessing and help of the Most High, the greatest difficulties may be surmounted, as well as the richest benefits conferred.

In relieving presently known distress, no Highland proprietor can possibly go wrong. The minutest alleviations of the mass of misery are cheeringly felt and gratefully remembered; but the important business of a landlord is to exercise wisdom, blended with benevolence, in promoting the *permanent* welfare of his lowlier tenantry—for tenants of a more opulent order can manage to take tolerably good care of themselves. The bountiful forgiveness of large arrears by Lord Macdonald, and of old arrears by Applecross, leads me to throw out some suggestions, which I trust will be properly appreciated. The existence of arrears not assignable to any special calamities, such as failure of crops, murrain, &c., &c., implies something radically blameable on the side of either landlord or tenant. If, in consequence of a competition for land, poor tenants have rashly agreed to pay higher rents than the fairly-considered circumstances of the soil would justify; and if, after a hopeless struggle, they sink into insolvency, and are constantly crushed with increasing arrears; then, I conceive the faulty person to be in reality the landlord, who, instead of fixing an equitable rent, has, in fact, auctioned his land, and extorted from a necessitous bidder a promised amount of rent which the land itself will not enable him to pay! Wherever I have turned my steps in the Highlands, I have found innumerable cases of

this description, which I should be glad to see rectified; for this false system is ruinous to both landlords and tenants. To exact an over-rent for land is to give a *bonus* to mere adventurers, who catch at a farm, small or large, without entering upon the proper calculations which would serve to settle the reasonable *quantum* of rent. Where tenants run continually in arrear, all improvement of the land is wholly out of the question—the land is scratched and exhausted, but never cultivated. Let me, therefore, respectfully recommend to Lord Macdonald and Applecross, not to satisfy themselves or others with simply forgiving arrears, but to adopt such measures as may prevent the returning accumulation of arrears. Let them clear up the fact, whether *enough* of land, at a moderate rent, has been assigned to poor but industrious tenants, and where such is not the case, the sooner a just alteration takes place, the better for all parties. Regarding incurably idle and improvident tenants, a wise, and at the same time humane, landlord, will know how to pursue the fitting course, when warning and exhortation have failed. The next point is the much mooted one of leases to small holders of land—about which I am only astonished that so much variance of opinion should prevail. Doctor Mackenzie, of Gairloch celebrity—my esteemed acquaintance, Mr Roberts of Torlundie, start no scruples as to the propriety of giving leases to the fortunate farmer of 100 or 500 acres, who risks an outlay the first two years, in the honest expectation of turning the remaining period to profitable account—and why should not a poor man be actuated by the same laudable motives, and be favoured with the same reasonable encouragements? Is it not common justice that a hard-working holder of a few acres, which he found a mere moss, should be cheered by the certainty of possessing his little improvement for a definite period? Moreover, the arbitrary clearances which have recently been enforced in the Highlands, make it absolutely necessary that confidence in the landlords should be restored and confirmed by means of leases to competent crofters. High-farming or low-farming may be argued for ever without a particle of benefit to the poor man, so long as he has no assurance of reaping the fruits of his anxious labours. In many districts along the coast, impediments are thrown in the way of tenants, so as to forbid them from obtaining a sufficiency of sea-ware for manure. All such restrictions should be removed. The apportionment of grazing land on really just

terms is indispensable where a landlord wishes his tenantry to thrive. The want of milk, and the absence of cattle-manure, are two terrible privations which I often sorrowfully noticed in the Highlands. Many other much required boons will readily occur to a benevolent landlord, who once sets out in the path of effectual improvement. I only offer humble hints, grounded upon observation, aided by reflection. I am, however, fully alive to the distressing fact, that there are proprietors in the Highlands whose estates are so fatally encumbered, as to leave not a shadow of hope that they can ever recover the power of improving their own condition or that of their dependants. In such melancholy cases the plain truth must be honestly told—the sooner all such estates are submitted to sale, the better for all parties. Every hindrance to sales, occasioned by the still subsisting subtleties of the Law of Entail, should be finally swept away by a simple statute creating a paramount power of sale for the benefit of creditors. Thus land would no longer be locked up in bankrupt unprofitableness, and the nominal possessors would be freed from burdens which harass and degrade them. The analogous condition of embarrassed landed property in Ireland, incited me to shape out a plan which I publicly addressed to the Earl of Clarendon—and the principle of which, with most of the details, became, by felicitous coincidence, the basis of the Irish Encumbered Estates Act. I heartily wish it may be my lot to render a similar service to Scotland, and that a fearless remedy may be quickly applied to an acknowledged evil, by abolishing even the faintest vestiges of the Law of Entail.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, Dec. 21. 1849.

PART IV.

THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION RELIEF BOARD'S OPERATIONS.

THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION RELIEF BOARD: EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW SECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Inverness Advertiser.

SIR,—From the moment that I resolved to devote my attention to a close and impartial inquiry into the true state of the Highlands, I fully made up my mind to examine, *pari passu*, the proceedings of the Highland Destitution Relief Board, to whom the enormous sum of £200,000 had been confided, by the public bounty, for the purpose of succouring the famine-stricken peasantry of the North of Scotland. But it occurred to me to be absolutely necessary that the way should be cleared for an examination of the acts of the board, by a previous exposition of the condition of the peasant population, as tenants and tillers of the soil. This involved the relation of proprietor and landholder, in fact the whole social system of the Highlands, exhibiting a state of things in which destitution was so frightfully prevalent, as to present but the alternative of charitably-supplied subsistence, or death by starvation. That the failure of the potato was the proximate cause of this dreadful destitution cannot admit of a doubt; but in the Highlands, as in Ireland, the proprietors of the soil had long given, for their own sordid purposes, an undue encouragement to the culture of the potato, so as to render the lowest species of food the staple subsistence of the people. Instead of enlarging the sphere of agricultural industry and improvement, and promoting, as far as possible, an increased corn-cultivation, sheep-farms and deer-forests became the chief objects of solicitude with the great majority of Highland proprietors. The peasantry were more and more driven from cultivable land to wretched patches of rocky, or mossy ground, where the ordinary growth of the potato nourished augmenting numbers, but left them, year after year, in the same hopeless, unfriended condition, without generous guidance or encouraging example. The old clannish affinities, which had softened superiority, and made servitude endearing, no longer existed

in the Highlands. The Celtic chiefs were metamorphosed into mere rent-exacting landlords, and their *following* of claymored adherents was merged in a tenantry of serfs. In short, Mammon became lord of the ascendant, and feudality and fealty were numbered among the vanished peculiarities of past ages. But let it not be supposed that the prosperity of Highland proprietors was increased, while the welfare of their dependants was diminished. By an unalterable law of justice, as well as of love, the inequality of conditions still implies mutuality of interests; and where the poor are oppressed, the rich can never thrive. The Highland landlords (we speak of the greater number) neglected the comfort and progressive improvement of the peasantry, from whose fruitful toils the subsistence of the community is designed to spring; and the ostentatious lavishness of the aristocracy was painfully contrasted with the multiplying privations of the poor. And just as the rich were themselves becoming poor—their estates loaded with incumbrances, whilst pride and luxury forbade all expectation of retrenchment—the mysterious potato blight struck at the foundations of a false system of society, by bereaving the peasantry of the cheap food which enabled them to live as rent-paying paupers. No political revolution ever effected such thorough social changes as the potato failure will assuredly accomplish—for society is now smitten at its base; whereas all political changes among nations are assaults aimed against the aristocracy, which, after a period of persecution, is sure to revive again. But, in blasting the ignoble food of the Irish and Highland *pariahs*—the cruelly-used cultivators of the soil—a more consummate calamity was in reserve for the negligent possessors of landed property. Their true position of exalted pauperism was to be laid bare—their resourceless embarrassments were to be divulged to clamorous creditors—and their vain *prestige* of presumed reality of property was to vanish into thin air. Such was the actual and advancing state of things in the Highlands, when the public sympathy of the British empire was largely roused in behalf of the famishing Highlanders. Meetings were held—subscriptions were entered into—Scottish bounty was specially appealed to in every part of the globe, and the result was the realisation of funds in the hands of several committees, to an amount quite commensurate with a most extensive administration of relief. Still, it was alleged that the great end to be sought for was best attainable by a central board, exercising

comprehensive powers, and allocating diffusive aid to sufferers in all distressed districts. Such a board was accordingly organized; and the immense contributions already raised were placed at its despotic disposal. As guiding rules for their responsible proceedings, the board immediately adopted a series of binding resolutions, which professedly contained the *principles* of their relief operations, and which turned mainly on the determination to exact labour in return for food. The reasons assigned for this decision were sound and salutary, and as they are briefly expressed in the 4th resolution, I give it in the Board's own words—"*Their primary object in so requiring labour in return for food supplied is, to foster and encourage habits of industry and self-exertion, to improve the condition of the people, and to develope the resources of the country, and especially by increasing the productiveness of the distressed districts, so far as in them lies to prevent the recurrence of so great a calamity, and convert the sufferings of the people into the germ of their future amelioration.*" It is worthy of remark that the board admit, in one of their published reports, (First report, 1848, p. 17), that "the great mass of the funds now in the hands of the committee were transmitted to them after these resolutions were passed." I am not aware of any public revocation of the foregoing rule ever took place; so I shall keep it steadily in view as the governing canon of all distributive charity of the board; and if they shall be shown to have swerved most widely, mischievously, and even inhumanly, from their own regulations, they must be content to bear their proper blame, instead of imputing malicious motives to impartial censurers.

From the perusal of the board's reports (courteously communicated to me by Mr Skene, their secretary), it soon forced itself upon my mind that their administration of the vast funds confided to them was not only a frustration of the public bounty, but a palpable departure from their own self imposed regulations. But, clear as my convictions were, I felt it necessary to verify my views by means of personal local inquiry, before I ventured formally to arraign the misconduct of a respectably constituted body, whose usefulness mainly depended on their continued enjoyment of public confidence.

I have now visited Ross-shire, Skye, the Long Island, Barra, and some parts of the country where Relief operations have been less systematically carried on; and the conclusion at which I have

conscientiously arrived is this, that the temporary succour which imperial benevolence meant to have ministered, was never adequately applied by the board; and, secondly, that so far from having prepared the way for the permanent amelioration of the Highlands, I am solemnly persuaded great and indelible injury has been inflicted by the utter perversion of all just principle on the part of the Highland Destitution Relief Board. These are bold and seemingly harsh averments, but I feel strong in the truth of my allegations, and I shall proceed to prove them with candour and cogency.

I preface my strictures with a repudiation of all desire to urge vulgar charges of corrupt and criminal malversation of the public funds entrusted to the Highland Committee; or of taunting them (as has been lately done) with collusive co-operation in promoting compulsory emigration. I do not know any facts which would justify me in raising any such railing accusations; and therefore, I continue to dissociate myself from many complaining parties, whose vehement zeal is more conspicuous than their fairness or command of proof. Nothing so much weakens a just cause as the interloping admixture of random allegations with solidly sustainable criminations; and it was with this impression that I recently volunteered to vindicate the Highland Destitution Board from the aspersions of Dr Begg, although I feel certain that, on the general question of the pernicious proceedings of the board, I should uninterruptedly concur with the reverend rebuker.

The grand point on which I rest my plea against the Highland Relief Board, is their adoption of what they style the *Labour Test*, as the only mode of ministering to the necessities of a famishing population. That work should be exacted from all who were able to work, was a useful and reasonable principle; for it was among the really labouring classes that the field of the board's operations lay, inasmuch as the sick, the disabled, and the superannuated were legally entitled to (although they rarely receive) adequate relief from parochial funds. The course, therefore, to be pursued by the board was not burdened with any extraordinary difficulty—all that the exigency required was to scrutinize the cases of persons alleging themselves to be destitute, *because* unprovided with work—to find employment for those who wanted work, and were willing to work—and to remunerate all such persons according to the just value of the work actually performed.

By following out this plain, equitable principle, the pressure of famine would have been relieved by a generous application of the public bounty—honest industry would have been sufficiently recompensed—and, by giving an agricultural direction to the labour thus employed, the increased production of food would, so far as depended upon human effort, have been satisfactorily secured. In fact the board would, by thus acting, have fulfilled the conditions of their own resolutions.

But in an evil hour the Highland Relief Board, distrusting their own competency to administer a philanthropic exchequer, applied to the Treasury for counsel to direct their steps; and counsel of an ominous aspect came, in the shape of a letter from Sir Charles Trevelyan. Sir Charles had been expending his own official energies in devising a series of plans for the abortive relief of the starving Irish—plans which I tracked in the course of their jobbing execution—and which, for folly in their conception, and wastefulness in their practical details, proved to be master-pieces of enormous failure. Thus qualified by his signal imbecility in Ireland's destitution case, Sir Charles was invited to try his hand in starving the poor Highlanders according to the most approved doctrines of political economy. In a letter addressed to Mr Skene (who appears to appreciate cordiality of communication with her Majesty's Treasury), Sir Charles rushes at once into the national advantages of systematised starvation, wherever funds are to be allocated for the relief of the poor. "I hold in the strongest manner the opinion," writes this benignant functionary, just preparing, perhaps, for a sumptuous Downing Street dinner, "that the relief-ration should be confined to a *bare subsistence*, and that the necessity the applicant is under of having recourse to it should be tested by the exaction of a full day's work!" Sir Charles then indulges in some of those fine ethical remarks which invariably proceed from the philosophers who make a merit of famishing the people; and after a little rhapsody about the felicities of famine, mounts his Hibernian high horse. "In Ireland," says Sir Charles, "we found by the result of an experience which comprehended the feeding of upwards of three millions of persons for several months, that one pound of good meal, properly cooked, was amply sufficient for an able-bodied person, and that the population who were generally in an emaciated state, rapidly recovered their good looks on this diet. The pound of meal (adds the culinary great

man) swells by the absorption of water to three or four pounds, as you will find on trial." Whether Mr Skene, who, as a good Scotchman, may be presumed to know something of the mystery of *parritch*, thought it necessary to accept this Saxon suggestion, is not mentioned in the published reports; but there is abundant proof of the application of the Trevelyan theory to the famishing multitudes of the North of Scotland. That the Highlanders were upon grounds of Celtic affinity, to be starved after the Irish fashion, was soon established as a pitiless certainty. The only difficulty was to find implacable enforcers of the starvation system; and, as the treasury supplied the doctrine, it also undertook to provide the apostles, of the *bare subsistence* creed. Accordingly, a choice detachment of half-pay naval officers was foisted upon the funds of the Highland Relief Board, in order to carry out the dietary of the destitute, as laid down by the inflexible Trevelyan. To men of ordinary judgment it would seem somewhat desirable that well-paid agents, meant to operate in the Highlands, should at least know a little of the language, habits, feelings, and distinctive peculiarities of the Highland race; but the sage Trevelyan thought differently; and in the exercise of his discreet patronage, he sent heroes of the quarter-deck, accustomed to rule by means of a boatswain's whistle, to effect at land what they had never tried at sea, viz., to exact the *maximum* of work for the *minimum* of food. Of these naval worthies the chief was Captain Eliott; who, by his total departure from the resolutions of the board, and his inexorable adhesion to the destitution dogma of Trevelyan, speedily earned for himself the post of inspector-general, which, until of a very recent period, he unmercifully filled. Let me not be misunderstood, as wishing to single out Captain Eliott for any darker reprehension than belongs to the obsequious instruments of an incurably-evil system. Being, as all good seamen are, a rigid disciplinarian—his professional strictness served to give a keener edge to his *sword of sharpness;* and to give entire effect to his economical energies, Captain Eliott was empowered to organize an equally severe staff of paid officials, who should exclusively distribute "supplies of meal calculated to suffice for *subsistence on its lowest scale.*" As the members of local committees, if enlightened with a ray of Christianity, could not be expected to aid in administering a charitable fund upon such a principle as this; it was resolved by the board to supersede all the existing relief machinery, and to

devolve the duty of the new distribution upon their own stipendiaries. I am not the wholesale extoller of the committees, who, no doubt, fell into many errors, and perhaps perpetrated not a few jobs; but this much may be fairly assumed for them—they considered that the intent of the subscribers to the Relief Fund was to *feed* destitute Highlanders, *not* to ascertain the infinitessimal ration whereby life could be barely sustained. It has often occurred to me that *the poor* contained, within their own humble ranks, the true elements of useful committees. Associations of the clergy and bettermost order of persons in any given district could never know the really necessitous with such positive correctness as a committee composed of the poor themselves; and the check held over them by their co-equals would be a strong guarantee against partial and corrupt distributions. I never explored a village in the Highlands, where I failed to find men of intelligence for their lowly sphere; and of as much integrity as you could meet with in loftier gradations of society. It is a great mistake to suppose that the rich are the best managers of bounty intended for the poor; on the contrary, they frequently prove the most indiscreet almoners. But no committee, however composed, could have contained a majority callous enough to carry out such a scheme as Captain Eliott describes the working of, in his extravagantly written, and self-applauding reports. Just think of the following monstrosity daringly avowed by a man who had been appointed to administer a fund gathered from the compassionate beneficence of the English, Scotch, and Irish public. "*By becoming the hardest task-masters and the worst paymasters in the district, the board apply an effectual test to the destitution, which the people cannot evade, and to which some instances of its application have shown they will not submit unless driven to it by absolute necessity!*" And was it for this that an empire's bounty was invoked, and munificently responded to? That a numerous fry of petty Pharaohs should be lavishly salaried in order to *grind the faces* of the destitute Highlanders! "Much outcry," scribbles Captain Eliott, "has been raised against the ration. *I* believe it sufficient, and I *emphatically* assure the board that this is a vital question, and any departure from the scale would be fatal to the people's real interests, and the dawn of better things that I fancy I perceive opening on them!!!"

Nay, so confident was our stern Inspector-General of the value

of his starvation system, that he occasionally frightens the Board with the possible loss of his services if his rigorous rule should be infringed upon by any looser dietarians. "I beg the Board," quoth the Captain, "to be assured, that neither obloquy nor opposition, were it greater than it is, (and which it cannot easily be) shall induce the yielding one fractionable *(sic)* part of the system that I hold to be alone safe, sufficient, and humane, to noisy clamour or greedy laziness." In a nice little *billet* from Caithness the Captain gets very sentimental, and alleges that "in furtherance of the benevolent intentions of the public, it has been my painful lot to feel myself opposed in opinion (no wonder) to the general sense of philanthropic residents in some districts, and that in following out my views of stern, uncompromising propriety, I may have brought upon the Board an unmerited, not I fear unmitigated expression of disapprobation and unpopularity." But it seems the Board could not help themselves in this matter—for the virtuous Eliott awfully adds—"I emphatically warn the Board, that any material departure from their now recognised principles, will involve them in an amount of moral responsibility, that I must respectfully but firmly decline to share as their executive agent." This threat was terrific! Time was when it might have been said or sung.

> We trust we have within our realm—
> Five hundred good as he!

But even in this new era of enlightened economists, it was not easy to meet with a man so conscientiously resolved to starve his fellow-mortals—therefore, the Captain's stern sway and ample salary were compliantly continued, so as to ensure the permanent existence of public hunger! As all Captain Eliott's acts were ratified by his nominal superiors, (though in truth the Captain, backed by Treasury Trevelyan, was more potent than his masters), I shall take occasion in another letter to examine the Board's proceedings—premising, however, that the Glasgow Section disclaim Captain Eliott—who must be deemed the "child and champion" of the Edinburgh Committee.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MULOCK.

Inverness, 4th January 1850.

THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION RELIEF BOARD.

In a former communication on this subject, which was necessarily thrown into an epistolatory shape, we find we did more towards exhausting the theme than we were conscious of at the time; for we pointed out the false principles which had pervaded all the Board's operations. None of their acts could possibly be right, if their system was wrong; and we sturdily maintain this latter proposition, in despite of all the self-gratulation with which their voluminous reports constantly teem. Therefore we feel utterly disinclined to enter into an examination of the details furnished by the Board for the information of the public; and we are quite sure that the loudest outcry against their lavish and misapplied expenditure will not recover one farthing from the parties who have had the mismanagement of some two hundred thousand pounds. The money is irrevocably passed away; and *where* presides the power that can bring home responsibility to the members of a charitable confederation? As we have referred to reports published by the Edinburgh section, we cannot avoid remarking that these exceedingly verbose productions are written in the worst possible taste, and are barren of any valuable information; whereas the short reports of the Glasgow section are really important and instructive, particularly with reference to the state of Mull, Ulva, Iona, &c. It is true that the Rev. Dr Mackay of Dunoon impeaches the accuracy of some representations made by a deputation of the section, but we are strongly disposed to credit their statement. The question hotly mooted by Dr Mackay and others, as to the evil influence of certain grants of money in *promoting* compulsory emigration, is, we think, mixed up with considerable misapprehension. In our own peregrinations, we instituted the most anxious inquiries upon this point, and the result was a clear conviction that no emigration movement had been originated by collusive compact between proprietors and the Highland Destitution Board. We must, however, admit, that in most instances the conditions which accompanied the advances have been scandalously violated. Let Mr Baird proceed *incog.* to Glenelg or Lochalsh, and ascertain how far the stipulations respecting the enlargement of crofts by the distribution of land formerly held by emigrants have been observed; and we pledge ourselves that he will come

back quite persuaded that his agreements with Highland magnates were mere moonshine! All these forced expatriations are, in truth, the product of blind oppression on the part of the proprietors; and consequently the poor creatures who remain are never benefited by the departure of the wretched beings who remove. Shipload after shipload might be dispatched from Glenelg, but Mr Baillie's possessions would only exhibit more solitude and unfruitfulness; for he has no liberality of mind or largeness of heart to fit him for being the benefactor of the crushed cultivators of the soil. Whatsoever sums, therefore, have been squandered on Mr Baillie or other landlords, with the view of ameliorating the condition of crofters remaining on their estates, may be considered as wholly thrown away; whereas, if any funds have been so applied as to increase the comforts of emigrants during their voyage, the bounty of the Board was, we conceive, humanely and properly bestowed. The subject of emigration leads us to remark, that much of the supplemental misery in the towns of Scotland is occasioned by the influx of *immigrants*. Penetrate into the wynds of Edinburgh, Glasgow, or, in short, any town of magnitude, and you will find that the pauper population is continually receiving accessions from the rural districts, where the peasantry have been ruthlessly dispossessed of their little holdings. In this way, the poor's rate of towns is incessantly increased by the impolicy and injustice of landed proprietors, who drive their dependants elsewhere to acquire a settlement of sorrowful pauperization.

Now, one of the vaunted purposes of the Highland Destitution Board was to check the progress of pauperism in those distressed districts where their relief operations were chiefly carried on. Mr Skene, in a letter to Captains Eliott and Craigie, dated September 1849, states this—but in the periphrastic style which characterises all his compositions. "The committee have been desirous so to regulate the employment of the people, as to encourage habits of industry—to stimulate those resources upon which the people must depend, when all extraneous assistance is withdrawn—and to leave behind them works of permanent utility to the community." All this sounds very fine; but we think it would puzzle Mr Skene or his *aides-des-camp* to fix their finger on a single locality throughout the Highlands and Islands where these objects have been attained. We can aver for ourselves, that we have travelled in the tracks of the Board's relief operations, and that we could never

meet with the marks of any permanent improvement effected by the labours of their officials. We found a huge staff of stipendiaries on liberal pay; and multitudes of starving supplicants receiving a *modicum* of meal which barely sustained life, and for which an amount of labour was exacted such as only good wages would have warranted; and this we proclaim to be the cruel error which converted the beneficence of the public into an instrument of churlish oppression. The staple food of the peasantry had wholly failed, and subsistence for the destitute must be introduced into the famine-stricken districts. With such ample resources as were commanded by the Board, there was no difficulty in securing supplies of food, and in distributing it to famishing families. To establish a centrical store—to relieve applicants in the first pressing instance—and then to record the names and abodes of all relieved, so as to test their condition by means of active, close enquiry—these were the duties of the Board's officers. But this scrutiny was too troublesome for Captain Eliott and his subordinates; and to ease themselves, while ruling rigorously over the destitute, the so-called *destitution test* was mischievously concerted, and mercilessly enforced. Every one now knows that relief was refused to famishing Highlanders except on the condition of giving *a day's work for a pound of meal!* The Eliott test, or death by starvation, being the only alternative, thousands of miserable human beings were made to work for a *quantum* of food which, in the case of an able-bodied unemployed man, would do no more than maintain mere existence. As the common calamity, moreover, was the failure of subsistence, the least gleam of wisdom would have enlightened the Board into the propriety of extending corn cultivation in lieu of the perished potato, and thus turning misfortune to account, by enlarging and ameliorating the agriculture of the Highlands. But no! Following the preposterous plans which Treasury Trevelyan had perpetrated in Ireland, the peasantry were formed into gangs, to begin useless roads, never meant to be finished; nor could efficient labour be expected from such miserably fed road-makers. We have seen scores of these abortive undertakings, disgraceful proofs of the utter incompetency of the Board's officers; nor have we ever noticed a completed piece of road, except where some private interest had exercised a jobbing influence. But the pith of our censure is directed against the fatal loss of opportunity for calling forth the industry of the Highlanders. With such a com-

mand of capital, the Board might have infused the elements of prosperous energy into the most distressed districts; and dissipated sloth by giving adequate encouragement to honest exertion. The people might have been employed in improving the approaches to their little *towns*, which, in winter, are all but inaccessible. They might have been aided in the cultivation of their own crofts; and seed (which the board obstinately persisted in refusing) should most certainly have been distributed to them. Succours of various kinds, all tending not only to relieve present wants, but to promote permanent benefit, would readily have suggested themselves to minds capable of comprehending the truth, that it was *a charitable fund* which the Board had the administration of, not a poor's rate, to be allocated according to positive law. And this, in fact, was the Board's monstrous and incurable blunder. They dealt with the *poor*, designed to be relieved by the product of philanthropic contribution, more rigorously than *paupers* were dealt with by the officials who doled out pittances provided by compulsory taxation. No parochial potentates ever practised the tithe of the severities conjunctly devised, and inflicted by Mr Skene and Captain Eliott. We write from the vivid recollection of the tyranny we witnessed; and in an early article we shall, we think, succeed in shewing how the benevolence of the bountiful has been frustrated by the abominable system which the Highland Destitution Board has sanctioned. They have not only counteracted the charitable purpose confided to them for execution, but they have gone far to dry up the fountains of public sympathy, inasmuch as a great trust, created in behalf of the poor, has fallen into faithless hands. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not charge the Highland Board with criminal malversation; but we allege, that their want of judgment has been as injurious as fraud or embezzlement.

PRESENT DESTITUTION IN THE HEBRIDES—HIGHLAND RELIEF BOARD.

We have received from different correspondents, on whose truth and accuracy we are justified in placing dependence, very distressing details of the lamentable destitution which at this moment prevails in Skye, Lewis, and other islands. Statements are made to us which, if addressed to other quarters, would be treated with

some degree of incredulity, but which from our personal knowledge, we can, unhappily, give implicit credit to. The great point to be ascertained by any philanthropic enquirers, visiting distressed districts, is the nature and extent of the resources of the people. There can be no mystery in the matter. Go to a region where the cry of absolute want prevails, and you will find famishing families who formerly derived a precarious subsistence from the potato, now driven to the most miserable shifts to eke out a meal once a day! In the vicinage of sea-shores there is a constant search for shell-fish—a dietary of the most dangerous kind, and invariably productive of dysentery, when long continued. Add a few chance turnips to an occasional handful of meal, and you have, in fact, the whole inventory of wretched fare which you are likely to trace in the abodes of Highland sufferers from starvation. When we use the term wretched, we do more so to denote the deficiency than the quality of these latter elements of food. Want of subsistence is the existing calamity in parts of the Highlands and Islands; and this want implies every other painful pressure; for clothing and household *plenishing* must melt away where families are subjected to the cravings of hunger. As for the produce of an acre or two of poor land, be it what it may, it cannot sustain a family, however small; and as for money to purchase meal, where can it come from, but from the wages of labour; and of work there is none; for proprietors do not or cannot give employment to the peasantry. We speak now of districts in which destitution sorely extends; for an employing proprietor forbids the notion of a famishing peasantry. And it must be further borne in mind, that the very mention of possible labour, excludes all idea of relief from the operation the poor law; for the able-bodied are clearly disentitled to any allocation of the funds raised by parochial assessment. Here, then, we find the class of destitute poor for whose succour an immense aggregate of subscriptions was placed at the disposal of the Highland Relief Board; and who are now in as pinching a state of starvation as when the first distribution of food was made in the spring of 1847. Is it really so? may be very naturally asked by benevolent persons who contributed to swell the Highland Relief Fund. Are we so urgently called upon to dispense renewed aid to the objects of our former bounty? Yes; such is the melancholy truth; and much of this sad necessity is attributable to the false principles upon which the

Highland Relief Board so perniciously acted. The basis of all their error and failure is perceptible in the following resolution. "All employment given directly by the Board, upon which the recipients of relief are to work, must be upon the principle that *the whole labour of the recipients is taken in return for a bare subsistence.*" Now we undertake to say, that no parties to whom was confided the command of a *charitable fund*, were warranted in laying down so unjust, so inhuman, and so inevitably injurious a regulation as this. Where food is to be distributed among starving multitudes, quite irrespective of labour, it may be a question of prudence whether the quantity should not be adjusted with severe economy, so as to diffuse the largest amount of frugal relief to the greatest number of recipients. But when the principle of labour was adopted, the case assumed an entirely different aspect, and a sufficient recompense should have been honestly given for work actually done. Instead of being the conscientious employers of the poor, the Relief Board became the fraudulent exactors of a *maximum* of labour for a *minimum* of food, and thus frustrated the intentions of the bountiful, by rendering the poor permanently pauperized! The rigour of Pharaoh's taskmasters towards the Israelite burden-bearers is abundantly attested in Holy Writ, and yet it fell far short of the iniquitous, and intolerable severity of the Highland Relief Board; for bitter as was the bondage of the hard-worked children of Abraham, we have it clearly on record that they *did eat bread to the full*—thus plainly proving that even the implacable enforcers of the orders of the Egyptian tyrant, never went the starvation lengths of a *Christian* committee of destitution relievers! No thought can fully conceive; no tongue can adequately tell, the mischievous results of so unfeeling a system as this. It cheated the poor; turned into gall and wormwood the sweet outpourings of generous sympathy; gratitude was stifled; industry was enervated; and the poor creatures whom public bounty had meant to succour, were plunged into a more degrading depth of humiliation by the Board's merciless method of extorting labour. To all who may deem our picture overcharged, we say, Go to Lochalsh; visit Glenelg; run over Skye; pass through the Uists; cross over to Barra; return to other islands, or districts on the mainland, where the Board's operations have been wide and continuous; and the truth will soon force itself upon your mind, that permanent evil has been inflicted upon

the humbler Highland classes by tyrannically turning a charitable fund into a screw for oppressing the poor. We deny not that relief was reached to many cases of desperate destitution, so that life was still preserved; but the appearance of the working gangs showed how fearfully deficient had been their penal stint of food! Instances fell within our own knowledge of labourers who had dropped fainting on the road, from absolute inanition. The distribution of meal, too, was most faulty. It was given out from the Board's stores, not weekly, as the exigency of the poor required, but fortnightly, so as to consult the ease of officials; the consequence was, that the first week was one of ravenousness, the second one of famine! As for any accurate information regarding the true condition of the destitute, it was out of the question on the part of the Board's officials; for they never entered the dwellings of the poor, where alone their real necessities could be tested. On crossing the threshold of scores of those smoky shelters of the indigent, we witnessed unmistakeable signs of scarcity. The gaunt forms of the care-worn elders of the family stood out in painful sharpness of outline; but the checked growth, and feeble step of half-fed children touched us still more sensibly; for we beheld in these sad years of destitution the grievous germ of a stunted generation—men unfit for toil, and women sunk below the weakness of their sex!

Another determination of the Board was to withhold relief from all applicants who had a vestige of property. A family might be without an ounce of meal, but still possessing a cow. Instead of affording a modified measure of relief which, with the adjunct of milk would have served to carry the poverty-stricken through their difficulties—the cow must be sold, and the price turned into provisions, *before* the bounty of the Board could be administered to the hungry solicitants. This course of proceeding worked effectually to pauperize the people; and as we remarked in a former article, the Board mischievously confounded their noble function as administrators of a philanthropic fund, with the stern duty of poor law guardians, who have to adjust relief by an inflexible rule which admits of no liberal discretion. Once entangled in this iron net, it was impossible for the Board to retain any Christian freedom of action; and therefore all their arrangements were characterised by cruel contempt for the poor. We affirm that the public should place no reliance on the published reports of the

Edinburgh Section. Their secretary, Mr Skene, is a verbose mystifier, utterly uninfluenced by sound, luminous, liberal principles—concealing what the public most need the knowledge of, under a technical tissue of confused details. What the subscribers to this enormous fund are entitled peremptorily to demand, is a balance sheet clearly disclosing the plain items of an expenditure amounting to £170,000. Surely there must be a banker's book; and we take it to be equally certain that there exists a cash book in the Treasurer's department. Why should three years of profuse payments have been suffered to glide by, without laying before the public an honest, intelligible account of the total monies which were drawn out of bank in order to pass through the hands of the Board's officials? Instead of some such satisfactory documents as we have described, and which (if the Committee were in earnest) could be furnished in any well-employed week; we have a limping apology at the fag end of every report, casting implied censure on tardy accountants, and purblind auditors. We may be wrong; but our surmise is strong that we shall never see any accounts, until after the last shilling has been paid away. Then we shall know what we shall know, according to the wise old doggerel:—

> When money is both gone and spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.

It appears from one of the few plain particulars stated in the latest report, that "the net balance at present at the credit of the Treasurer, is £38,000." May it be permitted us to enquire what the Board intend to do with this residue of an Empire's bounty? Can the starvation system be carried out, maugre the retirement of the renowned "bare subsistence" Eliott? Has Sir Charles Trevelyan any other half-pay Captain pacing the purlieus of the Treasury, who may have his pockets well filled by keeping empty the bellies of the poor? Until these latter questions are resolved, it is useless to cherish any expectation of real relief being rendered to the destitute in the Highlands and Islands. Judging from an obscure intimation of the report just quoted, it would appear that the bulk of the balance in hand is to be dedicated to the relief of distressed proprietors, instead of their destitute dependants. "Co-operative agreements" find favour with Mr Skene and his Committee puppets, whose wires he slily and cleverly handles. The *rationale* of these co-operative schemes is as follows:—A

Duke, or Lord, or Laird, desirous of sharing philanthropic pelf, solicits a slice from off the Committee's cut loaf. His people are starving; he cannot feed them; and, therefore, the Relief Board must. But no—that won't do, for how is the proprietor to finger the committee's cash? Hum! we have it. We Duke, or Lord, or Laird, will, upon second thoughts, undertake to feed the starving peasantry, if you—Destitution relief folks—will advance us money to make roads, which will signally enhance the value of our estates! Agreed—cries the complaisant Skene; and in a twinkling the Board transfer the very function they were called into existence for, to noble and gentle road-makers; who immediately bargain with a contractor, who makes the most he can of his welcome job! Our clear impression is that all these co-operative agreements are dishonest departures from the plain principle which the Board was constituted to carry out. Every farthing of the money subscribed, should have been directly dispensed to the destitute, by the agency of the Board; instead of golden showers being dropped on favourite Highland potentates, many of whose distressed dependants remained utterly unrelieved. But as we are furnished with an excellent opportunity of probing these matters to the quick, in connection with the divulged details bearing upon certain Ross-shire roads; we will adjourn the further part of this discussion to a *sederunt* in Tulloch's and Dundonnell's road-making districts.

PART V.

HIGHLAND ROAD-MAKING.

THE ROSS-SHIRE ROADS.

We find ourselves somewhat misled by this heading to a report in the *Courier* of certain proceedings at Dingwall; for, on diving into the discussons that took place, we think the fitting title should be, "No Roads in Ross-shire," the votes of the majority of the meeting appearing to us to run in favour of non-communication. We are really astonished that gentlemen of sense and education, and who have a large stake in the furtherance of local

improvements, should adopt the course so unwisely proposed by Mr Davidson of Tulloch, and other Highland proprietors. When a road, in an almost impervious district, is suggested by a public-spirited person (which we believe Dundonnell to be), the wants and interests of the poorer part of the population are wholly blinked—the necessities of a large, desolate neighbourhood are overlooked—and a proprietor hurries off (with or without a fee) to an Edinburgh advocate to get an opinion, by which he might contrive to overset a resolution favourable to what is called the Dundonnell or Little Lochbroom road! What we understand Dundonnell to supplicate for, is a district-authorization to make an eminently-required road; and having obtained permission at a general meeting, *another* general meeting is specially summoned to quash the former proceedings, on no other ground that we can possibly perceive, but that Mr Davidson of Tulloch is "disinclined to allow a line of road to pass to his great detriment," the nature of the said detriment being entirely unexplained. Dundonnell's plea is a manly and generous one, and should be placed in juxta-position with Tulloch's case of unexpounded "detriment." "He (Dundonnell) was ready to make the road; he had the money in his pocket; he had offered to pay the surface damage of the land required from Mr Davidson; he wanted to open the district; all he asked was the power to do so; and he did not ask a penny to be refunded till the district was in a position to do so." Now, we are as impartial on this subject, as if we were writing about a projected road in California; and truth constrains us to say, that the vote which frustrated Dundonnell's good intentions, seems to us to be the product of selfishness and silliness. We are sorry to see the name of our good-natured acquaintance Applecross, and of our *quondam* friend Lochalsh, among the non-contents. Just as we were coaxing them to establish markets, they aid in rescinding resolutions for roads—thus vexatiously baffling us on the very eve of publication! But we must honestly confess that we have a very poor opinion of proxies in such matters. Let gentlemen attend meetings and hear what can be fairly alleged on both sides of a subject, and then vote according to their conscientious convictions; but to overthrow the decisions of one meeting, by means of proxies transmitted to interested parties at another meeting, is, to say the least, a very questionable proceeding. As there seems to be a very slender amount of public opinion in the Highlands,

we are afraid that there is also a scanty supply of public spirit. What sort of patriotic feeling can throb in the bosom of a laird who thinks more of the petty "detriment" to his private interests, than of the accomodation which might be afforded to tens of thousands? We know nothing of Mr Davidson except as he exhibits himself at this Dingwall meeting; and we must own that he does not make out a sufficiently strong domestic case, to justify his obstruction of an undoubted public benefit.

ROSS-SHIRE ROAD-MAKING.—TULLOCH, DUNDONELL, AND THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION RELIEF BOARD.

We make no apology for asking our readers to accompany us into a very untravelled Highland district, with the view of conducing to its more improved inter-communication by making known its peculiar wants. We attach immense importance to judicious road-making, which is the pioneering part of civilization; and without which the true capabilities of many a profitable region might remain disregarded for ages and generations. First, roads; next, markets; and then a social start in any opened district, will soon exhibit the promise of prosperity. It is, however, an undoubted fact, that the best public roads are those which owe their origin to public power, totally dissociated from mere local interests. The great element of excellence in a wisely planned road is its *directness;* not only to save the time of travellers, but to save the continual cost of proper maintenance. Every perch unnecesssarily added to a road, entails a permanent expense on parties who must pay a compulsory contribution towards keeping highways in needful order; and, therefore, having decided on the *termini* of any projected road, the next consideration is to make it the shortest line between the given points, to the stern exclusion of all interested suggestions which would lead to covenient curvatures, and pleasant deviations. Our belief is strong that General Wade and his military co-adjutors were more unexceptionable road-makers than all the Lairds that have ever laid their heads together to devise paths of unrighteousness in the Highlands. The reason lies pretty much on the surface. The roads schemed and constructed by directions of the Government, had great public objects connected with them; whereas roads canvassed and intrigued for by

local possessors of property, insensibly take an oblique character, and are frequently found traversing territories where private interests condescend to be helped by public bounty.

These remarks are drawn from us by considering closely and impartially the subject-matter of Mr Davidson of Tulloch's letter, which appeared in our last publication. Whilst we are most happy to afford him all due facilities for explanation, we feel ourselves bound to declare, that the controversy which he so cleverly handles, is entirely traceable to the non-observance of the just distinction which should always be taken between public and private roads. Great oppression may be perpetrated on all parties liable to highway assessment, if roads designed for private convenience, and partly constructed at private cost, are subsequently *affiliated*, if we may so phrase it, by public procedure, and incorporated with district roads. A case of this description constitutes the present *casus belli* between Tulloch and Dundonell; and as we are lovers of peace, we propose making way for accommodation by proving both combatants to be in error. To achieve our purpose, it is essential that the question should be fairly and impartially stated, so as to render it thoroughly intelligible to our readers; and we must premise a few topographical details which it is requisite to place before the mind's eye; or, if before the physical eye, inspecting Johnstone's largest and latest map of Ross-shire—better still.

Between the narrow inlet of Lochbroom and the curved margin of Loch Greinard, there lies a tract of country which, as we are informed, has enjoyed but a slender share of modern improvements; and there seems to be a general consent that this lack of progress is ascribable to the want of roads running in south-western directions. So far back as 1844, the rude and almost impassable state of this region had engaged the attention of the proper authorities, who appointed a committee to inspect and report upon the best line of road which should open up this secluded district. Suggestions were thrown into official shape, recommending a road to be formed so as to connect the Little Strath of Lochbroom with the Ullapool road, and a plan, survey, and specification of this intended road, were ordered by the Trustees. Their orders do not, however, appear to have been carried into execution until November 1847, when a Mr Smith made a survey of a line, differing, though not widely, from that which the committee had submitted in their report to the Trustees. Here we must leave the proposition for a

public road—for it never seems to have assumed any legal character or efficiency; and the real matter we have to discuss is a most illegal state of things brought about by the improper interference of the Highland Destitution Relief Board. That most incompetent board had the folly to accept, not hints, but mandatory instructions from the Treasury as to the mode of allocating the immense funds which public benevolence had placed in their hands for a defined object, viz., the supply of food to the famishing Highland peasantry. With what refinement of inhumanity the vaunted labour test, emanating from Treasury Trevelyan, was enforced by Relief Inspector Eliott, has been sufficiently explained in former articles; but no opportunity presented itself until now of dilating on the measureless injustice, shameless jobbery, and sheer illegality which are branded upon the board's co-operative proceedings with proprietors. This so-styled co-operative system, stript of Mr Skene's mystifying verbiage, is neither more nor less than a monstrous malversation of a charitable fund, by giving largesses to noblemen and gentlemen, who may be truly said to have improved their estates by means of public subscriptions. The tricking pretext for this unworthy perversion of a noble aggregate of Christian bounty, was to associate the rich in the sweet task of relieving the destitute poor; but all was false and hollow. The real drift of these co-operative schemes was to give certain proprietors a command of capital, sneakingly abstracted from a munificent fund, meant wholly and solely for the direct relief of destitution. We of course cannot think very exaltedly of proprietors who sued for and received their shares of this unhallowed spoil; but although we deem them to have lacked dignity and disinterestedness, we cannot accuse them of dishonesty. *That* imputation would rest more fittingly upon those to whom a generous public confided the management of a sacred sum—vast in its amount—gracious in its principle—and delightful in its due distribution, but flagitiously diverted from its proper destination! If discretion did not guide our pen so as to prevent a lapse into provoking personalities, the theme of outraged humanity would instigate a fiery strain of censure against the culpable committeemen who have squandered on the seeming rich, a large portion of the monies subscribed for the relief of the destitute poor. Never again will it be possible to collect such a fund, if even a case of

tenfold exigence should unhappily arise! The streams of unprecedented public bounty having flowed into a poisoned tank, the springs of charity will henceforth be shut up and sealed; for corrupt committees have polluted what benevolence had so purely poured forth.

And now for the special application of our accusatory strictures, to the abuse of the board's funds in co-operative road-making in Ross-shire. In September 1847, it comes clearly to light through official documents, that in consequence of communications from the Treasury, the Highland Relief Board authorised their Secretary to address a letter to Mr Davidson of Tulloch, as Convener of the County of Ross, requesting that gentleman to call the attention of the Road Trustees, to the subject of "certain roads in the parishes of Gairloch and Lochbroom," which Dr Mackenzie, Mr Bankes, Mr Mackenzie, Dundonell, and Mr Hay Mackenzie of Cromertie, were desirous of having constructed for the benefit of their respective estates. We must not mince matters by withholding what is really the sum of these suggestions. The relief so urgently required for the starving people dwindled into a matter of fourth-rate importance; for, the exercise of Treasury meddling with a view to patronage; the craven compliance of the Relief Board; and the distribution of the latter's funds among importunate proprietors, were considerations of more magnitude than the immediate wants of hungry Highlanders. Of course all reprehensible schemes must be vestured in some subterfuge, and therefore the plea still put forth was relief of the poor, to justify the covert misapplication of resources contributed by the charitable. At the Michaelmas meeting of the county of 1847, Mr Davidson of Tulloch brought forward, and strenuously supported the road-making projects of the Edinburgh Section. Tulloch did not see, or perhaps did not wish to see, that this interference, proceeding from unauthorised and irresponsible parties, who had no more to do with the public roads of Ross-shire, than with the track of the *Simplon*, was in the highest degree improper and impertinent. But to do him justice, we believe he was caught by the fraudulent flourish of the board's wordy rigmarole. "It appeared to them that they (the *dictated* lines of road) were equally important for the county, *and* also for the purpose with which they were more immediately connected, viz., the relief of destitution. They would open up and render accessible a district, the population of which amounts to

about a fifth of that of the whole county; they would by the great improvements in the condition of the people effected, render any future destitution much less severe, and by affording employment to a great number of people in their formation, place the means of subsistence within the reach of the able-bodied poor, when the relief operations of the Board terminate."

"Fine words, I wonder where you stole them!" is a verse of Swift's, pungently applicable to Mr Skene when he indulges in pseudo-prediction; but when he has to gratify pecuniary expectations, he ventures to be a little more explicit. Thus pleasingly writes the accomodating secretary to comfort the hearts of road-requiring proprietors—"The board offer to contribute one-third of the expense in meal, although I doubt not, *if money would be preferred* (who questions it?), *this would be no obstacle*, provided the other two-thirds of the expense were forthcoming either from the county or the proprietors." Tulloch, who is evidently a gentleman of ability, education, and popular powers, seconded Skene's plausible propositions with might and main; and yet he had too much good sense and information not to drop misgivings as to the illegality of the course which he so zealously advocated. "I think it right," said he, "at once to state that, if the county meet the wishes of the promoters of this desirable object, the assessment is not a compulsory one, not one in which even a majority could bind a minority, but one that is entirely voluntary. But there are, however, some cases where the moral obligation is so strong as almost to supersede the strict letter of the law; and this is, I think, a case in point." Now, we have the misfortune to differ widely from the clever casuist of Tulloch Castle; for we conceive that a breach of the law was but queerly atoned for by the malversation of the relief board's funds; which, instead of being directly dispensed to the destitute, were to pass "through some certain strainers, well refin'd"—even the purses and pockets of some selected Ross-shire proprietors. Tulloch then went on to describe, with graphic correctness (for which we thank him, because it puts us in possession of the subject), the miserable state of the districts excluded from the benefit of roads, and whose proprietors, moreover, had been heavily assessed for the making and maintenance of roads in other parts of the country. But of all cases of hardship from the want of roads, Tulloch dwelt with most eloquent emphasis on the case of *Dundonell*, who, according to his

representation, had to "walk for many miles before he could get to a road from his own residence;" and whose position seems to forbid all notion of vehicular movement in that very primitive locality. Every fact and argument adduced by Tulloch went to demonstrate the undoubted necessity for public roads, planned upon public principles, and paid for by public assessment; but to assume for a moment that any offered allocation of foreign funds could justify any interference with the legally assigned duties and responsibilities of the county authorities, was perfectly preposterous. The proposed roads were to be maintained by a paying posterity; whereas relief funds could only be wrested during a passing, malversating moment. A really useful road is a recognised part of our public institutions, and should never take its rise in a warmly urged private interest. From the report of the proceedings, we gather that Mr Macleod of Cadboll moved a negative to the proposition, but, as we think, upon wrong grounds—for he merely arrayed one private interest against another private interest, keeping out of view the only solid objection, viz., the utter illegality of the suggested course. Good Mr Macleod appears to consider Cadboll to be his county, and talks and acts accordingly. "For his own part he deemed it excessively hard to be taxed for behoof of others;" but we presume that Cadboll is accessible by means of roads for which others are assessed besides that respectable proprietor; and, consequently, he is somewhat indebted to distant parties for his improved facilities for locomotion.

The frustration of the scheme for incorporating the fugitive relief meeting with the permanent road trust of Ross-shire, led to a change of tactics, in which it would appear that the Convener of the county participated. We find that an intention of applying to Parliament to sanction certain roads was publicly notified, and then abandoned; but we also find in the notice special mention of an intended line of road "branching off from the proposed Garve and Ullapool road, at or near a place called Luibvaddug, onwards to, and by the west side of the Little Strath of Lochbroom to Mungusdale, and thence to the river of Little Gruinard." Now, this is, substantially, the line of road concerning which so much contention presently prevails, with this difference, that Mr Mackenzie of Dundonell had already been constructing, on his own account, a portion of this line, whereby he threw open communications between Gruinard and Dundonell. And here it is but bare justice

to remark, that Dundonell has exhibited a vast deal of useful activity and enterprise in his remote region, which deserves signal commendation. No doubt the farm buildings, schools, mills, piers, warehouse, &c., which he has erected, are valuable additions to his property; but this is the very point we stickle for. In promoting local improvements, proprietors cannot benefit themselves, without enlarging the sphere of social prosperity: and we think the reflux of rents in currents of salutary home expenditure, is better than lavishness in London or Brighton. But we must return to our road-making theme. In April 1848, Dundonell became a party to a co-operative agreement with the Highland Relief Board; and up to the present date he appears to have received from them £1750. Of this sum, £250 is stated by Mr Skene to be "a *bonus on account of the great exertion and outlay he, as an individual proprietor, had made.*" Now, we ask the Highland Relief Board, upon what principle of common sense, and common honesty, they could possibly feel themselves justified in bestowing a *gift* of £250 upon Dundonell, or upon any one else? Why, from what we have witnessed of Highland poverty, 250 *families* might have been made to sing for joy by the distribution of this amount among *them;* and is it to be endured that an owner of large possessions shall be unscrupulously voted such a donative out of funds gathered from the benevolent in every quarter of the globe! Did Scotch private soldiers, under the tropics, subscribe out of their pay to enable Mr Skene to signify the free gift of two hundred and fifty pounds of relief destitution money to a Highland laird, irrespective of £1500 advanced in the way of trade; for all these co-operative arrangements are, as we have shewn, trafficking transfers of the Board's duties to road-making proprietors? We call upon the Highland Relief Board to account for this manifest breach of their trust—*not* Dundonell, who seems, however inexplicable it may be, the passive recipient of the board's bounty.

With the succour of the board in addition to his own alleged expenditure of £2698, Dundonell has carried on his road before described, until he finds that Tulloch's territory "stops the way." To reach the proposed point of junction with the Ullapool trunk road, seven miles of branch line have to be completed, which Tulloch's opposition sternly forbids. Mr Davidson's statement is before the public, but there is an important omission which a reference

to the map will quickly discover. Between the west side of Little Strath and Lochbroom, there runs a range of almost perpendicular mountain heights, over which, as we are informed, no road could be eligibly constructed; in fact we are assured that nothing would answer but tunnelling. Assuming this to be true, Dundonell's road must wind round the base of the southern mountain termination in order to arrive at the nearest part of the trunk, and there can be no question as to the benefit of such a branch line, measuring, we apprehend a length of 25 miles. But the grave and important consideration for the county is, whether roads undertaken without any legal sanction, (more than what can be inferred from a tardily executed survey) are to be adopted by the Trustees, and placed on the list of District Roads which must be maintained, during all time, by compulsory assessment? It is no answer to say, that the lure of the Highland Relief Funds beguiled many proprietors into this false position. They had no business to commence roads on their private behoof, in the secret expectation that the public would invest them with a *county* character, and take charge of them for ever! If this be done in the case of Dundonell, other claimants for a like favour will soon be in the field. One we *know* to be ready for starting, namely, the Marquis of Stafford, whose factor will kindly support the legal recognition of the Dundonell road, if in requital the Cromertie road shall be elevated into district dignity. "Scratch me and I will scratch you," is fair enough between two itching parties, (itching of course for road-making renown) but that the public should have to pay for their private delectation, is rather too much.

We have thus endeavoured to redeem our pledge of impartially considering this subject. We think the existing confusion has been chiefly occasioned by the misconduct of the Highland Relief Board. So long as expectations were entertained of deriving advantages from that charitable fund, the law regarding roads was willingly lost sight of; but "then comes the reckoning when the banquet's o'er," and we scout the notion that, however rife may have been past error, any success can possibly attend jobbing arrangements *now*. If even the Dundonell road, or the Cromertie road, should upon public grounds be ranked as district roads, we are of opinion that the county cannot be justly called on to do more than take the cost of maintaining those roads. Where there

was no county sanction for outlay, there can be no legal claim for repayment; and we presume the Trustees will not follow the example of the Relief Board, in bestowing *gifts* out of other peoples' money!

ROAD-MAKING IN ROSS-SHIRE.

Little did we think when penning a short paragraph on this subject, that we were opening a controversy of the largest dimensions. The prospect of an amicable termination becomes every week more discouraging, and all our columns of correspondence have failed to bring the adverse arguers into anything like approximation, leaving full agreement out of the question. Our position being an impartial one, we find ourselves, as a matter of course, opposed, though courteously, by all the contending parties. After reading all that our correspondents have written on the subject, we see no reason for retracting any material point in our own statement. We took up the subject on the broad ground that the just and proper distinction between public and private roads had been lost sight of by all parties who entered into co-operative agreements with the Highland Destitution Relief Board, in the expectation that, by the exercise of influence, they should be able to get their private lines of communication incorporated with the district roads. The only conceivable course that could have been justifiably adopted, in order to blend the county works with the board's bounty, was to have accepted grants from the relief fund, to be mixed up with the funds of certain districts; but whether this mode of action would have been a whit more warrantable on the part of the board, is quite another question. It is clear, however, that such a mode would have secured the public prosecution of originally-planned district roads, instead of an indirect encouragement having been given to private projects, secretly supported by expectations of enrolling them on the district list.

On referring to the published report of the proceedings of the county meeting at Dingwall in October 1847, we believe we may safely say that we were quite correct in our version of Mr Davidson of Tulloch's remarks. We maintain that his speeches from first to last were a pleading on behalf of county co-operation with the Highland Relief Board—for otherwise his confession of the illegality of his proposition would have been wholly unnecessary

Surely a gentleman of Tulloch's intelligence must be fully aware that there is nothing illegal in voluntary assessment for lawful purposes. A compulsory assessment unsanctioned by law, would be a very grave offence indeed; but if the proprietors of Ross-shire should go to such an extent of self-devotion for the public good, as to undertake to-morrow to devise roads on a proper principle, and to carry them on to completion by means of private subscription, we apprehend that they would not only be unscathed by any stringent statute, but that they would stand a very good chance of being reckoned among patriotic benefactors. Voluntary assessments are acts of bounty, and *against such there is no law.* This is the doctrine regarding true liberality wherever it operates on earth, and whether men know it or not. Tulloch's distinction between district roads and *public* roads, appears to us to be supersubtle. We hold every road to be a public one, on which wayfarers may proceed without the possibility of being obstructed by private proprietors. Turnpike roads have no stricter public character than any other roads under the protection of law; although there is a difference in the mode of collecting revenue for their maintenance and repair. Until the true state of things shall be tested by means of proper inquiry, we must adhere to our assertion that a line of road from the Ullapool trunk line, carried *over* the mountain range, which is the interposing difficulty, cannot be one of usefulness for trading interchange; which we suppose Tulloch will admit to be the real benefit that judicious persons contemplate. That a hill path for ponies might be shaved on the face of steep acclivities, and at no small expense, is perhaps practicable; but what man of sound discernment would ever recommend such an Alpine ascent, if he could find a constructible way on level ground?

To our thinking the contested question narrows itself into this simple consideration. Would it be wise to let all the labour expended on what is called the Dundonell road go for nothing, by preventing its *public* junction with the Ullapool and Garve trunk line? If the district authorities resolutely refuse to adopt Dundonell's line—which it must be conceded they are empowered to do—then it must also be yielded that, after the recognition that has been made of the grievous lack of roads in that part of the district, some fresh plan ought to be originated which would supply the deplorable deficiency of inter-communication. In such case,

the *whole* of the outlay will have to be defrayed by the district, which under present circumstances would, we apprehend, be very severely felt. There are many things, which in the confused bustle of human affairs, we might wish had been done differently and better; and yet when they have progressed into shape, after much effort and expense, it may be sager to render them available than to doom them to abortiveness and inutility. Now this is just the light in which Dundonell's road-making enterprise may be fairly viewed. Whether he has struck out the precise line which public planners, commencing *de integro*, would have deliberately chosen, is a query which we do not affect to answer; nor do we think the investigation very profitable: But we consider it a mixed matter of justice and expediency that *some* road should be provided for a sadly neglected part of Ross-shire; and as Dundonell's line has poked its way so far, we would, if we had a suffrage on the subject, vote for its being taken into the number of district roads—accompanying the act, however, with such emphatic explanations, as should prevent it from being hereafter drawn into precedent. And truth to say, there is little probability that any such case will ever recur; for we may confidently assert that no philanthropic contributions will ever again be confided to an Edinburgh Committee, to enable them to lavish thousands upon thousands in aid of jobbing road-making undertaken by co-operative Highland proprietors.

Our correspondent, Mr Colin Munro of Dingwall, dissents from our conclusions with respect to the injustice and injuriousness of these co-operative agreements with proprietors; and he adduces some facts that fell under his observation in a peculiar locality. We freely grant that good is sometimes specially educed out of evil; but our objection was taken against the false and pernicious principles on which the Relief Board acted; and the soundness of our censures cannot be refuted by shewing how mischief was modified. If Mr Munro had undergone the *ennui* of toiling through our, perhaps somewhat prosy strictures on the misconduct of the Relief Board, he would have seen, that we never were so absurd as to allege that labour should not have been exacted from able-bodied applicants for succour. But we strenuously contended for the indubitable truth, that if men were required to render a full amount of labour, they were entitled to an equitable proportion of wages. To administer a fund unconditionally subscribed for

the relief of the destitute, upon the monstrous principle that the poor creatures were to be fully worked, and in requital were to be only half-fed; we deem to be a *doctrine of devils*, instead of the natural justice which should influence a conscientious community—not to speak of the infinitely higher motives which derive their source from pure Christianity. Never was there a more fatal failure than the mal-administration of the noble fund intended for the relief and welfare of the afflicted Highland population. We cannot be mistaken in our views. Without having any personal interests to subserve, or any prejudices to bias or mislead us, we inquired closely and impartially into the Relief Board's proceedings throughout the Highlands and Islands, and the result is a clear conviction that the public confidence has been shamefully abused; that the poor have been cheated, degraded, and demoralised; and that funds intended for the indigent have been largely squandered upon a needless staff of pampered officials. How extensively Highland proprietors shared in the spoil will never be acurately apprehended, until the board shall think proper to publish their accounts; an event which will in all likelihood take date with the Greek kalends.

PART VI.

ARTICLES RELATIVE TO LANDLORD AND TENANT, PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

THE LAWS AFFECTING AGRICULTURE.

This is the title given to one of the most sensible pamphlets we have read for many a day; and the writer is Mr F. Calvert, Q.C., who shapes his views in a short letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood. There is nothing of striking speculation or ambitious effort in the plain pages of Mr Calvert; and, therefore, we are eager to bestow a measure of notice upon him, which we should think ourselves bound conscientiously to withhold from the clap-trap schemers of these days of deception. The simple and intelligibly expressed object of Mr Calvert is to demonstrate that no relief can be reached to the cultivators of the

soil where the proprietors of land have only a life-interest in their possessions. He shews that, of all improvements bearing upon agriculture, drainage is likely to prove the most profitable; and, yet, from this mode of amelioration, a landowner, who is only tenant for life, was practically barred by the restricted character of his rights over the soil. But, in the machinery of the Drainage Act, 9th and 10th Vict., c. 101, this difficulty is removed by the supply of capital borrowed from the government, upon a certain security of land for a term of twenty-two years. Thus, for one purpose of agricultural improvement, the tenant for life is furnished with an interest independent of the contingency of his own life; and his tenure becomes equally advantageous with that of a tenant in fee. Now, Mr Calvert suggests that this relaxation of the system of settlement ought to be applied more extensively; and that the security upon land ought to be available for money borrowed from private individuals, as well as for money borrowed from the government.

The next suggestion offered by Mr Calvert is one to which we attach much importance, for it formed the basis of *our* original representations to the Earl of Clarendon, which undoubtedly harbingered the Irish Encumbered Estates' Act. Mr Calvert proposes that tenants for life be empowered, *under proper safeguards*, to sell so much of the settled estates as will be sufficient for the discharge of incumbrances fixed upon them by the settlement, or under powers contained in it. The expression "with proper safeguards," is explained by referring to the present practice of the Court of Chancery, which gives a right to a party entitled under a will to a charge upon land, to file a bill, for the purpose of having so much of the estate sold as will produce a sum sufficient for the satisfaction of the charge. All incumbrancers are made parties to the suit, so that every interest may be protected; and upon the confirmation of a Master's Report, a decree is made for sale. Availing himself of this analogy, Mr Calvert contends that the principle might be turned to account by sanctioning the sale of a selected portion of an estate held by a life tenant, with such conditions imposed as should ensure regard being had to the benefit of the inheritance. Mr Calvert sketches with great truth and much lucidness, the misery, abjectness, and uselessness of a life tenant who is borne down with the burdens of an encumbered estate. He is an ostensible landowner; but he has only the sorrowful shadow

of a sway over property, while the real dominators, in a possessory sense, are mortgagees and creditors. He cannot infuse any profitable element into his nominal management of an estate which yields an intolerable amount of income to strangers. With deficient means, he has to support a false position by expensive expedients, which involve him in deeper difficulties. He is expected to uphold a family repute for hospitality, and to exercise those acts of liberality and kindness which constitute the charm of neighbourhood, as well as the charities of social existence. Pride forbids him either to avow his embarrassments, or to retrench his expenditure; and yet his ignoble secrets ooze out in spite of all subterfuges; and the very persons who partake of his good cheer covertly censure his imprudent lavishness. We draw this picture from what we have painfully remarked in England; but is it not equally true with respect to the Highlands of Scotland? Are there not many, very many, proprietors, men of intelligence and integrity, capable of conferring benefits on the social system which surrounds them, but irreversibly hampered by inherited embarrassments, which no existing law can possibly extricate them from? Their domains are wide, but their dominion is a nullity; They resemble the last of the Moguls, blind Schah Allum, whose power had passed away, but who groped daily to his hall of audience, and dangled a disregarded sceptre from a despised throne! We are not prone to pry into distresses which evade the public eye; but we can hardly imagine a case of sorer humiliation than that of a descendant of a long line of Highland chiefs, living in felt insolvency and pining powerlessness, in the home of his ancestors; disabled from discharging just debts, and yet beholding incumbrancers deriving ample revenues from his desolated possessions! But if, by carrying out the principle which in former days authorised the sale of bankrupt estates (every vestige of the law of entail being erased from the statute-book) proprietors were empowered to relieve themselves from the overwhelming weight of settlements, and to dispose of such a portion of landed property as would clear off bondaging incumbrances, what light, and joy, and prosperity would spring up in many a Scottish region, now marked with *the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness!* It, however, must be admitted that to part with any portion of lands which have immemorially belonged to a lofty line, is a severance which would inflict a bitter pang upon many an aristocratic

mourner; but to this we would reply, surely a moderate independence is preferable to splendid slavery! Is not substantial ownership better than nominal sovereignty? Thus far regarding the proprietor; but we must enlarge our apprehensions, and take a proper view of the state of dependants under an improved condition of things. Tenants on the sold portion of an estate would of course follow its fortunes during their term of occupancy; but we are sure their lot would not be deteriorated; and as for the tenants who remained, they would not fail of deriving benefit from the enfranchisement of the landlord. Liberal concessions would be in the power of the freed proprietor, who, in tasting the sweets of liberty, would feel desirous of imparting advantages. It is absolute ignorance, mingled with folly, to expect that improvements of a permanent cast can ever take place on encumbered estates; for embarrassed landlords are almost certain to have a *following* of thriftless tenants. This is well and pointedly put by Mr Calvert.

"It has evidently been intended in all recent legislation affecting agriculture, that the application of science, capital, enterprize, and activity, shall bring all the inherent powers of the soil into action, and extract from it the largest amount of produce. But while a considerable portion of our landowners, crippled by the present restrictions of a tenancy for life, are checked in their attempts at improvement by a want of power to raise capital, our cultivation must remain in an extremely defective state. The evil consequences will continue to be felt by all classes; by the landlord in the amount of his rent; by the tenant in the amount of his profits; and by the labourers in the precarious supply of employment, and in the very low scale of wages. Were our law altered in the particulars which I have mentioned, I should venture to hope that a great amelioration would take place in the condition and prospects of all these classes. The tenant for life would be enabled to make himself the exclusive beneficial owner of all the property retained in his possession, to raise for himself funds for permanent improvements, or else to grant a term to improving tenants; and improvements in cultivation would produce an increase, not only immediate, but also permanent, in the demand for agricultural labourers."

Such is the synopsis of Mr Calvert's sound suggestions, and we venture to predict, that at no distant day the Legislature will be

employed in giving effect to the leading propositions which he argues with such unostentatious ability. The policy which professes to give freedom to trade, cannot stop short in its course; it must liberate land. Nor must it be forgotten, that although much of the mischievous restrictions which lie as an *incubus* upon land may be traced to the improvidence of successive proprietors, yet the subtle shackles forged by lawyers must not be omitted in an inventory of wrongs. It is plain to all men of sober judgment, that the mere re-letting of land can yield no real relief to a deeply embarrassed proprietor. We have taken the trouble to count the number of farms in Skye and North Uist, belonging to Lord Macdonald, and which his Lordship's Commissioner advertises to let; and these farm, or parts of farms, amount to 75! Infinite oppression will attend every fresh arrangement; but does any one believe that Lord Macdonald will reap a particle of benefit from the changes now notified? And look at the public considerations which are mixed up with a proprietor's helplessness and insolvency. Behold, too, poor Macleod of Macleod's large territories ruinously ruled by some man of law, who holds a divan at Dunvegan Castle, while the exiled owner broods over the sorrows of sequestration in a Bayswater cottage! We pity Lord Macdonald; we deplore the fall of Macleod; and we shall perhaps ere long be called on to compassionate other aristocratic captives: and for the sake of society, which is endangered by their false position, we heartily invoke the aid of the Legislature to sanction the sale of their landed property, or such portion of it as may suffice to clear off their embarrassments. No tyranny under the sun is so terrible as that which is inflicted by the grinding of creditors who have a *lien* upon land, without taking any interest in its improvement. We will undertake to shew, in a future article, that a simpler measure than the Irish Encumbered Estates' Act would prove a blessing to the Highlands of Scotland; and that a new era of prosperity would take its date from the abolition of every legal restraint which keeps unfruitful landed property in feeble and fettered hands.

THE PROTECTIONISTS.

It is sometimes amusing, and sometimes a matter of melancholy, to note the convulsive efforts made by blind and misguided men

to recover lost advantages—and to restore a state of things that has passed away for ever! They fret, and fume, struggle and strive—now exultant—now despairing—but the decree of doom has gone forth, and the painful certainty becomes more mournfully manifest, that prosperity forfeited by abuse, cannot possibly be retrieved by means of violent resumption. These remarks have been forced from us by contemplating the course of agitation now vehemently pursued by the party named, or rather nicknamed protectionists in England and Ireland—for Scotland, to the credit of her quiet good sense, be it affirmed, has little or nothing to do with the existing hubbub.

There is so much vain talking, and such an infinite quantity of vague scribbling on this said subject of protection, that we think we shall render some good service to our readers, by offering them a clear, intelligible synopsis of the question so hotly disputed. Even the bustling babblers of the protectionist school may derive some benefit from having the hopelessness of their case set honestly before them—for surely, when men are fighting for fallacies, and beating the air, it is not an unfriendly part to dissipate their delusion.

It is to the representative system of Great Britain that we must seek for the true origin of what is styled Protection—for was not the vast variety of direct and incidental privileges of possession or exemption afforded to divers sections of society, sanctioned by innumerable acts of Parliament? From the freedom of our institutions, it became not only a boast, but a sordid benefit, that every class of the community sent to the Legislature special advocates of their interests and expounders of their views—and the very tenure of seats in the House of Commons was insensibly connected with the peculiar gain of selfish constituencies. The mercantile bodies of the greatest commercial country in the world—every trading pursuit—every branch of manufacture—every learned profession—every open municipality or close corporation—every town or rural region, had, in short, their respective delegates in the Senate, who strenuously contended for partial, exclusive interests, instead of conjunctly labouring to promote the integral interests of the empire. This is the true solution of the mystery of Protection—which was, in truth, the creature of unjust legislation. Flaming in the van of these mischievously cherished interests was the banner of Corn Law Protection—a monstrous

monopoly conceded to the powerful proprietors of the soil, at the expense of every other interest in the community—for, however men may contrive to forego their other wants—*bread* is a universally craved aliment, that cannot be dispensed with. By the churlish operations of the corn laws, the population of Great Britain was robbed of all the advantages of foreign supply, and nothing short of famine at home could abate the rigour of interdicted importation. Of course the vicissitude of annual production, or the competition among necessitous sellers occasioned variations in the price of grain; but of all years it might be fairly alleged that the British consumers were paying prices for the staple article of food, which in effect were frauds upon the whole community; and the certain, though frequently unremarked results of injustice stigmatized this vile system in the plainest manner. Of all the classes comprised in what is called the "agricultural interest," the class of agricultural labourers, the actual tillers, and food-producers of the soil formed by far the most numerous portion. Was *their* condition improved by the corn laws? Did *they* prosper increasingly, or even maintain the measure of their former comfort and competence? Quite the contrary. From the year 1815—the era of prodigal protection to the proprietors of land—the welfare of their dependent labourers visibly declined. While *rents* were exorbitantly raised, wages were distressingly depressed, and the chief agricultural districts of England shewed, and still shew, that where the rich are monopolists, the poor become paupers. Nor did agriculture itself thrive under the influence of these monstrous, exclusive encouragements. Take cultivation in the mass, and it will be found that farming improvements are lowest on the scale of advancement in all that relates to national progress. Indeed the slovenly, thriftless tillage prevailing in many parts of England, would hardly be credited by some expert Scotch cultivators. *Who* then, it may be fitly enquired, were the parties really enriched by the operation of the Corn Laws? To which question we would unhesitating reply, that no class from the peer to the peasant was ever solidly and permanently benefited by the prohibitory duties on foreign corn. The proprietors of the soil became enfeoffed with the power of raising their rents, but the luxury of the rich rose still higher than their resources; and even monopoly can be rendered poor by profuseness! The British aristocracy is not really wealthy, it is sustained by

conventional credit more than by undoubted property; and the extravagant expenditure of fashionable life begets not only embarrassments but expedients which sap the foundations of all independence. If untoward events were to assail the coroneted possessors of land, how many haughty houses would swerve from their perpendicular, and perhaps fall as lowly in the dust as the prostrate Duke of Buckingham!

After thirty years' enjoyment of exclusive rights and profitless privileges, the time at length arrived when the proprietors of the soil were to be stripped of their ungainful spoils. A crusade against agricultural monopoly was eagerly engaged in by the partisans of manufacturing monopoly, and with the aid of a Prime Minister pledged to uphold protection, the whole system of artificial enhancement, by which landed property was unjustly propped, fell prone to mother earth. The land must from henceforth *protect* itself by the skill, prudence, and frugal industry of its cultivators—and by the honourable liberality, instead of the shameful lavishness of its titled or untitled owners. Labour *must* have its honest recompence, instead of being robbed of its reward to enable farmers to pay extravagant rents—and here we come to the secret of the present protectionist agitation. The farmers of England find that the prices of agricultural produce are lower than even their fears foreboded—but that rents remain inflexibly the same—as high as in the olden time. Here then is the poor farmer's perplexity, which lays him open to the tricks of jobbing agitators. Reduction of rent, puzzled Hodge cannot ask for—because he is sure to be supplanted by some competitor for land—who will *promise* to pay what Hodge cannot pay without a prospect of pauperism. Proprietors of the old orthodox stamp will not listen to the heresy of reduced rents—for diminished revenue must imply either retrenchment or insolvency—and no such vulgar alternative can be daringly whispered to ears polite! Such being the state of things, Mr D'Israeli, or some other political protectionist and amateur agriculturist, gets up a meeting of farmers half-fuddled after a market dinner—and speechifying begins in the most approved fashion of popular fraud and deception. The grand point is to relieve the poor farmers groaning under the intolerable burden of high rents—but as high rents are a consecrated part of conservatism—and are deemed the *Palladium* of the State

—relief must be sought in every direction, save in the landlord quarter—the stronghold of exorbitant unyielding rents! D'Israeli, the talking as well as writing romancer, consumes three mortal hours in prattling upon every topic under the sun, except the one, practical, common-sense theme of a rational reduction of rents—and the bewildered clod-hoppers of England are almost led to believe that one of D'Israeli's protectionist speeches, price five pence in the *Times*—will secure a receipt for rent on the next audit day—instead of the usual fob of dirty bank notes, or current coin of the realm!

But it is full time that these follies should have an end. The poor gulled and gullible farmers must be told the stern, funereal fact, that protection is dead and buried, and that no factious clamour—no oratorical sorcery, can evoke even the phantom of the sinful sleeper! Whatsoever changes may be in reserve for Great Britain—trying and terrible as may prove her future ordeal of reform or even revolution—one thing is certain, no ministry or legislature will have the hardihood or the power to revive the corn-laws, however declaimers may spout, or farmers may stare. High rents *must* come down in merry England, as well as in bonny Scotland, and every evasion of this equitable necessity will only serve to sink proprietors and farmers in a common gulf of irretrievable ruin.

PLAIN TRUTHS REGARDING PROTECTION:—ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO OUR AGRICULTURAL FRIENDS.

In some brief notices which recently appeared in this journal, we emphatically expressed our conviction that all attempts to restore the system of so-called protection were quite futile, and would eventually prove abortive—and to these conclusions we unalterably adhere. As honest journalists we desire to soar above the suspicion of pandering to any popular delusion, and therefore we frankly told our readers, what we now as unreservedly repeat, that let bustling agitators declaim as they may, it is a clear, stern certainty, that the protective principle of the corn laws cannot be revived. But while we firmly hold, and conscientiously press this persuasion upon our readers, it must not be imagined that we are insensible to the distress which palpably prevails throughout

the important range of agricultural interests. We are sure that great privation and perplexity are experienced by very many industrious farmers; and for this, among other reasons, we wish to save them from the additional difficulties into which they will inevitably be drawn, if they give heed to the beguiling statements unscrupulously put forward by ignorant and impudent deceivers. To seduce the hard-working classes from their proper pursuits, and to plunge them in a vortex of political turbulence, is the main, though concealed drift of all scheming agitators, who hope to derive gain, of some sort or other, from the credulity of perturbed multitudes. Now with the view of weakening the influence of all such mischievous demagogues, we propose to lay before our readers some sound and cogent considerations, which we trust will have due weight with minds open to truthful thought, and which, if cordially received, may prove peculiarly serviceable to our farming friends.

The present agitation on the subject of protection may be chiefly ascribed to two individuals, who, in point of professed opinions, (for principles are altogether out of the question) are in total antagonism to each other, but who, nevertheless, being members of the same family of faction, cleverly combine to create and augment confusion. Mr D'Israeli is a literary politician—smart of pen and voluble of speech—and possessing a strange nondescript sort of mind, filling an intellectual space between the Jew and the Gentile. His position in the Senate is not one of dignity, importance, or influence, but he commands attention by his biting sarcasms—by his elaborate prose epigrams—and lastly, by the penury of high talent and genuine eloquence which vapidly characterises the reformed House of Commons. Mawkish mediocrity is stamped upon all they say, or do, or fail to perform. A party styling itself protectionist being sadly in want of a *head*, Mr D'Israeli sticks himself between the vacant shoulders, and assumes the action usually appertaining to that part of the body which contains the brain; but, strange to say, the members give no sign of acknowledgement, as to the supremacy of this obtrusive head, so that poor D'Israeli's primary function, as to parliamentary exercise and eminence, is very much of a sinecure. To make amends for this lack of real leadership in the House of Commons, Mr D'Israeli has of late betaken himself to meetings of distressed and discontented agriculturists, where, according to agreement,

nobody is suffered to speak but the monopolising orator himself, who goes about very much after the mode (though infinitely short of the amusing talent), of the late Charles Matthews, making himself "at home" wherever people can be convened to listen to him. Several plans for the relief of the agricultural interest—all of them utterly irreconcileable with each other—have been brought forward by Mr D'Israeli, and to the great credit of the common sense of the country, universally scouted. But although Mr D'Israeli has failed as a projector, he has succeeded as an agitator, and the movement which he commenced at Aylesbury has spread sympathetically through the corn-growing districts of England, and even invaded Ireland, where it threatens to suspend all the operations of every branch of industry.

To combat this protectionist convulsion, the great leader of the free trade faction deems it necessary to put forth his strength in adverse addresses delivered to congenial hearers, who delight in the violent vulgarity of their chief; and Mr Cobden, by his supercilious abusiveness, contrives to exasperate the protectionist party into a still more vehement reaction. Cobden is the sharp, fluent, uneducated spokesman of a section of society whom he has inflated with the notion that free trade will bring about a millenium of happiness, peace, and probity, totally independent of any Christian considerations or scriptural agencies! These misguided people chiefly grow in the manufacturing districts, and it might fairly be supposed that their doctrines would be most beneficially tested in their own localities and special pursuits. But no assumption can be more fallacious. The English manufacturing districts, so far from being the scene of the boasted felicities of free trade, constitute the most terrific display of bondage that the world has, perhaps, ever witnessed; for the tendency of the manufacturing system being to create, at times, a vast demand for labour, which, after an interval, deplorably diminishes; a hunger-bitten horde of wretched surplus operatives is always in the market seeking employment, which they can only obtain on the most grinding conditions. The dreadful exactions practised on these poor creatures by the rapacity of many master-manufacturers in Lancashire and elsewhere, would startle the sensibility of negro-drivers. Advantage is taken of the necessities of competing workmen, not only to screw down wages to the lowest compulsory standard, but to wring compliances as the condition of being employed, which, in fact,

leave wages in the hands of the employer. It was in these regions of restraint and extortion that the cry of Free-trade was first raised—not with the intent of liberating the manufacturing districts, but in the expectation that cheap bread would enable hiring masters to reduce still more starvingly the miserable pay of their work people. Here we have the true origin of the clamour against the corn-laws—which was the voice of trading covetousness, seeking additional gains for opulent manufacturers, but wholly regardless of those public benefits, which, however, were lyingly assumed as a sort of patriotic pretext. We have all of us fresh in our recollection the story of the Manchester League—the Cobdens and Brights of the new school of universal freedom—their tons of tracts—their mammon-moving speeches! But all the efforts of the League would have been unavailing, if it had not suited the sinister purposes of Sir Robert Peel to seize upon the scheme which the leaguers spent their strength upon, and to make it his own ministerial plan, in the expectation that success would conduce to the perpetuity of his premiership. Therefore, reader, still clinging to the simplicity of former times, cast from thy credulous thought the barest supposition that one particle of public principle actuated the fiery zeal of Cobden, or the subtle statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel! The Corn Laws were unjust laws, forasmuch as they were designed to give a monopoly of the home market to the producers of food; and the injustice was doubled by rendering this monopoly utterly unprofitable, save to proprietors of the soil and a few wealthy farmers. But, still, where large interests have been allowed the long enjoyment of special advantages, equity demands that those advantages should not be too suddenly withdrawn; but that, on the contrary, timely and sufficient warning of the coming changes should be honestly afforded to all interested parties. Such, we happen confidently to know, was the conviction entertained regarding the Corn Laws by the late illustrious Canning, whose lucid judgment and purity of principle were even more to be admired than his incomparable eloquence. Mr Canning was thoroughly aware that to abolish the Corn Laws was to disturb, if not destroy, innumerable interests which had been nourished into improper importance by a system of undue protection. But Sir Robert Peel is not a statesman of the noble-minded, high-hearted class in which Canning was eminently enrolled. Void of fixed principle—guileful in ex-

pedients—conversant with the small expertness of official details, but incapable of blending with business that intellectual mastery which betokens genuine superiority of mind—Sir Robert Peel is a man of ambitious mediocrity, who, when shoved into supremacy, has not wisdom or integrity to uphold himself in the position he has aspired and attained to. It is by examining Sir R. Peel's character that we shall find ourselves enabled to solve the mystery of his measures. He was the pillar of Protestantism, and yet, in avowed contrariety to his most cherished convictions, he carried the great question of Roman Catholic Emancipation. He was the most devoted of all the partisans of protection, and yet he caused the social system of Great Britain to tremble to its foundations by his sudden and successful efforts to abrogate the Corn Laws! Why, it may be asked, these violent renunciations, these unprincipled anomalies? The answer is—Sir Robert Peel could not preserve his premiership by an upright perseverance in a sage system of government, so he purloined a popular cry from the ranks of his political opponents, and by dint of ministerial influence, acting upon parliamentary corruption, he managed to obtain a majority which overthrew the settled legislation almost of ages. Having personal—not public ends in view—Sir Robert Peel hurried on the total repeal of the corn laws with pernicious precipitancy. No breathing time was interjected between *alteration* and *abrogation*—no annual diminution of duties, so as to soften the severity of eventual abolition, was wisely and considerately provided for; but, with reckless and unprosperous energy of transformation, Peel the protectionist became Peel the free-trader.

Our conscientious opinion prompts us to proclaim that the hasty legislation so pressed by Peel, and so cordially commended by Cobden, contained much of the elements of those evils now complained of by the sorely impoverished agriculturists of Great Britain; but nevertheless we deem the change to be a final one, and that no efforts of the corn-cultivators can ever regain for them a monopoly of the home market. Instead, therefore, of stimulating them to pursue a course which we plainly perceive to be erroneous and hopeless, we earnestly recommend them to look for relief, where practical succour can be found. Farmers, taken as a body, cannot be expected to find relief in high farming, for what, in plain English, is high farming, but the expenditure of considerable capital in *experiments* to increase the productive powers of the

soil, while the sinking prices of produce bid defiance to remunerative returns? After sifting the statements of Mr Caird—of that reverend and jocular feeder of hogs, rejoicing in the name of Huxtable—of Blackwood's "Two wealthy farmers," whose petty profits would hardly be enough to maintain bothies for their families—the common-sense conclusion at which we arrive, negatives all notion of any one being able to pay high rents by means of high farming. And here we are landed in the region of truth and certainty as to the alleviation of agricultural distresses. Nothing short of a just, reasonable, universal reduction of rents, can be of the slightest service to tenant-farmers. And to avert this honest, imperative adjustment, all the evasive trickeries of unrelinquishable covetousness are employed with cunning diversity. In a large number of landlord cases this crafty avoidance of justice takes the shape of liberality, and we read of proprietors who, on the full amount of rent being paid, *return* some 5 or 10, or 15 per cent. to the punctual tenants. But this is rank imposture. The tenant has been compelled to collect a sum sufficient to discharge his whole amount of rent, and in a vast number of instances he has had to make forced sales of his produce or stock to meet his landlord's audit, and he pockets this returned per centage—and plods homeward a beggared man! Another evasion (not to use Dickens's favourite slang, *dodge*), is the Drayton-Manor beneficence, that magnificent model of bounty set forth in Sir Robert Peel's recent manifesto, and of which this is the sum. "Every tenant *must* pay his whole rent, and his high rent, twice in each year, and when so paid to me, I, Robert Peel, will *mentally* set apart 20 per cent. of said rent, to improve *my* farm—for I prefer yearly tenants, who are welcome to quit when *they* choose, or still better when *I* choose!" This is the veritable version of the pith and core of Sir Robert Peel's comfortable letter to his Staffordshire tenants; and a more barefaced mockery of justice and generosity, never proceeded from the most consummate masters of subterfuge. A portion of an exorbitant rent is to be arbitrarily expended by Sir Robert Peel's agent upon a farm which Sir Robert Peel's tenant has not an iota of permanent interest in! And as to Sir Robert's offer to give leases, the deception is still more striking; for the high-rented tenant bound down by a lease, would be in a worse plight than the hard-pressed holder of land who has a way of escape from year to year. Sir Robert Peel lectures his de-

pendants on the benefits of abundant capital, increasing skill, and untiring industry, and calls upon them to pay the same rents that signalised the days of protection—said protection having been annihilated by Sir Robert himself! It would weary the patience of our readers to recite a tithe of the unworthy cheats practised upon the class of tenant-farmers in order to stir them up to seek relief in every quarter except where it can be really obtained. In England, the *tenants* are stimulated to demand a revival of protection—for they dare not ask their landlords to lower rents. In Ireland, the insolvent landlords are the bawlers for protection, whilst the ruined tenants are clamouring for a reduction of rents, which they cannot get. Look where you may, there is nothing but inconsistency, confusion, and extravagant expectation—for the delusion spreads wildly and widely that men's interests cannot be promoted but by means of leagues, committees, public meetings, and petitions to the Queen! The trading agitators are in full function—

> Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
> They rave, recite, and madden through the land!

All the artifices of faction are employed, and for what? why, in reality, to subserve the sinister purposes of some unscrupulous party hoping to attain power and public pelf by the help of a popular outcry!

It is, after a clear, sober survey of the present tumultuary proceedings on all sides, that we warn our farmer friends of the danger which menaces them by means of public meetings. Let every tenant explore his own position, and he will be convinced that the grievance under which he groans is *not* removable by a return to protection. What the larger farmer requires is such a reasonable rate of rent, as would enable him to cultivate land with a certainty of honestly-deserved profit, in just proportion with the skill and capital which he puts forth. What the small holder requires is not only the same reasonableness of rent—but a *sufficiency of land*—for the beggarly limit of land assigned to crofters in the Highlands would be dear at the very lowest rent. It is in this way that the poor Sutherlanders, for example, are mercilessly mocked. The "good Duke" grants a sort of pauper plot to a miserable crofter at a low rent, but the factor inexorably interposes to prevent any enlargement of the holding, where the poor industrious creature struggles and starves! So inseparably con-

nected are the true interests of landlord and tenant, that if the eyes and hearts of the former class be not speedily opened, both proprietors and cultivators will sink into social destruction. Let every landlord who desires to save himself from the coming convulsion, examine the actual condition of each of his tenants, as a father would inspect the individual state of each of his children. Let the tenant make known the special circumstances of his peculiar case, and demonstrate to his landlord that relief, reached seasonably and liberally, in the shape of permanently-reduced rent, would eventuate in the mutual prosperity of both landlord and tenant. One evident result of public agitation will be to widen the breach between proprietors and rent-payers; whereas private remonstrance would, perhaps, lead to amicable adjustment—for *all* landlords are not bent upon destroying themselves and others.

Therefore we say, although protection be for ever gone, yet the land remains. If that land be wisely and liberally allocated, industry will have such free scope as to secure the best species of protection, and the land would infallibly *bring forth its increase.* The present churlishness of men obstructs the blessing of God, which is the true cause of all fruitfulness. If there were any approach towards patriarchal proprietorship, patriarchal abundance would quickly exhibit itself, and diffusive plenty would be derived from the generous cultivation of the soil. We can fancy D'Israeli's sneer, and Cobden's scoff, on finding piety and plenty thus closely associated; but we rest on the foundations of eternal truth, which ungodly gainsayers can never subvert—*The profit of the earth is for all: the king himself is served by the field.* Where this scriptural verity is set at nought, penal consequences must infallibly follow. *Woe unto them that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!*

HIGH FARMING, HIGH RENTS, AND LOW PRICES.

In our usual column of correspondence will be found the promised letter of *Mentor*, on the prevalent agricultural theme. He gives, what we think was much wanted, a clear historical induction of the progress of improved farming in Scotland, long anterior to the grand discoveries at Auchness, so vauntingly trumpted forth

by *Cagliostro* Caird, who is, in our opinion, a *charlatan* of the first water. Given a liberal landlord; good land, farmed with all the aids of capital, and all the appliances of skill and industry; together with a fortunate hit of prosperous potato culture, when universal blight was abroad; and you can safely solve the problem of success at Auchness—although, a debtor and creditor account, with satisfactory vouchers, would be a very agreeable Q.E.D. However, admitting that the cultivator of Auchness is as lucky as Mr Caird puffs him off to be; is it not the very acme of fraudulent presumption, to tell the general body of tenant-farmers, that they have it *in their power* to make high farming the means of paying high rents, apart from the special considerations which render Auchness so eligible a field for gainful operations of husbandry? This we boldly affirm to be the dishonest quackery of Mr Caird: he singles out a case, exceptional in almost all its circumstances, and then lays it down as an irrefragable theorem, applicable to all the farming in the United Kingdom. A man of probity and understanding, in labouring to propagate a sound system, would scorn to resort to such a deception as this; and Mr Caird, having once dabbled in the mire of mendacity, sinks every day deeper in imposture. His agricultural tour in Ireland is full of deceptive details, and we aptly characterised him as a mere bagman for Sir Robert Peel, the high rent protectionist, and high farming free-trader. Our correspondent *Mentor* brings the succour of his experience and intelligence to popularise our invariable proposition, that the chief relief which tenant-farmers can properly look for is a reasonable reduction of rents. Innumerable quirks and subtleties will be propounded, many of them with a plausible show of practicability, but all bottomed on the solid desire of landlords to evade a diminution of income derived from the hiring out of the soil to cultivators; for *that* is the plain, intelligible definition of rent. And what countenances the seeming churlishness of proprietors, is the gambling competition for farms: every bidder having a readiness to be ruined, by offering a rate of rent utterly unjustified by any agricultural profits which prudent persons could fairly calculate upon. The law, too, runs so stringently in favour of the landlord, that his cupidity is emboldened by the guarantee of hypothec; and thus, on every side, the seduction to support high rents is too strong to be resisted. Not only are high rents imposed and punctually paid, but we hear to our astonishment, of

rents paid always *in advance*. The origin of this usage (which we are inclined to think the law would fail in enforcing) is the offer of a year's rent on being preferably inducted in a farm; and thus, what begins in suspicion, ends in oppression; for a landlord who secures his rent beforehand, is not only forestalling the realization of crops or stock, but he is pocketting the interest of money which really belongs to the tenant.

The recent discussion in the House of Lords on the subject of agricultural distress, although incidentally raised by the presentation of petitions, sufficed to draw forth the determination of the Government not to relax the rigour of their anti-protectionist principles. We have all along been perfectly plain with our farming friends on this great point; and we have sought to shew them that all expectations of a return to the abandoned public policy which upheld landlord privilege, are vain and misleading. One of the most cheering considerations to which the attention of farmers can possibly be called is, we think, connected with the true doctrine of demand and supply; for one infallible result of lowness of price is increased consumption of food. Among the richer classes this is seldom noticed, because the wealthy will not retrench or increase the quantity of bread furnished to their families, let prices rise or fall as they may. But with the poorer classes, who form the great body of consumers, the case is wholly different, for a high-priced loaf will impose the necessity of a more frugal consumption of bread; and quickly on the fall of grain, the cheaper loaf ensures more custom to the baker. Do our readers condescend to take this homely view of a subject which philosophers have done their best to involve in the densest darkness? What we mean comfortingly to impress is this, that in a country like England, the depression of corn prices is equivalent to the poor man's increased command over the chief article of subsistence; and his wages continuing the same, he will to a certainty buy more bread for his family. Now this increased consumption must tell upon the stock of grain; the markets require larger supplies; and *these* must be drawn from the farmer's stack-yard, who will not suffer himself to be rapidly stripped of his corn without exacting a suitable enhancement of price; and thus by the simple sequence of cause and effect, we get round again to remunerative rates of produce for our sorely tried and almost despairing agriculturists. We would not have it imagined that we look for the return of such

prices as signalised the palmy days of protection; but we do contend that the natural course of things will work in favour of the distressed farmer; and that the very depths of depression, have an encouraging element not sufficiently apprehended and appreciated, viz., that the effect of low prices is inevitably to increase the consumption of the lower classes, whose bare or plentiful standard of subsistence must be measured by the high or low prices of food. We spent more than twenty years of a somewhat observant life, in the centre of the great manufacturing districts of England, and we gleaned, in many quarters, the practical information we now impart to our agricultural readers. We have known a redundant harvest followed by low prices; and we noticed that as soon as the market rates of flour began to lower the price of bread (an event which bakers are sure to defer as long as possible), the families of the *operatives* (for there are no plain workmen now-a-days) were sure to hail this pleasing reduction with an immediate increase to their domestic diet in the shape of bread. Could we take a knowing peep into many a manufacturer's *menage*, we should find the same process going forward at present; and the longer it continues, the gayer will be the certainty that the farmer's season of compensation must assuredly arrive.

WHERE ARE FARMERS TO LOOK FOR RELIEF?

We beg to premise that we have no intention of exacting an answer to the above query from our readers; although we shall be most happy to find room for any instructive communications. The simple truth is, that a practical agriculturist of skill, intelligence, and industry, has not only addressed this important interrogatory to our sapient selves, but he has supplied us with some sound and judicious considerations which go far towards furnishing a suitable solution of the great difficulty. If we felt assured that the present pressure on what is fitly termed the agricultural interest was resolvable into a mere question of farming details, we should at once shrink from a discussion, in which our deficient knowledge would soon become laughably evident. But we deem very differently of the vast subject which now occupies public attention. By an Act of Legislation, professedly for the general weal, it is undeniably certain that a sudden reverse has fallen upon *the actual cultivators*

of the soil, be they proprietors or tenants of land. We put the proposition in this restricted shape, because, as the pinch of the grievance is connected with an alleged ruinous depression in the prices of produce, it is upon the growers of corn that the primary blow is inflicted. Large owners of land, who do not farm a single acre, will (as we shall show in the sequel) inevitably drop in for their share of suffering; but at present the sore stress of free trade results comes heavily down upon almost every class of tenant-farmers. Our honest conviction is, that the distress prevailing among this great body is severer than they would willingly make known; and that the bulk of them are now struggling with their adverse position by expending the small savings of former years. As market after market only serves to denote still declining prices; the perplexed farmer has not only existing embarrassments to encounter, but he is appalled with the gloominess of future prospects. Here he is fixed for more or less time, and stringently bound by a legal contract to pay a rent agreed upon under what may be styled a totally different agricultural dispensation! A trader or manufacturer may transfer his capital to some more prosperous branch; but the farmer is hemmed in within a circle of exertion, every part of which is disastrously touched by the impoverishing influence of a new system. It is all very well for Mr Cobden, and other partisans of free trade, to dwell complacently on the improved condition of manufacturing labourers; but the true statesman is called to consider the well-being of *all*—not the exclusive interests of any favoured section of society. And herein consists the gross and vulgar contrariety which pervades the sordid Manchester school. Disclaim it as they may, their warfare against the corn-laws was virtually to establish the preponderating importance of manufacturing interests, which can always be made subservient to political change—drifting towards republicanism; whereas landed property ever inclines towards state stability—and when rightly administered is one of the surest supports of monarchical institutions. Every well managed estate is a miniature monarchy; not so the cotton capitalist's factory, where there is no middle between despotism and anarchy. But manufacturing multitudes enjoy facilities for *combination* which husbandmen are strangers to; and to this important difference we must ascribe the fact that menacing meetings and leagues of manufacturers, contrived to overawe Parliament into that hasty legislation of which

we feel the bitter fruits. Let us not be misapprehended. We admit that the system of protection was unsound and unsustainable; but we contend that the subversion of that system should not have been the work of one destructive day; but that, on the contrary, ample time ought to have been allowed to the agriculturists to accommodate their arrangements with the portentous alterations which the repeal of the corn laws was sure to involve. No such interval was equitably conceded; and unlimited import instantly superseded protection; drawing with it a depression of corn prices, which, if the new system shall work as its advocates intend, *must* be a permanent depression. Well, therefore, may the exclamatory question be justified—*Where are the farmers to look for relief?*—but before we make an attempt to answer it, we must clear the way, by briefly dispersing into air some of the most plausible remedies which are sought to be palmed upon complaining agriculturists.

1. Appeals to Parliament are urgently counselled by many amicable advisers; but what, in the name of common sense, can Parliament *do* for farmers as a class, which would have the effect of raising prices? The burdens on land are heavy; but so are all burdens in our over-taxed country—arising from the enormous extent of our expensive establishments, the cost of which must be spread as equally as possible over the whole contributing classes of the population. Paltry exemptions from taxation would not materially relieve a farmer, who has to cope with a constantly falling market, and to provide for a permanently heavy rent. But the object of petitioning Parliament is more clearly avowed by some suffering supplicants. They would importune the Legislature to *undo* what has been solemnly sanctioned, with the view of promoting freedom of trade; in short, the phantom of protection is present to the farmer's comfortless cogitations. Upon this point we have already expressed ourselves, with unflinching certainty and boldness. It is a fraudulent delusion, propagated by some unscrupulous public men, that there can be any reasonable prospect of a return to protection. The *principle* of that erroneous system is abandoned, and another system practically occupies its place; so that *freedom* is substituted for *protection*. The theory of free-trade is *in power;* for it has become a recognised part of the institutions of the State. Protection is deposed; and the analogy may be carried farther—for death almost always followed

the deposition of princes. But it much behoves farmers to bear in mind, that the return to protection, now loudly called for in some quarters, is absolutely a mere landlord's question. It is to re-invest proprietors with a despotism over land, that protectionists are blowing the bubble of renewed monopoly prices; for did not exorbitant rents take the sap out of protection, so far as tenant farmers and their labourers were concerned? We all know where the lion's share of protection was clutched and squandered, and where it would be seized and spent again. *Not* in the farmer's homestead, but in the lordly hall!

2. High farming is another of the cheating curatives which some Scotch and English schemers would fain apply to the present diseased state of the agricultural interest. We entered at some length, on a former occasion, into Mr Caird's published records of imposture, and we cannot retract a syllable of our strictures. How can a system of high farming, the very essence of which consists in expensive outlay on the part of both landlord and tenant (for such is the reported case of Auchness) be conceivably applicable in innumerable instances where the landlord cannot afford to be liberal, and the tenant is stripped of even his ordinary resources? High farming is, in plain English, the prosecution of costly experiments on suitable soils, regardless of those small savings and small gains which, to our thinking, constitute one marked excellency in Scottish farming. The plain fact is, that Mr Caird is a protectionist towards landlords, and a free-trader towards tenants; and his manufactured bits of books are full of fallacies, which thousands of truth-telling farmers can painfully refute. Whether in the capacity of a Peel's traveller or a *Times* commissioner, Mr Caird is a man on whose authority no statements can be safely received.

Having thus scattered to the winds all expectations of relief from the interposition of Parliament, and from the nostrum of high farming; we entreat our farming friends to accompany us to the purer precincts of truth, and justice, and warrantable hope. Let us examine whether the very nature of the wrong does not furnish us with some clue to the appropriate remedy. The repeal of the corn laws must be reckoned as the act of the proprietors of the soil; for, take *them* out of the Legislature, and what a miserable minority would be left behind. All those so consenting, legislating proprietors, were parties to contracts with covenanting cultivators,

who engaged to pay *rents* which were based upon *protection* prices of produce. By the withdrawal of protection, these prices necessarily fell, and all the partisans of free-trade hold, with Sir Robert Peel, that "a permanently low range of prices" must be looked forward to by all persons connected with agricultural pursuits. Is this really so, O ye proprietors in both houses of Parliament? for if such be the case, ye have disabled tenant farmers from paying the rents which they stipulated to meet out of the just profits of cultivable land! The legislators will, perhaps, rejoin—True, we have annihilated high prices, but we have done so on the most enlightened grounds, and in order to benefit the whole community. Granted; but you have impoverished the cultivators of your own land, and surely you must have conscientiously contemplated what the consequences would be to *them*. We very much fear that these considerations have been slenderly dwelt on by landlords in or out of Parliament; but we think the time is fully come for the redress of the farmers' wrongs. We dauntlessly declare that, if there be a vestige of righteous principle; of honourable sentiment; of kindly feeling, in the proprietors of the soil, they are bound to institute such inquiries as will lead to a reasonable, permanent, universal reduction of rents. It would reflect lustre upon the aristocracy to take the initiative in this munificent matter. They are the splendid body-guard of royalty, and they should be the protectors (not protectionists) of the State. Let them evince the high-hearted liberality which should be the inheritance of lofty lineages, and at once relieve their distressed dependants, and bring glory to themselves, by spontaneously qualifying those contracts which can no longer be enforced without ruin to leaseholding farmers. We are aware of the immense pressure on many of the nobility and the higher gentry; but we also know that they have within their grasp an element of bounty, which gives *power* to the benevolent; they can resolve upon RETRENCHMENT. Thousands upon thousands of tenants are compelled by stern necessity to debar their families of moderate, accustomed comforts; and why should not the superiors of the soil lop off some luxuries in order to enable them to combine justice with generosity? Thus far we appeal to the nobler principles which should actuate the lords of the land at this great crisis; but we should deal deceitfully if we did not plainly tell them that their welfare, their safety, their very power over their possessions is at stake. If another year be suf-

fered to pass without ministering relief to their tenantry, the latter will sink into hopeless insolvency. But the land, it may be said, remains to be bid for by other occupiers. Yes, to be ruined in their turn; until at length the destruction of successive tenants reacts upon ruined landlords, and one horrid level of unsparing desolation overspreads the land. This is no figment of a poetical fancy; it is the faithful portraiture of a state of things which is scripturally recorded for our learning, as fearfully resulting from the unjust administration of property.

Having taken the liberty to throw out suggestions to landlords, we crave the same freedom in offering counsel to tenants; and our first admonition would be to eschew the evil practices of anti-corn-law leaguers, and to abstain from all agitating meetings and concerted combinations. Farmers did not obtain their tenancy by means of mobs, nor by succour of associates, but by quiet negotiation with proprietors. So let it be now. Men may make common cause in the assertion of a principle; but where interests, all differing in degree, are to be adjusted, each case has its peculiar bearings, and must be governed accordingly. Besides, if tenants combine for aggression, landlords will associate for defence, and thus discord will be kindled among parties who can only prosper by means of peaceful union. In this respect, too, the agriculturists may present a favourable contrast to the turbulent movements of the manufacturing classes, which are so frequently convulsed by the combinations of masters, or the strikes of workmen.

The same well-informed agriculturist whom we adverted to in the commencement of this article, offers a suggestion as the general basis of an equitable re-adjustment between landlord and tenant, which we think deserves grave and thoughtful consideration. Our friend proposes that the present money rent should be converted into a grain rent, at the average prices of grain for seven years previous to the passing of the late act; and that the future rents, so converted into grain, shall thenceforth be payable in money, according to the fiars prices in each county where the farm is situated. We give this suggestion in the words which embody it, adding our belief that several farmers of intelligence and experience acquiesce in its soundness and practicability. Our impression is that the annual adjustment of the fiars prices in the Scottish counties affords an admirable machinery for regulating the relations between

landlord and tenant, which is strikingly superior to the vagueness of the English averages.

We conclude by expressing a fervent wish that the Almighty *possessor of heaven and earth* may so dispose the hearts of men entrusted with the rights and responsibilities of property as to incite and guide them to acts of wise liberality. If Christian equity be disregarded, and sordidness and selfishness shall bear sinister sway—then the supreme PROTECTION of property will be penally withdrawn, and the rich will find too late the fearful force of the divine declaration: *Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he shall also cry himself, but shall not be heard.*

HIGH FARMING AND HIGHLAND FARMING: OR BLACKWOOD TURNED TRIPTOLEMUS.

In common with the bulk of the reading public, we have addressed ourselves to the perusal of our dingy-frontispieced old friend Blackwood, No. 411—in the cheering expectation of finding some racy articles from which extracts might be taken, with the comfortable view of lightening our own literary labours. Blackwood is yet in the prime of life, some thirty-five publishing years—and must not be supposed at all approachable by decline or decay—but still, it never occurred to us that the staid and sober periodical—the only permanent pride of Scottish literature (for the Edinburgh Review has marched off bag and baggage to London head-quarters)—should so far forget its old and venerated vocation, as to discard a host of story-telling, or sonnet-scribbling penmen, and to give us in lieu thereof, 43 double-*drilled* (we must now term them) pages on "British agriculture!" Shades of the clever convivialists who recorded the tap-room revelries of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, where are ye? What has become of the countless *literati* who harassed their brains in concocting "logs" and "cruises," and in ringing the changes upon "Ten thousand a-year"—is their "occupation gone?" For what now stares in print before us? neither more nor less than the statistics of nearly all the farm-yards, dung heaps, stall-feeding, and other georgical details throughout the length and breath of bonnie Scotland—together with an immense correspondence furnished by rural worthies, who seem to have exchanged the plough for the pen, and who, for

anything we know, may soon shine out as so many Caledonian Columellas. We certainly felt somewhat queer when we surveyed these astounding novelties, instead of solacing our eyes and minds with a bit of brightness which might look like an irradiation from Christopher North; but as we read on, it struck us that Blackwood is about to dethrone the dynasty of blue books, and to constitute "old Ebony," the *de facto* sovereign of statistics; beginning with the immediate concerns of mother earth, and thus affording a starting point for this grand agricultural article. It is plain to our perceptions, that Blackwood aims to be the oracle of grain-growers; but, instead of yielding responses after the fashion of the ancient soothsaying, the modern oracle prefers putting questions; and to this interrogative system we are indebted for the materials of the present rally in favour of protection. For now the secret is out. Blackwood is one of the best, if not the very best, of all the surviving organs of conservatism; and, awful to say, poor conservatism, after surrendering everything else, now takes refuge in its last sacred citadel—*templum in modum arcis*—the sanctuary of high rents, *protected* from profane depression! To shield, as far as in him lies, the last hope of landlordism, Blackwood now comes out in great force. The Mentor of *Maga*, whoever he may be, addresses a communication to two superlatively high farmers, one named Watson of Keillor, Forfar; and the other (ominously, we think) bearing the sulky patronymic Dudgeon, and located at Spylaw, in Roxburgh. From these "two wealthy farmers" (for wealthy they must be to cultivate their acres so slenderly remunerative) the statistics of high farming having been obtained, a circular was despatched to the most "eminent agriculturists in Scotland," inviting them to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the facts and figures of Watson and Dudgeon, and to "send any answer they might think proper." Sheaves of answers accordingly arrived, attesting for the most the distressing accuracy of the Keillor and Spylaw statistics; and to all lovers of the useful little —men who delight in that elaborate minuteness which ratifies pretended prudence—we beg to say, read in Blackwood's Magazine (price half-a-crown) the distinct items of a farmer's folly! It is abundantly sufficient for *us* to lay hold of the main fact, fully proved by these wise tillers of the soil, namely, that they are amateur or philanthropic agriculturists, ploughing, and sowing, and reaping, wholly and solely for the good of the public, without

incurring the slightest suspicion of benefiting themselves! Our friend Watson (for is he not the friend of all mankind!) has the happiness of holding a 500 acre farm in Strathmore, for which he has the conservative privilege of paying £800 per annum lawful rent. His payments on account of interest, management, &c., amount to £1250 more. His returns are estimated at £1956—"leaving annually to the farmer for his skill and industry, over interest of capital employed," the sum of £106! which, we apprehend, will reduce Mrs Watson's housekeeping to something like short commons; indeed, if she is blessed with *bairns*, their dietary and equipment must be on a very scanty scale. But Mr Watson is not content with exhibiting this tight pattern of reduced income; he goes on to the doctrine of negative quantities, and shews us with the most painful precision that his "total loss annually incurred by difference of price occasioned by *free trade*" is £518, 5s.! Poor Dudgeon enters into similar specifications as his luckless brother's, and his melancholy summation of matters is thus pithily conveyed—"tenant's *loss*" on the proceeds of 500 acres, rented at £800 per annum—£141; and, like Watson, the saddened Dudgeon has a plethoric postscript of evil tidings, assuring us of "a farther present loss on the calculated profits of this farm to the extent of £112, 10s." A cloud of witnesses comes forward to attest in every way short of affidavit before the sheriff, as to the entire correctness of the statements made by the two martyrs we have just mentioned. They are all ready to swear that they are ruined by farming; and one of them—a Mr Gibson—supplies us with authentic details of the vastness of his shortcomings. This excellent farmer, and correct book-keeper, tells us that the rent of 330 acres being £1440, or £4, 10s. per acre, and his expenses of management £2346, *his* loss incurred by difference of price under free trade is £603 : 1 : 6. Blackwood's mysterious man of protection enjoins us to "consider well" these formidable particulars, and adds in Roman capitals the reason why—THEY ARE THE STATISTICS OF THE VERY HIGHEST FARMING IN SCOTLAND!

It is quite unnecessary to offer any detailed description of this said high farming to readers who possess two grains of common sense. It means simply the expenditure of *money*, owned or borrowed, on the soil, so as to increase productive power by the application of all known and suitable agencies—drainage, subsoiling, manures of the most various and exotic excellency—in short, all

the subtleties of science, combined with all the appliances of practical skill. Cattle feeding, reduced to such a systematic certainty, that the dietary of the stall surpasses the *cuisine* of indigent humanity. The fields must groan with heavy harvests, or teem with green crops for the winter-fed herds; and all agricultural operations must be carried on by a class of superior labourers, who are worthy of their liberal hire. Such is the sketchy inventory of requisites which go to make up the sum of what is called high farming; and very admirable such farming unquestionably is, and thrice happy are the public-spirited husbandmen who toil so disinterestedly to "scatter plenty o'er a smiling land!" But the system has two little faults in the estimate of churlish critics. In the first place, *it won't pay*—a fatal objection in the eyes of people who expect to make a profit by the exercise of skill, industry, and capital; and, 2dly, if it could be made to pay (which notion all the *Blackwood* swains stoutly repudiate), still, as high farming demands large resources—which, after all, can only be in the hands of a few—is it not clear as the light that to the great majority of farmers the practical application of the noble science of high farming would be a stark impossibility? The first plausible trickster who set agoing this ineffable nonsense about high farming is Mr Caird, who, on the old principle *similis gaudet simili*, immediately attracted Sir R. Peel's attention; and, through the ex-Premier's influence, was treated to a tour in Ireland at the cost of the Crown, that the marvels of Auchness might be transferred to the Bog of Allen! We venture to say that no viler deception was ever palmed upon the public than the misstatement contained in Mr Caird's flimsy pamphlet. Writing with the full consciousness of the almost universal failure of the potato, it comes out distinctly that the *profits* of the Auchness farm were derived from, and must depend on, *the continued cultivation of the potato*—certain moss land on that farm having produced potatoes exempt from the blight! So that all this flourish of cows' horns about the efficacy of the high farming perpetrated at Auchness amounts to the simple fact, that the holder had fifty-five acres of sound potatoes in the year 1848, when that perished root was rotting under almost every Scottish clod! Really the effrontery to gull, and the readiness to be gulled, exceed in these days all former measure of fraud and credulity. People began to be quite angry with themselves for not clearing £900 a-year out of 250 acres of land, which the grea-

Caird deems to be as easy as ear-wigging Sir Robert Peel. But the bubble is already burst, and the fallacy of high farming will soon be thoroughly exploded. In the south, all Mr Caird's co-agriculturists denounce his statements as utterly untrue, so far as relates to any possible profit from high farming; and, in the Highlands, to start the supposition of such a system finding place *there* would extort a shout of derision. Next to the poor Irish, the Scotch Highlanders are perhaps the most rancorously-reviled people upon earth. From the thunderings of the *Times*, down to the imbecile abuse of the scurviest penny-a-liner, the Irish *canaille*, we have it constantly asserted, are the idlest and least improvable of any population; and yet no allegation can be more utterly perfounded. The Irish have been a horribly oppressed people, and they have contracted many of the sinister qualities and slothful habits which are indicants of a state of slavery; but give them some of the facilities of active freedom, and you will see how hard Irishmen can work, and with what docility they will submit to improving instruction. So with the Highlanders: they are ruled, generally speaking, by harsh delegations of authority—the factor's iron rod of sordid supremacy; and they are so cramped by the denial of land—which is their proper scene of labour—that their industry cannot be called into adequate exercise. They lounge listlessly—not from want of energy, but from want of employment—and yet hold out the proper incentive to poor Donald—good wages, and those wages punctually paid (which, to the shame of employers, wages in the Highlands are *not*), and it will quickly be apparent what these hardy Celtic labourers can statedly and satisfactorily perform. But, whatever may be the faults of the Highlanders, they are clear at least from the imputation of that enormous folly which is now confessedly fixed upon the agricultural wiseacres of the south. High, far too high, are rents in the north of Scotland; but the Highlanders are not as yet so demented as to add to the pressure of high rents the permanent losses upon high farming. It may be said that the Highlanders are too poor to indulge in these patriotic experiments; to which we reply, in Shakspeare's words, that "their state is the more gracious;" for the poverty that keeps out of the *Gazette* is better, we conceive, than the patriotism that rushes into it! To our thinking, the most candid and straightforward champion of high farming is the valiant Lord Kinnaird. This upright nobleman, instead of going about

the bush, like other protectionists (for he is one in *his* way), tells us boldly that the great use of high rents is to stimulate high farming. The more his tenantry of the *Carse of Gowrie* are compelled to pay to their noble landlord, the more the land must be tried and tasked, by exhausting chemical husbandry, in order to draw forth all the recondite fertility of the stubborn soil. The capital for this benevolent outlay must come from the tenant's pocket; and, on balancing his yearly accounts—having devoted so much to the land and so much to the landlord—a worthy *Inchture* tenant finds himself pretty much in the predicament of the clients between the two lawyers, who divided the oysters and left the suitors to share the shells!

What these unwise gentry call *high farming* must not be confounded with *good farming*. The former is a vain attempt to eke out an exorbitant rent by a ruinous expenditure on the land, which when made more productive, only increases the felt evil. For what do low prices denote, but over-supply, which necessarily depresses the market? The protectionists see this, and *their* remedy is to close the ports against foreign competition, and thus restore the monopoly of the home market to the disconsolate corn-growers. To aid in repealing the repeal of the corn-laws is the sole drift of the clever writer in Blackwood, apart from the praiseworthy motive of earning some ten or fifteen guineas a sheet by his landlord lucubrations, besides baskets of game, and haunches of venison! England's loyalty must be roused—all the *pro aris et focis* heroes must start forth as one man—and shout and fight for protection. Then, too, under the auspices of Blackwood—*Teucro duce*—the Scottish chivalry and clansmen must buckle on their armour—we mean, betake themselves to their cobs, and flourish their flails—and for WHAT? Why, in plain Saxon speech (for our Gaelic vocabulary is, we are sorry to say, very scanty), that landlords may get high rents by means of high prices, and that poor tenants may be ground to powder by exactions from which they can have no escape; for the monopoly of the home market gave, and would give again, the absolute despotism over the soil to extortionate landlords!

Therefore it is that at the risk of causing a little temporary displeasure, "the hectic of a moment," to our protectionist subscribers who gathered at Tain and Dingwall, we beg to assure them that the present outcry for renewed protection is very far from

being the voice of wisdom. It is the cry of crafty landlords swelled by the shouts of some obsequious tenants, but is *not* the manly utterance of the true wants and wishes of sensible, unsordid Highlanders.

MR CAIRD AGAIN: OR THE PEEL MISSIONARY TO IRELAND.

THE great agriculturist of Auchness having dispatched a pilot-pamphlet to indicate his literary course, has now, it appears, come out as an established member of the republic of letters, and inflicted a lusty little volume upon the reading world. The price of his new work (we believe nine or ten shillings) seems rather heavy in these days of declension; but as we presume the illustrious Caird is about to exchange high farming for high book-making, he must do his best to make authorship as profitable as potato planting. The origin of mighty undertakings is an interesting theme, and therefore the story of Mr Caird's advent to Ireland, and his consequent concoction of a book of travels, must attract the attention of all enquiring minds. Our readers cannot have forgotten Sir Robert Peel's autumnal sojourn at Eilan Aigas—what shots he fired—and what deer of Lord Lovat's he did *not* kill; but the statesman was not lost in the sportsman, as we shall speedily see. Mr Caird having committed to paper and print his astonishing revelations regarding the mystery of high farming, the ex-Premier pitched upon the Auchness romancer as just the man fitted to gather facts in support of his (Sir Robert's) renowned plan for the plantation of Connaught; and, upon an earnest representation of the matter to the Whig Government, it is alleged that Mr Caird was sent to investigate, at the public expense, Ireland's aptitude for high farming, with a special view to the "West of Ireland as a Field of Investment for Capital." Accordingly, the literary farmer of Baldoon (we were on the point of writing Balderdash) packs up his portmanteau, and departs with dignified speed for the sister island. We are sure, from his acknowledgments of innumerable attentions, that his right honourable patron provided him with a case of well-crammed credentials, calling upon all Peelites to come to the succour of their chief, by helping Mr Caird to puff off the plantation scheme. We can fancy Baldoon

filled with a sense of the important aid he was to render to his somewhat nonplussed employer—

> In my pocket I have letters,
> Saying, help me or I die!

So Mr Caird pops over to Dublin, then repairs to the West, "skims o'er the plain" with Camilla swiftness of step, eating, drinking, and sleeping at every great man's house on his route, and swallowing down with his champagne every tale which his aristocratic hosts were pleased to palm upon him as to "the probable feeling of the population towards immigrant farmers," or, in other words, towards Peel's plantation schemers. But Mr Caird, in order to requite his noble and gentle entertainers, makes his pages do the work of the *Times'* supplement, by advertising countless farms which lords and baronets are desirous to let, and he puffs them off in a *canny* style, which would befit a Caledonian George Robins. To us, who know Ireland thoroughly, this seems the main drift of Mr Caird's book—for of sound, useful, or novel information respecting that country, the volume is as barren as the Bog of Allen is of five shift crops, or other subtleties of Auchness husbandry, barring the potato. Even when Mr Caird falls upon a theme which it might be supposed his habits qualified him to descant upon, his failure of the faculty of discernment disables him from doing the slightest justice to the subject. For example, he meets with East Lothian farmers, who had transferred themselves to Ireland long before the fine plans of ruining themselves by means of high farming had seized hold of Scottish agriculturists; Mr Caird notices their success in the midst of surrounding wretchedness and failure, but he omits to tell us why the Scotch are incomparably the most eligible improvers for Ireland. The fact is, that their thrifty habits, and economical mode of living—their attention to small savings and small gains—fit them to give a good example in a very poor country, which would be equally damaged by English expensiveness and Irish improvidence. As we do not meet with anything in Mr Caird's travels which may not be found in the commonest road-book or gazeteer, we will spare our readers the recital of his common-places. We take it, that our tourist went to Ireland as a sort of *Connaught Ranger* on the staff of Sir Robert Peel, whose grand plantation project is still uppermost as a stepping-stone to another snatch of premiership. "A comprehensive scheme, like that developed by Sir

Robert Peel in the last session of Parliament, is absolutely necessary for the safety of the west of Ireland," asserts Caird the confidant. But we assert, in our turn, that Sir Robert Peel's plantation scheme, so far as it could be comprehended (for it was a chaos of contrarieties), would, if acted upon, inflict an *Iliad* of woes upon Ireland. The ex-Premier takes a line out of history, just as a cotton-spinner draws a thread out of a handful of wool. He reads that Sir Francis Bacon planned the plantation of Ulster, which was a *depopulated* country; and Sir Robert Peel proposes to make a plantation in Connaught, for which the way is to be prepared by driving out and expatriating the inhabitants, and, in effect, confiscating their property. Truly the mantle of the Verulam philosopher has not fallen upon the Drayton " man of money."

It, however, may be satisfactory to the friends of Ireland to be made aware, that there is at this moment going forward in the heart of Connaught a plantation scheme of much better promise than Sir Robert Peel's, although unprotected by London companies of gormandising speechifyers. The Society of Friends have purchased an immense tract of territory in Galway, with the view of spreading agricultural improvement—exciting industry, by giving a just and regularly-paid recompense for labour—and thus *planting* civilisation and comfort in a region teeming with neglected and oppressed human beings. Over this establishment—Colmanstown, model farm, Glantane—the society have placed Doctor Bewley, a man to whom Irish agriculture owes more of institutional instruction than to any other person. Doctor Bewley has given up a high position in a lucrative profession, to devote himself to the arts of amelioration in the wilds of Connaught; and his success is commensurate with his zeal. This is the true mode of effecting improvements—very different from orations after a Lord Mayor's dinner, or book-making perpetrated by missionary Caird!

TENANT RIGHT.

A writer who feels desirous of rendering any real service to the present generation must be endued with no common share of boldness and independence of mind; for he has to reckon upon finding himself in constant conflict with the popular fallacies of the day; and these same fraudulent crotchets put forward too with bluster-

ing confidence which makes truth and its advocates appear quite spiritless and unworthy of attention. The intellect of all classes is kept in continual excitement by paradoxes so intimately connected with men's passions and interests, that it is difficult to seize a quiet pause for inculcating the most obvious common-sense principles. The turbulent Irish agitators who are always in want of some fresh fuel to heat their furnace, laid hold some years since of the question commonly called Tenant Right; and by dint of clamour and bluster, they contrived to make people believe that next to food, it was the article most needed for the comfort and prosperity of all nations. Ulster is the paradisaical region where this splendid boon is, it seems to be found in perfection; and therefore we hailed with no small satisfaction an opportunity afforded us of scrutinizing in Armagh, Tyrone, and other northern counties, the practical working of so great a blessing. The first discovery of importance we made, was, that Tenant right is, in plain English, no right at all. It is a usage which owes its origin to the settlement of Ulster in the reign of James I., when that five times confiscated country, at length assumed the aspect of civilization and culture. In proportion as property became secure, the incentive to improvement pervaded even humble possessions; and at length the progress of prosperity showed itself in the shape of a conventional custom which usurps the name of tenant right. If the small holder of land is desirous of quitting his petty farm, he looks out for a successor who is willing to give him the most money for his *good will*, *i. e.* investiture in the tenancy, subject to the consent of the landlord. The first element of the landlord's concurrence is the complete clearance of all arrears of rent; and upon many estates there is a further condition, viz, that all debts due by the outgoing tenant to parties residing on the estate, shall be liquidated. The bargain, if sanctioned by the landlord, then matures into fulfilment, and is carried out under the auspices of the agent, with whom the money is deposited; and who primarily sets apart sufficient to clear off the landlord's claims, then pockets something on his own account, makes a dividend among the departing farmer's home creditors, and finally hands the balance, if balance there be, to the swain now forsaking his former fields. And is this all, cries some angry agriculturist who has been terribly touched with the Irish ravings on the grand subject of tenant right. Yes indeed, good friends Fallowfield or

Turnip-top; there is not a jot or tittle more in the mystery of tenant right, than what we have endeavoured to explain for your edification. We watched the whole exercise of this mighty privilege, as it was marked out by several cases that fell under our observation; and we could never detect any greater benefits than those we have described. Nevertheless, we are not willing to under-rate them. There is advantage both to landlord and tenant in an available arrangement which consults for the interests of each, and which promotes useful change. Still tenant right does not rise above the level of provincial usage; and herein we would say its chief excellency consists. A kindly, but rough adjustment takes place between landlord and tenant, and the social system is thereby strengthened and improved. But what do our blind reformers struggle to effect? They want to stamp tenant right with the stern sanction of law; and to substitute litigation for amicable agreement. We hold that a tenant can have no rights connected with land, save those which are freely conceded by the will of the proprietor. This is the true doctrine of landed possessions. Proprietors may be despotic, narrow-minded, churlish, or ignorant of their own true interests; but we totally deny and distrust the interposition of law between landlord and tenant. All that legislation can properly accomplish is to enforce the fulfilment of lawful contracts; but to dictate the matter or mode of those contracts is a death-knell to the just rights of property. It is in this spirit that we are anxious to plead the cause of the poor. We have never shrunk from visiting with emphatic censure all systematic attempts to oppress the humble tillers of the soil; we have pointed out the mischief and misery of compulsory emigration; we have shown the injustice and impolicy (reacting upon proprietors themselves) of withholding from small cultivators a sufficient proportion of land; we have earnestly inculcated the wisdom and generous expediency of granting leases to *all* who are accepted as tenants, and who are capable of turning land to good account; but it never once entered into our head that any of those errors could be averted, or those advantages attained, by means of any law or laws which all the lawyers in the empire should concur in framing. Our expectation lies in a totally different direction. We are of opinion that very many proprietors of the soil will awaken to the dangers and difficulties of their present position, and exercise the good sense which God has given them to

promote their truest interests, in equitable unison with the interests of their dependants. Protection—the monopoly of the home market of corn subsistence—is irrevocably passed away, so as to cast a dark shade of either folly or fraud upon those misguided men who would agitate for its possible restoration. The potato is also gone; not, indeed, in the sense of a total discultivation of that valuable esculent; but the *system* which was founded on the long recognised fact, that potatoes had become the staple food of the petty holders of land, is on the eve of annihilation. Ask any well-judging proprietor of land, whether he thinks it practicable that a family can be sustained *now* upon the produce of two, or three, or four acres of land, and he will at once admit that this is entirely out of the question; and therefore *rent* is equally out of the question. Soon—fearfully soon—it will be urgently pressed upon proprietors whose cultivable land is loaded with small tenants, What are we to do? Our answer to such a query is, Do justly—examine whether, among your presently distressed dependants, there are not many persons to whom additional land for reclamation might not be safely granted on such terms as would stimulate honest effort. If a rich man plans the reclamation of large breadths of idle land, his instrument of enterprise is *capital*, wherewith he can put in action the labour of others; but the poor man's capital is his industry; and how effectual is the energy of such humble reclaimers of land, may be witnessed at this hour, on some of the rocky ranges that overhang the eastern shores of Sutherland; and under every kind of disadvantage, it may be added—for the Duke of Sutherland, influenced by exceedingly bad advisers, rigidly refuses leases except to his colossal sheep-farmers, who bestride the straths formerly fertilised by numerous small occupants. We may here remark that we can never see the reasonableness of drawing a distinction between the large and the small holder of land, in the matter of leases. What confuses the mind of many a theorist, is the constant harping upon capital, as if no man is worthy of any certainty of tenure, except he can swagger at an auction sale with an overflowing purse, replenished, it may be, by virtue ot a cash-credit from a too credulous bank! Capital, sound, unborrowed command of money is no doubt an excellent thing in farming, as well as in every other productive pursuit; but we presume that all capital must be the result of the twofold element—industry, coupled with self-denying thrift.

Give a poor man such a prospect of assured permanence as shall draw forth his industry and skill in reclaiming, cultivating, and improving an allotment suited to his powers, and you will secure the same *proportional* amount of profitable labour bestowed on land, as can be reckoned upon from richer and more extensive cultivators. 'Tis true, you must not look for the agricultural marvels of Auchness, as described by *canny* Caird of Baldoon; but there may be good farming where there is no grand farming; and the lowly lot of the *many* may prove safer than the splendid pretensions of the *few*. Speculative high farming is shown to be occasionally attended with severe vicissitudes; and when a farm of 500 or 600 acres is returned abruptly upon the hands of a proprietor, inconvenience is much more severely felt than ever can be experienced in consequence of pressure upon small farmers. It may also be fairly inquired, whether high farming is ultimately so beneficial to landlords? We do not profess to be stored with much agricultural knowledge; but we know this much, that high farming must necessarily be *exhausting* in its stimulative processes. Bad farming may certainly stint the productive powers of the soil; but it is equally true, that the forced exuberance of successive seasons may lead to the impoverishment of land, just about the time when it comes into the repossession of the proprietor.

We have indulged in these somewhat desultory observations, in order that the part we have so honestly and independently taken, in pleading the cause of the poor and the oppressed in the Highlands, may not be exposed to misconstruction. The doctrine we hold is simply this—that the interests of landlord and tenant are inseparable; and that whoever foments feuds between parties so closely connected, is an enemy to social tranquillity and improvement. We have always maintained, that a judicious and liberal proprietor fills a patriarchal position, than which nothing can be more honourable, or more calculated to diffuse prosperity and happiness. There can be no necessity for Acts of Parliament to better the relation which should subsist between the generous landlord and the grateful tenant. It is on this account, too, that we quarrel so lustily with the Scottish system of thrusting factors into the place of their principals. We are not for dispensing with factors. On the contrary, we deem it needful that a large proprietor should employ a trustworthy mediatorial manager, who should devote himself to the useful details practically belonging to

the administration of property. But we are for considering such persons as responsible servants; not mongrel masters; not iron functionaries, armed with authority which they abuse, and favoured with facilities which they wrest to purposes of sordid oppression, and personal aggrandisement. We hope it will not be thought egotistical that we should advert to some prevalent misapprehensions of our published strictures regarding mismanaged proprietorship. Because we found fault with Lord Macdonald's partial sacking of Sollas, and his Lordship's sheriff-constrained agreements to secure compulsory emigration: because we stigmatised the heartless conduct of Mr Baillie towards his starving serfs at Glenelg: or honestly deplored the infatuation of a really kind-natured laird—Mr Lillingston of Lochalsh: becaused we ventured to strip off the tin-foil which is made to glitter on the Sutherland Coronet of the "good Duke," and showed up the hollowness and fallacy of Mr Loch's pretended "improvements,"—we would caution our readers from rashly assuming that we intended to frame a general indictment against the important body of Highland proprietors. That there may be something to blame with the best of them, men of sense and candour would be the first to acknowledge; but indiscriminate censure of a whole class never can be consistent with truth and fairness; and therefore we disclaim that sort of desolating discontent, which roves "from Dan to Beersheba," and finds nothing for honest approval. Another charge against us, is the alleged impossibility of a stranger being competent to form a judgment upon local themes; and, that, in short, we have scribbled about what we are thoroughly ignorant of. Our only reply shall be couched in the remark, that a stranger may be capable of passing a just judgment upon *facts;* and that, although strangership may be a bar to minute information, it is, upon the whole, favourable to one usefully exercised quality, namely, IMPARTIALITY.

QUACK D'ISRAELI'S LATEST NOSTRUM.

WE entertain a very moderate respect for the regular state physicians, who are so handsomely feed for physicking this plethoric empire; but we have an absolute loathing of the *Mock Doctors*, who, having taken democratic degrees, and shuffled themselves into a sort of sham professional notoriety, are continuall

advertising their universal specifics for the abolition of all political diseases. D'Israeli, the Jew-Gentile romance writer, and House of Commons enlivener, is a practitioner of this latter stamp. During the recess he was engaged in hawking his patent medicines about the rural districts; and he generally contrived to pop in upon poor farmers, "much bemused with beer," after their market dinners; and puffed off his little medical wares with the bronze flippancy which characterises his auctioneering eloquence. Last week he chose to exhibit in the senate, and although his fresh *Balm of Gilead* is not a whit better than any of his former curatives; he certainly succeeded in calling a larger amount of attention to his new *simples*, we may venture to call them.

Our readers will perhaps remember that the opening of the session was signalised by a financial piece of braggadocio on the part of the ministers, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was likely to have a surplus of revenue, little short of two millions, at his disposal; and that the good guardian of the public-purse was somewhat at a loss what to do with his treasure-trove. This was enough for the vehement and voluble D'Israeli, who can say with Othello, "upon this hint I spake;" and speak he accordingly did last week for several hours, with the benevolent intent of helping the Government to allocate the new-found fund, in such a mode as would prove most satisfactory to the Protectionist party. Three doses in the shape of resolutions were prescribed by Doctor D'Israeli to the House of Commons. The effect of the first would be to transfer to the consolidated fund the whole expense of the establishment of the Poor Laws; the second would transfer to the consolidated fund about half a million of other charges; and the third would place upon the general revenue of the united kingdom, the cost of maintaining and providing for the casual poor. The Doctor, moreover, declared with great fairness, that all this should be considered as but one of the measures which he contemplated for the health and cure of the body politic. Our readers will see at a glance that this *recipe* is in fact a revocation of the Poor Law system of Assessment; and that if the proposition were adopted, the present provision for the parochial poor must undergo a perfectly sweeping change. This class of considerations, however, Mr D'Israeli did not condescend to notice; his whole object being to win a little catch-penny popularity by suggesting a scheme ostensibly for the relief of the "agricultural interest." His

speech, therefore, and a succession of speeches, *pro* and *con*, were all partisan harangues, each orator availing himself of the occasion to disgorge his declamatory nothings concerning the distressing difficulties and no-difficulties of the passing time. The vapid, bootless character of two prolonged debates cannot be adequately described. We have Sir James Graham's statistics of his Netherby domains; Mr Wilson's dull repetition of his dissertations in the *Economist;* and then comes Mr Gladstone, the pillar of English Church and State Jesuitry, who, finding that his old "pastor and master," Sir R. Peel, has lost his chance of a third premiership, is evidently setting up for himself, and hopes to be carried into Downing Street on the shoulders of the protectionist palanquin bearers. The next interminable talker is the Tamworth Janus, who has one face for free trade, and another visage for protection rents. Sir Robert having exhausted all the usual sources of national prosperity, comes to the succour of the agriculturists by avowing himself the champion of brick-making! Other wiseacres may dive into mines and collieries for the extrication of national wealth, and suggest fallacious remedies for the relief of distressed farmers; but Sir R. Peel has one infallible specific for all our wants and woes: let other sages go where they may, but Sir Robert betakes himself to the brick-kiln! If bricks are allowed to be made *ad libitum*, without duty, and without the meddling measurement of impertinent excise-officers, Sir Robert Peel assures all men, women, and children, that national prosperity will be almost too great to be borne! How can surplus riches be more beneficially employed than in permitting bricks to fly about in perfect freedom!

Unluckily, at the close of two night's debate, Lord John Russell rises, big with the fate of D'Israeli's resolutions, and Sir Robert's bricks. The Premier, in a very complimentary style, praises all the orators in succession, and is very happy in extolling Sir Robert Peel's devotedness to free-trade, which his lordship well may; for, had it not been for that *faux pas*, Lord John would not now have sitting-room on the Treasury bench. After this routine of eulogy, the grand secret is at length disclosed; all the debaters of every party, and every shade of opinion, from Doctor D'Israeli to Doctor Peel, had founded all their sagacious suggestions on the assumed certainty of a SURPLUS; when, Ho!

presto, begone, the First Lord waves his wand, and the vaunted surplus is declared to have no existence save in the ministerial *mirage*, which glittered for a moment over the financial sands on the first day of the session! And thus vanishes D'Israeli's doctoring and Peel's brick-making! Old Oxenstiern informed his son, "with what a trifle of wisdom the world was governed;" but in our day, it is plain that the world is governed without any wisdom at all!

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON PROTECTION AND RENTS.

Sir Robert Peel, in compliance, we presume, with the social liberalities of the season, has bethought himself of bestowing a nice Christmas box, in the shape of an epistle, on the above two-fold theme—ostensibly addressed to his Staffordshire tenantry—and here the ex-premier has to encounter a double difficulty. As a statesman, and moreover the identical minister who succeeded in carrying the repeal of the corn-laws—he has to contend with might and main against the bare supposition of any possible revival of the monster-evil—Protection. But, on the other hand, Sir Robert Peel has the good fortune to be the proprietor of large landed estates, of which the usufruct comes to him every six months in the agreeable mode of particularly well paid rents—which somehow or other tenants begin to think were estimated upon old-fashioned protectionist principles—not according to the tariff springing out of Cobdenite tenets. To meet this difficulty, Sir Robert has written and published a rather lengthy letter, in which he discusses very edifyingly the irrevocableness of his own legislation regarding the corn-laws—talks of the good effect of the "free import" of the main articles of subsistence "in maintaing a range of low prices in average seasons, and to prevent very high prices in seasons of dearth"—dwells with philosophical precision on the advantages of cheap national food—and winds up his display of statemanship with a practical exhortation to his own tenants—and, of course, all other tenants—"to dismiss altogether from their calculations the prospect of renewed protection." So far, so good—the anti-protectionist statesman comes out in great force—and it is plain that D'Israeli or Lord Glengall are not likely to obtain adherents among the tenantry of the great writer of general epistles from Drayton Manor. But when, after dispatching the case of the

empire at large, Sir Robert Peel enters upon a sort of domestic disquisition as to the relation presently subsisting, and probably accruing, between himself and his Staffordshire rent-payers, we lose sight of that lucid decision, and uncompromising boldness, which characterise his declarations against defunct and never-to-be-restored protection. After reading twice over Sir Robert's exposition of a new "relation of landlord and tenant," obligingly sketched in his letter, we confess ourselves unable to gather any hints bearing on the *permanent* welfare of his landholding dependants. Sir Robert promises to consider this, and to consider that —to make a variety of calculations—endless enquiries on all conceivable subjects, at home and abroad—and to "co-operate" with his sturdy Staffordshire husbandmen "in preparing to meet, not only foreign, but home competition." Then follows the practical working of this doctrine of "co-operation," which consists in agricultural *advice* on Sir Robert's part, and in "wise economy—the command of adequate capital—the application of scientific skill—the liberal employment of labour"—and about a dozen other excellent things on the part of the farmers! At length we approach the core of this deep mystery—what about RENTS?—and here Sir Robert, being familiar with the *chefs d'œuvre* of the great masters, treats us with a finished dash of *chiaro oscuro*, and blends light and shade so cleverly, as to make it very doubtful whether his tenants are to be really benefited or not. The only absolute certainty in the fore-ground is the matter-of-fact intimation that rents, "payable according to custom at Michaelmas and Lady-day," are still to be paid, together with all arrears, at the same solemn periods, and at the same customary rates! So runs the Drayton decree as to the peremptory payment of unlowered rents—for any abatement (if attainable) is reserved for future deliberation, and distant determination. If people pay punctually their old, protection rents, Sir Robert graciously engages to lay out "20 per cent. on such improvements as may be most beneficial to each farm."

Now, with all submission to the wisdom and liberality of the great parliamentary destroyer of protection, we beg to inquire, whether these arrangements meet the cases of the tenants thus lectured by their leviathan landlord of Drayton Manor. Is it true or false that prices are *permanently* fallen, and in consequence too of the very measure of abolition which Sir Robert Peel strained his strength to carry? Is it true or false that rents

all rents, Sir Robert's own rents, were artificially enhanced by virtue of the protection so long afforded, and now "irrevocably withdrawn? These are the questions that require honest, practical solution, instead of evasive expedients such as Sir Robert Peel fills his letter with. Tenants *must* pay their accustomed rents is the burden of Sir Robert's Staffordshire ditty; and when they have sold crop or stock on forced terms to meet Sir Robert's austere audit, then they may go home penniless to dream of improvements made on Sir Robert Peel's *own farm*, by direction of Sir Robert's *own agent!* Ah Sir Robert, this won't do! In addition to being a liberal statesman, you must learn to be a liberal landlord. As you have helped to lower prices, now help to lower rents. Remember how angrily you denounced the Irish landlords. Set them a good example by foregoing a fair portion of income derived from land, and furnish your tenants with inducements for not joining the recruited ranks of the protectionists.

SIR ROBERT PEEL ON FREE TRADE AND RENTS: OR THE TWO VOICES FROM TAMWORTH.

In another part of our paper will be found, copied from the *Times*, a shrewd plain-speaking letter from a Lichfield correspondent, revealing the sore disappointment and dudgeon of the Staffordshire farmers on reading, or hearing read (for scholarship seldom guides the English plough), Sir Robert Peel's mysterious manifesto, which appeared in our last publication. We may take a little credit to ourselves for our early exposition of Sir Robert's oracular obscurities, which, from having closely studied the character and career of the ex-Premier, we felt ourselves tolerably qualified to interpret. The Lichfield commentator having the advantage of living in Sir Robert's vicinage, and, of course, of acquiring a knowledge of the Staffordshire sentiment regarding low prices and high rents, has informed us of the unmistakeable resentment of the agricultural ale-bibbers of that large county on finding that Sir Robert Peel turns out to be a Parliamentary Free-trader, and a Drayton Manor Protectionist! Who can adequately picture the dismay of a portly tenant farmer, whose savings have been sorrowfully melting away since the downfall of protection, when Sir Robert's dark sayings are opened up to him, like the

explication of Egyptian hieroglyphics! He takes into his mind by slow instalments the murky meaning of the craftily-composed circular. No *protection* for any person, or any thing under the sun! All prices of all articles must fall, and continue falling, for the public good! The prices of corn must especially be secured from fluctuation, and therefore a "low range" of rates may be confidently reckoned upon by every patriotic tiller of the soil! Just think of the long faces of Sir Robert's tenants when they learn the dreadful secret, that although every thing else must partake of "decline and fall," the Peel rents are to remain as high as ever! Trade, commerce, agriculture, even the votes of electors *ex. gr.*, "head-money" at Stafford, or Newcastle-under-Lyme—all—all must come down to the lowest standard of righteous reduction; but there is one cherished exception to the universal rule —*landlords' rents*—and above all, Sir Robert Peel's rents cannot possibly be touched by the rude hand of diminution! As a splendid boon, he will undertake to improve his own farms let upon *yearly* leases; and to defray the cost of those improvements, Sir Robert promises to lay aside twenty *per cent.* of each fully paid rent, to be laid out at leisure by Sir Robert himself! "And is this all," cries the indignant grower of grain, as he angrily smashes his pipe and lights another with Sir Robert's postage-paid circular? Yes, indeed, friend farmer, this is the whole sum and substance of the Drayton Manor manifesto—learn to respect the rights of landed property, and while reverencing Sir Robert Peel's zeal for free-trade, do not murmur at the conservative dispensation which upholds the immutable integrity of the Peel rent-roll!

PRACTICAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE CROFTER SYSTEM ON THE ESTATE OF MR FRASER OF CULBOCKIE.

One of the most flagrant fallacies of these days of delusion is the notion so widely propagated, that individuals are of no account whatever, mere mites of mortality, incapable by reason of their singleness of effecting any beneficial object—that in short the piece of pleasantry applied to tailors, is equally suitable to every member of society, who must be deemed only a fraction of humanity. To this doctrine we cannot subscribe. We, on the contrary, look for more beneficial results from the wise and liberal efforts of men,

acting in their individual capacities, and conscientiously impressed with a sense of their individual responsibilities, than from the bustling jobbing, and strenuous chicanery of all the associations, confederations, and committees under the sun. What are all those pompous incorporations which abound in every nook of our land, but machines for working out sordid purposes, craftily moved by a few selfish parties who, under colour of a common authorization, pervert public objects into personal interests? And the exposure of countless bubbles does not hinder the concoction of fresh frauds, or of futilities which eventually take the shape of frauds. We have on our table at this moment two spick and span splendid schemes; one for transforming Ireland into a new garden of Eden by means of a half-crown deposit upon an allotment of shares—and the other, a grand Glasgow project of an "association for the protection and improvement of the population of the Highlands and Islands," in which no mention is as yet made of shares or allotment, but of which we have a shrewd suspicion there is a sly approximation to the subscription system, to be organised by means of committees, directors, treasurer, secretary, and so forth. These projectors must pardon us, if we decline puffing off their patriotic and philanthropic plans. If sound and good, they will prosper without our help; and if somewhat equivocal (which we rather apprehend), the less we meddle in such matters, the better for the credit and character of this journal.

But while eschewing collusive commendations of associated bodies, we are heartily willing to give an honest measure of publicity to the well-meant efforts of individuals who do not seek for notoriety as the *foundation* of their schemes of alleged improvement; and, influenced by this principle, we resolve to lay before our readers the subjoined statement, which we obtained in the following way:—Having heard that a just and liberal course of conduct towards crofters, had been pursued with the best effects on the estate of Mr Fraser of Culbockie; we availed ourselves of some pleasing personal intercourse with that gentleman, to draw from him the details of the actual ameliorations; and they struck us as being so clearly beneficial in themselves, and so likely to be useful in the way of example, that we solicited the further favour of a written communication, embracing the chief points brought forward in conversation. We now present to our readers Mr Fraser's own statement, word for word as we received it, and we shall seize an

early occasion of dilating with some degree of minuteness, upon the important subject which it involves. Mr Fraser, under the guidance of lucid good sense, without any of the clap-trap refinements so rife in these times, has, if we mistake not, hit upon the true mode of benefitiag himself while conducing to the comfort and prosperity of his humble tenantry.

The croft portion of the estate of Guisachan is composed of four farms, consisting of mixed arable, wood and pasture land.

Each farm is divided into so many lots, upon the following principle:—Say that a farm is worth a rental of £48, and considered a desirable farm for four tenants, the arable and improvable portion of it is forthwith surveyed and cut up into four lots; a tenant takes each lot, whilst the hill range is common to the four tenants. Each tenant thus pays £12 a-year—keeps a horse, cultivates and improves his own ground, while the four, in common, pay a lad to herd their united sheep-stock on the hill, each farmer, however, owning his own sheep individually.

Some of the farms bring more, and some less than £12 (each lot) per annum; such, however forms the average.

It is now upwards of four years since these lots were made out. Strict impartiality was observed in equally dividing them. Nineteen years' leases, with proper conditions, were made out, and granted to the tenants on all these lots. Large improvements, such as making embankments to keep off floods of the river, &c., have been made by the landlord, whilst all the smaller improvements and the reclaiming of new land have been undertaken and carried on by the tenants. Previous to 1845, when these leases were granted, the crofters were a little more numerous, the old fashioned runrig system was all that was known, and such a thing as a lease did not exist, and hardly an improvement had been carried on for forty years back; and even the continued liberality of the late proprietor had hardly kept the people from the lowest state of poverty and dependence. Since then new life and energy have actuated the newly created tenants, and improvement has been the order of the day; some of the lots are now worth fully a third more than they were four years ago, and the tenants continue to progress. By their leases they are bound to erect new and comfortable houses; most of the tenants hitherto have been so occupied in taking in new land, that they have hardly had time to attend to aught else, but are now generally beginning to build their

houses. In the course of another year or two, when less occupied with their improvements in lands and houses, wood being furnished them, they will take a look at the nicety of their fences, &c.; in five or six years from the commencement of their leases, it is the expectation of their landlord to see their farms all in a state of perfect order—a very different state of things from what would exist without leases!

Hitherto there has been only one failure amongst them all, and in this case the subject is an old man upwards of 70 years of age, who, from his poverty and frailty, could not have been expected to succeed in his new independent position, and was only given a lot to avoid turning him adrift. There are numbers of applications to fill his place.

The rents of the farms are well paid. When a tenant wishes to improve a portion of land, situated on the pasture ground, common to the whole farm, the understanding is, that the landlord can divide the common run of pasture into equal portions, when the said tenant encloses his own share, and does what he chooses with it.

The other farms on the estate are let on the same principle, but being much larger, are not included in the foregoing statement.

Owing to the mode in which the farms and lots on the property are made out and let, poverty can scarcely be said to exist on it: whilst the poor rates of the parish (of which Guisachan forms a part) amount to 1s. 6d. in the pound, there are only two paupers on the estate of Guisachan. Though these lots are few in number, that fact cannot be considered as against the system, either in theory or practice: were there 500 lots, the system throughout might be carried on as easily, and as much to the advantage of the country and reduction of pauperism. The system of small farms and long leases requires but to be looked into with impartiality and candour to be followed by the annihilation of the run-rig system.

Satisfied as I am of the good results of small farms with leases, yet I am clearly of opinion, that it would be doing an injustice to men of the class, to give such farms to men without any capital whatever; they should certainly possess enough property to enable them to take possession of, and stock their farms, without borrowing from their neighbours; if a tenant has some trade to depend on beside, why, so much the better.

I have written out below, the rents payable by, and the stock possessed by three of the tenants, average specimens of the whole number. It is difficult to mention exactly the quantity of arable land in each lot, as it is not yet ascertained what amount of land many of the tenants have already taken in, since their lot was surveyed:—

R. G——, rent £16; has 2 horses, 4 cows, 4 young cattle, upwards of 50 sheep. Has about 8 acres of arable land, with his share of hill pasture.

W. F——, rent £11, 10s.; has 1 horse, 4 cows, 4 young cattle, upwards of 40 sheep. Has about 7 acres arable, with share of hill pasturage.

J. M——, rent £15, out of which, £7 is payable as landlord of the Inn; has 1 horse, 2 cows, 2 young cattle, about 30 sheep. Has about 7 acres arable, with share of hill pasture.

MORE PONDERINGS OF A PERTHSHIRE FARMER—IMPROVEMENT OF THE COTTIER SYSTEM.

Our active minded friend in Perthshire still favours us with cheering cogitations on subjects connected with the welfare and elevation of the peasantry. From an excellent letter which he has recently addressed to us, we make the following extract, which deserves, we think, deliberate consideration. Our correspondent does not, like some projectors, aim to deprive the peasantry of all freedom of action: his object, on the contrary, is to afford industrious cottiers some just scope for useful exertion, that they may be profitable members of society, not thriftless serfs, always tending towards pauperism:—

"And here I would humbly throw out a hint which you will, perhaps, make some use of in future schemes. Most of the cotteries are in a ruinous state, the principal features being a hovel, not rectilinear, and which, by every rule of natural philosophy, should fall; an oppressive load of accumulated thatch, surmounted by no visible chimney; a dirty entrance, and a midden nearer than is consistent with health or cleanly civilisation; and pools of green, stagnant water: to vary the rustic scene, an old turf or feal dyke, of no use but to shew twaddling moralists the effects of time. Now, on most Highland moors stone is near at hand, and

all the men are good dry builders. Let the landlord employ a good superintending mason, who could overlook and direct the building of a dozen cottages with lime, supply wood for rafters, &c., and thatch or slate, as most convenient. If the line of cottages were together, let there be built round the whole ground proposed to be enclosed a substantial three-foot wall, surmounted, at the owner's cost, by a wire or iron rail. The building to be done by all the cottiers in company; the partitions between each by all also, or by the two neighbours; the cottiers to be guaranteed a lease of nineteen years, to encourage them to commence and build for their own comfort; and no rent to be charged as long as they are working on the building, draining, and enclosing—say for the first two years—as they are generally poor; but if they are of good character, their labour is good security; and although money were advanced to assist them to stock, they would soon repay it. It is an advantage to have them near each other, as one plough, &c. might serve two or three. If they build their own houses according to the rule laid down of their being substantial and modern, let them be entitled to a sum of compensation at the end of the lease, as well as a lower rent, proportionable to the interest of money saved to the landlord. To render them independent of other wages of labour, each croft should be suitably large, according to the quality of the soil. A well written, concise, practical pamphlet, laying down the most economical and remunerative system of croft culture, would teach them more than an expensive and unworkable college, which they would ridicule. Last of all, let every cottier have the privilege of grazing a cow or more, according as he pays for it, on the moor land, outside of the enclosed. My principle is, to do as they did long ago, when crofts were first established. Don't employ a host of masons at 15s. a week to build an humble cottage; but, as in the colonies, let them employ their own hands and ingenuity, thus saving an outlay which would at the first discourage the owner of the land. Let them make a perfect, well-finished, well-enclosed job of each holding at the first, and thereafter all is the work which they know well, that of farming their croft, and improving it. Many of the peasantry at present have only a garden so small, that it only holds two bee-hives and a few rows of cabbage and greens, with which, and a cow's keep, they manage to live and pay a £7 rent. How much more respectable and comfortable, then, would they be,

if they could be established as small farmers? and I maintain that it would pay; and for such idle fellows as would not exert themselves to better their condition, I would have no pity for them. Let *them* join the emigration tide.

"P.S. If the cows grazed outside, as proposed, there would be no occasion for dividing dykes between cottiers.

"I have written this very hastily, and quite immatured, as I have never taken the trouble to follow out all the contingencies which might prevent the plan going on; but, if you choose, I will farther consider, and in time write a prospectus, which you can look at."

SHOULD NOT THE HIGHLANDERS BE SCHOLASTICALLY TAUGHT THEIR OWN NATIVE LANGUAGE?

A letter, copied from the *Witness*, in another column, touches upon a topic to which we attach great importance. The writer notices propositions to have a professor of Celtic in the new Free Church College, and in other collegiate institutions, which we entirely approve of. Each of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland has a Celtic professor, and why should Scotland fall behind the sister island in this class of instruction? But we are disposed to go much farther and deeper, and to promote an early cultivation of Celtic in the Highland schools. Celtic children should be taught to read and write in the language which they lisp from infancy, and this course of instruction would fit their faculties for a readier reception of the English language. An eminently useful Irishman, Thaddeus Connellan, has been the means of diffusing a sound knowledge of the Celtic in Ireland; and the result has been to stimulate students to acquire a more thorough acquaintance with the English tongue. In Wales, the same system has had the same happy effect.

PROPOSED WEEKLY MARKETS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

We are not disposed to undervalue the cleverness of the present day; but it sometimes occurs to us that the diffusion of education, and the influence of scribbling, printing, and publication have a proneness to produce a very speculative state of things, in which

theory has quite the whip-hand of poor, ignoble practice. Instead of making a proper use of statistical knowledge, by utilizing its details (forgive us a bit of Frenchified foppery of phrase), our countless writers indulge in vague generalities about the want of this, and the abuse of that—errors in the social system—tendencies of the age—and such like abstractions, until authors and readers are plunged in a fog of no-meaning, "in which all comprehension wanders lost." The alleged enlightenment of the times is one of the greatest difficulties which a plain inculcator of the truth has to deal with; for every body knows so much of every thing, and every branch of information is so dignified into science—from the stars down to the sanitary cess-pools—that a quiet suggestion about any ordinary improvement, to be effected without the aid of philosophical principles, stands a very small chance of being attended to.

Since our own perquisitions into the state of the Highlands have had the fortune to attract some share of public notice, we observe with pleasure that many minds have been exercised upon the subjects to which we were, and are, so zealously devoted. Edinburgh and Glasgow newspaper dissertationists—Skye correspondents—*Times'* "Highlanders"—and clouds of Caledonian travellers by the fireside—have started into indignant activity, and are full of original, authentic amazement at the neglected and oppressed state of the Highlands and Islands. As even penny trumpets, if sufficiently numerous, and vigorously sounded, would suffice to swell an instrumental chorus, we are well pleased with the present noise regarding Highland topics; but just as the bagpipe would prove more popular in this land of pibrochs, so do we think that our small strains touching upon practical improvements will be more acceptable than the loudest projects of philanthropic theorists, who mistake schemes for actual benefits. Our heart's desire is to promote the spread of contented civilization and diffusive comfort among the peasant population scattered throughout the Highlands, whose condition we examined with scrupulous solicitude—not afraid of developing the most distressing facts, and yet honestly anxious to avoid all exaggerated statement. It is a great injustice to assume that we have been actuated by any unfriendly feeling towards proprietors whose estates we impartially investigated. We had no more of prejudice or pique against Lord Macdonald or the Duke of Sutherland, than against the Pacha of

Egypt or the Autocrat of Russia; but we thought it right to set forth, fairly and boldly, the true condition of Highland territories, which could not be effected if the oppressions practised towards the peasantry had been obsequiously omitted. So far from drawing hostile distinctions between proprietors and their dependants, we, on the contrary, wish to blend their interests more beneficially; and to point out facilities to the rich for increasing their just influence over the poor. Every step taken in this direction will exceedingly strengthen the social system, now exposed to very rude and perilous assaults; and, if we do not greatly err, a storm is angrily lowering, to resist which all protective influences should be prudently accumulated.

In contemplating Highland life, the first thing that strikes us, is its isolation. Humble dwellings at severe distances from each other. Hamlets and miniature towns widely apart; main roads insufficient and in disrepair; bye roads almost impassable. This will, we think, be admitted as an accurate description of vast regions in the Highlands; though in the matter of roads, we must always make a reservation in favour of Sutherland, where the Duke prides himself upon having super-excellent roads, upon which poor travellers (like ourselves) are welcome to travel, toll free, through districts depopulated by his Grace's noble papa! But wherever scattered portions of population are to be found, would it not be advisable to connect them more closely—to afford them opportunities of interchanging, not only commodities, but sympathies, opinions, information, and improvement; and to multiply the means by which men's interests act and react upon each other? To help forward these benefits, we do not hesitate to point out to all classes the immense importance of establishing weekly markets. Nothing of the kind at present exists, except in two or three large towns; and of what consequence these stated markets are, might be instanced in the case of Inverness. During the prevalence of cholera, the country people were not able to confide in the non-contagious theory of the Board of Health, so they staid at home with their poultry, eggs, and butter, with such pertinacity, that pestilence was accompanied with something very like starvation! The Kessock ferryman told us at the time, that his paddling across was become quite a sinecure—the market-folks being too much frightened to pass over the waters. Now this serves to show us how useful points of re-union are, to secure

regular supplies of the articles of ordinary consumption. What is good for a large town, is proportionally needful for a small one; industry is quickened to anticipate wants; new wants are created, which are speedily supplied; and every country cottage contributes to the comfort of every town habitation. At present the state of things is deplorable. Poor cotters must buy meal from the neighbouring farmer, who charges *his* monopoly price, not the true market rate. The shopkeepers (*Scottice* merchants), not being kept in check by the competition of stated markets, charge in fact what they choose by means of credit prices; and they are themselves an unthriving race from the want of markets, which always bring to shops a confluence of the best customers. Poor persons who have country produce to sell, lose whole days in hawking it about from house to house; and thus idle habits are engendered in search of chance sales. But above all, society stagnates where no statedly and quickly recurring markets are held. Many large districts are like *terræ incognitæ* to neighbouring parishes; and the salutary sway of public opinion, which rules in the most sequestered spots of England, is in the Highlands utterly unknown; and very much by its absence affords impunity to oppression. Now we venture to throw out for the consideration of Highland lairds, the advantages which would accrue to themselves and others, by endeavouring to establish weekly markets on their estates. Unlike other projects, this scheme demands no present outlay: all that is required is to fix on a centrical position for holding a market, on the most suitable week day, and to invite buyers and sellers to come together—to coax, chaffer, and nail bargains with the *canny* closeness which fitly signalizes Highland folk. If the roads leading to the preferred point should be out of order, we conceive the Highland Relief Board, who are such zealous constructors of never-finished roads, might find scope for improved expenditure on highways and byeways, and relieve destitution to boot—not, indeed, by weighing a pound of meal for a long day's work, but by paying just wages for honest labour.

It would give us great satisfaction to see *Applecross*, or *Dundonnell*, or *Lochalsh*, directing their attention to this subject, as their estates are quite fitted for the experiment in question. And if Lord Macdonald could be gently persuaded that setting up markets is more patriotic than pulling down houses, we should hail his Lordship's conversion very cordially. As to his Grace of

Sutherland, we fear we are somewhat scant of influence in that high quarter; but if the Duke will start markets at Golspie, Brora, Helmsdale, &c. &c., we shall be most happy to advertise their auspicious opening; and we should be almost inclined to volunteer a little puff, purely on public grounds!

DESIRABLENESS OF STEAM NAVIGATION AS APPLIED TO THE OUTER HEBRIDES.

We have every reason to believe that shipowners, as well as all other classes of the commercial community, take tolerably sharp views of their own interests; and yet we can conceive cases in which some well-meant suggestions, proceeding from parties not connected with trading pursuits, may prove of great preliminary use to inquiring and sagacious capitalists. Except an immediate return in the shape of clear profit can be safely calculated upon, it is somewhat difficult to persuade the sages of the counting-house that a large outlay is thoroughly justifiable. Nevertheless, all persons who expect to reap must, in the first instance, be prepared to sow; and the very act of sowing, be it remenbered, puts the elements of the promised harvest entirely out of sight, after considerable expense has been incurred. Just so with very many undertakings, by no means of an agricultural stamp. A man in trade must risk in order to gain; and the most profitable enterprises are generally those which open up new channels of commercial communication. The early adventurers, as is meet and just, skim, as it were, the cream of novel speculation; and after-competitors must be content with the moderate advantages which await numerous participants in a fully-tried mercantile pursuit. These observations flow from us in consequence of calling to mind many facts which we noticed during a visit to the islands generally designated as the Outer Hebrides. In passing from Glasgow to Portree, in Skye, (and a more comfortable vessel, and a more judicious and obliging commander cannot be, than the *Tartar* and Captain Macdonald), we were delighted to see the accommodation afforded, and the industry called into action by means of steam navigation. The regular calls at Oban, Tobermory, Armadale, Lochalsh, Glenelg, and Broadford, were all as regularly responded to by eager expectants, all congregated on

the shore to interchange an endless variety of packages, besides cattle, and heavy goods of every description. Some few years ago all these places were in a state of stagnancy from the want of constant communication with Glasgow; and now it may be said, almost without metaphor, that a bridge of boats unites the southern mainland with the northern coast, and very specially with the western isles. Now we put it to such of the Glasgow shipowners as are upon a keen look-out for good investment, whether a well-found steam-boat, meant to ply between the Clyde and the Outer Hebrides, would not, after a brief period of cleverly-concerted effort, amply requite the necessary expenditure, and so pre-occupy the public patronage as to give assurance of permanent profit? The sketch of operations we would venture to throw off is as follows:—Barra, South and North Uist, and Harris, should be the range of the primary destinations; and of each of these we shall say a little, in order to remove some gross prejudices propagated by very unwise people. Among these lack-witted persons we must certainly include Colonel Gordon, the proprietor of Barra and South Uist; who, instead of using a portion of his vast wealth to call forth the industry, and improve the condition of his dependants, goes blubbering to Sir George Grey with a pitiful tale about his certain ruin, because, forsooth, he cannot get his rents for *land*, paid by means of kelp out of the *sea*, and, moreover, when kelp is no longer come-atable! Like some fabled venders of bad fish, the foolish Colonel goes on calumniating his own purchased property, and begs the Government to save him from insolvency, by making Barra and South Uist a penal colony—perhaps for Earl Grey to experimentalise upon!

But while the Colonel was scribbling at Cluny we were wandering over his libelled possessions, and we must civilly declare that we do not believe one word in his long epistle to Sir George Grey, meant to enforce the impression that Barra and South Uist are utterly unimprovable. Barra, for example, is perhaps the best position for a first-rate fishing station of any place near the western ocean. The Glasgow fish-curers thought so, for they made a contract with the fishermen for ling, at 7d. each: but the Colonel, not being a free-trader, insisted upon giving some Aberdeen folks a monopoly at 5d. each—which cruel monopoly the Colonel ordered his then agent, Doctor Macleod, implacably to enforce! Resolved, however, to give encouragement to fishing in

his own way, the Colonel bought two fine Shetland boats, and fixed a price upon them which no one could afford to give, and the result is, that we saw these craft lying rotten on the beach at Barra! When we visited Barra there was not a single herring net on the island. The Barra boatmen are the most expert, daring fishers imaginable, and only require reasonable encouragement to be a thriving race. But penuriousness so prevails on the part of the ruined Colonel, that every part of his property is shamefully neglected. We noticed this distressingly in the case of a charming family whom to name would be to praise. In a house tenanted from Colonel Gordon, we found the repairs so defective, that a universally-esteemed old lady, the sister of England's Adjutant-General (who has lost the use of her limbs from rheumatism), was lodged in a bed-chamber, down the walls of which the rain and moisture ran in pailfuls! The excellent functionary at the Horse Guards is not to blame for this; but he might whisper to the Colonel to invite a slater and plasterer to Barra! We observed some capital grazing land on this little island; and a medical farmer was prescribing very successfully for his lot of arable land. Of South Uist we can speak very cheeringly in despite of the Colonel's pecuniary dumps. There is a great deal of good land, and some of it (Mr Chisholm's and Mr Maclelland's farm) in capital condition. We saw Scotch barley which, as a luxuriant crop, would have rejoiced the heart of a Mid-Lothianer! The people are poor, but they are not without commodities, which would soon increase in value, and be multiplied, if a market were opened by means of better communication with Glasgow. Loch Boisdale, where there is now a respectable wharf and pier (through the outlay of the Highland Destitution Board), would soon become a point for import and export—the same might be affirmed of Lochmaddy in North Uist, and it would be only needful to make known the stated arrivals of a steam-boat, in order to ensure a plentiful supply of such articles of produce as the islands afford. Neglected as this region has been, there are not wanting men of intelligence, who would cordially concur in giving effect to a steam-boat speculation. Mr Young, Colonel Gordon's factor, has excellent intentions, and only requires the *fiat* of his employer to render good service to all parties. Sheriff Shaw, and the Rev. Mr Macrae, are convinced of the absolute necessity of steam com-

munication to and from the Long Island; and the southern and western part of Skye might be included in the benefits of such an arrangement. Prudent Glasgow shipowners would, we are aware, like to have some foundation to rest a scheme upon, more tangible and solid than a newspaper recommendation to lay out money in a steam-boat speculation. To such we say, take a trip to the islands mentioned—make suitable enquiries, and then judge for yourselves. We do not invoke your aid as patriotic philanthropists—we simply stimulate you to seek out a new line of traffic; and our conviction is strong, that whosoever shall vigorously embark in the undertaking will certainly succeed.

PART VII.

LITERARY ARTICLES.

THE VANISHED YEAR, 1849!

Time is the measure of a creature's duration—an awful interposition between two eternities—if such a form of speech can be properly permitted. Days, and weeks, and months gather into what we are accustomed to call a year, and after a brief but solemn, and it may be salutary pause, we re-commence a fresh course of computation.

We avail ourselves of such a pause, on entering the new year, to take a rapid review of the year just closed, and to mark with a measure of emphasis some of the events which, in our humble judgment, will continue to influence the incidents of years yet to come; for there is a seed-time in human affairs which, at the ordered period, is sure to spring and ripen into social weal or wo. Nations, like individuals, infallibly reap what they sow; and if we had sufficient clearness of vision to behold the wondrous system of righteous retribution that over-rules all worldly aims, we should read history with altered eyes, and more enlightened understandings.

The year which ushered in the last was one of portentous change throughout the Continent of Europe. The social disorganization (for it lay far deeper than political disorder) commenced, as was meet, in the fitting cradle of atheistic anarchy—France. Many

ardent-minded men hailed with wild gratulation the revolution which, in a few hours, jerked Louis Philippe from his ill-poised throne; but we never participated in those democratic delusions. That the D'Orleans dynasty of usurpation should be finally overthrown by other usurpers, appeared to us to be a very just reaction; but to dream of *good*—any positive benefit really resulting in the way of direct emanation from French revolutionists—is the frenzied figment of a morbid mind. What mankind truly require is regulated restraint to keep their passions within due bounds. What the Parisian insurrectionists demand is demoniacal license, under the lying pretexts of liberty and equality! Lamartine and his *tri-color* colleagues we deemed to be a pack of impostors, void of all principles—new or old—and filling merely the function of scene-shifters, until the proper actors in the military melodrame were quite ready to come upon the stage. General Cavaignac soon brushed away the trumpery civilians, and established himself for a short season, as an efficient soldier-sovereign—the only sovereignty suited for France—and this move made way for the presidency of Louis Napoleon. The qualifications of this young man for his high office were, first of all, his name, which is a household word with the lack-witted lovers of martial glory; and, secondly, his own dedication to the profession of arms; for, apart from these recommendations, the poor president had no more claims to rulership than his agreeable friend and London reveller—the clever moulder of *statuettes*—Count D'Orsay. But the opening year 1849 saw Louis Napoleon installed in the *Elysee;* and, upon the whole, he has played his part of republican monarch with a considerable share of shrewdness and firmness, although his time of trial has not fully arrived. The only remarkable piece of policy which has signalized his year of government is the French intervention in behalf of Pope Pio Nono, which being quite amicable, after the French fraternal manner, led, as every one knows, to the siege and surrender of Rome. But although Oudinot could possess himself of the metropolitan city of Roman Catholic superstition, neither bombs nor bayonets could re-enfeof the anti-Christian power of the papacy, for the Pope had unwittingly uprooted the foundations of the popedom. The true papal principle on which Romanism entirely rested was blind submission to the arrogated infallibility of the so-styled Holy See, to the utter exclusion of all popular or democratic influences; for freedom of enquiry or

liberty of institutions are fatal to the supremacy of a false, dogmatic religion. To the surprise of all Europe, *Pio Nono* was hardly ensconced in the Vatican, when he manifested himself a reformer of the deepest dye—throwing into the shade even the recollections of Rienzi. The Italian socialists and communists were enchanted to see the fabled successor of St Peter transformed into a sort of pontifical Jacobin; and the French Jacobins themselves—who had (representatively) decreed a national denial of the Deity—voted death to be an eternal sleep—and who had levelled Romish altars, and guillotined half the Romish hierarchy—these same followers of Marat and Robespierre were in extacies on recognizing a *bonnet rouge*—a thorough-going *sans culotte*, topped with a tiara, and clothed with the gorgeous vestments of a fraudulent priesthood—in the grand conservator of Roman Catholicity! The poor, blind Pope made short, suicidal work of it. Constitutional concessions, popular privileges, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of every thing, came showering down from the ultra-liberal keeper of the keys! when lo! one fine day his Prime Minister is assassinated for not being sufficiently democratic, and the triple-crowned potentate of Rome sees no chance of escaping martyrdom but by casing his sacred person in a footman's livery, and taking the shortest cut to Gaeta! We consider this fortunate flight to be essentially the end of the Papacy. Other Popes have fled from Rome, and fixed themselves provisionally in safer quarters; but these were cases in which the papal throne was contended for by rival candidates, each zealously enforcing the principles of Romanism; whereas Pio Nono's sceptre has slipped from his self-destroying hand, and the *prestige* of crowned popery is gone for ever! In order to recover his lost position, he has, however, canvassed for the suffrages of his clergy to enable him to establish the doctrine of the *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary*—the boldest of all the wicked blasphemies that ever issued from the Romish Church! To the clear, calm perception of a Christian, the race of the Popedom is run. Pio Nono may linger at Portici—he may even try his luck at Rome, under the protection of French fusiliers, laughing at the ecclesiastical *servant of servants;* but our conviction is strong, that the *clay and iron* of the papacy are *broken to pieces*, and, with all other forms of antichristian power and domination, will soon *become like the chaff of the summer threshing floors.*

The internal condition of France during the past year may be characterised by a comparative quietude, or rather political apathy on the part of the people. The truth is, that there exists in France a tolerable diffusion of property, so as to create that species of conservatism which allies itself with money and money's worth; and much of the vaunted tranquillity of the Gallic republic may be accounted for in this commonplace way. The national guard is composed of tradesmen and *proprietaires*, whose interests are blended with something like stability of government. The Executive that commands the sword is the safest for buyers and sellers, in a country where a vast portion of the population is indoctrinated with communist views; and thus the sway of the soldier prevents the impunity of the robber. But to talk of the permanency of the institutions of France, is to patronise the babbling of idiots. The country is a cauldron of infidel anarchy, and it cools or bubbles just as Providential restraints are presently applied or penally withdrawn. What guarantees for peaceful progress can be looked for in a land where the field of erring thought is occupied partly by daring irreligion, and partly by diluted popery! Alas for France!

The annals of Austria are of great importance, for they include the destinies of Italy and Hungary. In January 1849 the Piedmontese suffered a total defeat by the Austrian army. Charles Albert immediately abdicated the throne of Sardinia in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel, and all resistance to Radetski on the side of Italian insurrectionists became utterly hopeless. But the house of Hapsburg had still more formidable foes in its Hungarian subjects, whose ancient loyalty formed in better days the firmest bulwark of the Austrian throne. There is considerable difficulty in ascertaining the true causes of the Hungarian defection. The diversity of races, giving a political prominence to the Magyar population, is much dwelt on by speculative writers, but we think without sufficient grounds. Hungary had a representative assembly, which of late years obtained an infusion of popular influence, energy, and eloquence; and this suffices to explain almost all that has occurred. The Kossuth party, and other classes of defiant demagogues, stirred up the national spirit, professedly against alleged encroachments of the Crown, but in reality for the purpose of introducing republican institutions. The struggle, therefore, became an internecine conflict between monarchical and democratic

principles; and Austria, being a debilitated despotism, lacked substantive power to subdue her Sclavonic revolters. In this dilemma, she invoked the succour of Russia, who quickly poured her barbaric legions upon the plains of Hungary; and the cause —some say of freedom—we incline to think of a too fervid and fanatical patriotism—was undone! The leaders of the lost movement blame each other, and bickering charges of weakness, sordidness, and treachery are interminably interchanged. For our own part, we blame them all, for they were all instigators of a most sanguinary civil war. The pseudo-patriots of this world may urge what they call the sacred right of insurrection to avenge national wrongs, but Christianity wholly repudiates the diabolical doctrine. To inculcate subjection and endurance is the great business of Christian admonition; and all the grievances that may be groaned under, where bad government prevails, are as nothing when compared with the horrors of civil commotions. This is our creed, to which we adhere with a fidelity not to be shaken by the taunts of battle-brewing agitators. Reasonable remonstrance—truthful appeal—just exposure—these are the proper weapons in vindication of a people's rights or interests; but to resort to physical force is to plunge a community in measureless miseries. The weight of Russian intervention trampled down the irregular strength of Hungary; but the time may come when Austria will feel the crushing power of her Muscovite ally. The autocrat of Russia is beyond all question the mightiest of his class of monarchs, for he combines great vigour of personal character, with an absolute command over the reverential affections of his seventy millions of subjects. Nicolas may be dreaded or disliked by some of the ancient aristocracy, who are jealously opposed to the official nobles that practically constitute the executive, but he is, nevertheless, a *paternal* potentate in the eyes and hearts of his admiring people. The hard words of scribblers and declaimers must not mislead us from the fact, that the Emperor of Russia is generally beloved in his immediate dominions, although Polish exiles have, naturally enough, a very different tale to tell, so far as relates to their own harassed countrymen. The haughty exaction from the Ottoman Porte of the persons of the refugees escaped from the Hungarian fields of carnage, serves to shew us the extravagant assumption of Absolutism—nothing more; for irresponsible power, goaded on by pride, will always do, or aim to do, unjustifiable things. But

the appearance of the British fleet in the Dardanelles gave courage to our old Turkish ally, and Nicolas received a repulse which, no doubt, sorely nettled his Imperial Majesty. Yet we have no fears of any serious misunderstanding between Great Britain and Russia —their day of hostile debate is distant, though, perhaps, certain to come! The war waged so bloodily in Circassia is one of the strangest military marvels of our age. Poland is prostrated—Hungary is vanquished; but the mountain heroes of Circassia are for the most part victors over the serried strength of Russian armies, and the exhausted generalship of Russian commanders.

The history of Prussia, since the breaking out of Berlin *emeutes*, is the chronicle of the monarch's vanity and vacillation. He wants to fill many great positions, and he has shewn himself unfit for any one of them! Frightened by an insurrection, which he had a loyal soldiery to aid him in repressing, he volunteered to be the monarch of a mob, and exiled his army. Then the royal Harlequin beckons back his troops, and salutes his radical subjects with rounds of grape-shot! The result of all this imbecile fickleness is, that the King of Prussia sits very uneasily on a trembling throne, propped up by cannon and muskets—how long, it would be temerity to say! People that fall through feebleness at home, are very rarely successful abroad; and the King of Prussia's foreign affairs have been as foolish as the management of his more domestic department. The poor man's ambition is to be the regal dictator of confederated Germany, so as to occupy the past position of Austria. But the plain fact is, that, apart from the King of Prussia's total unfitness to fill any station requiring ability, consistency, and dignity, the notion of a Germanic Confederation is a rank absurdity—for it is proposed to be carried out by means of a central, constitutional assembly, composed of delegates from the respective States of Germany. Who is so void of intellectual vision as not to see from the recent trial of such a meeting at Frankfort what the newly-planned parliament at Erfurt would necessarily be? It would be a wild gathering of radical reformers, of the mystical Teutonic cast, but, in practice, a fresh edition of the old French Convention. The King of Prussia thinks he can keep down democracy at Berlin by means of demagogues at Erfurt; but he will find himself deplorably mistaken, as our next year's summary will perhaps give occasion to record! The hostilities connected with Schleswig-Holstein, and the insurrections at Baden, Dresden, &c.,

were events of the year which may be classed under the general head of Continental Convulsions, all dating their origin from the Parisian barricades. Look where you may, Europe presents morally either extinct volcanos, or the fearful indications of fresh eruptions. Naples has seemingly subdued Sicily with fire and sword; and the Pope is bound to bless the Neapolitan banners so long as he is boarded and lodged at Portici. But Naples and Sicily are execrably governed; and the desperate union of the oppressed will sooner or later overwhelm the oppressors. Of Spain and Portugal the historian of twelve months has little to say. Government, in its ordinary signification, seems to have no place in the administration of affairs in either of those wretchedly-ruled countries. Palace intrigues are the main-springs of the Executive; and the consequence is—that the monarchs are without power, and the people without protection.

After this continental circuit of historical reminiscences, we must return to the most important part of the world's annals—the comprehensive chronicles of the British Empire. By the mysterious appointment of the Most High, Great Britain has long been, and still continues, the Queen of Nations—not for her worth, but for her probation! Her superior sway—her all-pervading influence—her all-commanding wealth, are, in truth, immense responsibilities, which she is nationally called upon to redeem—for, where much is given, the Divine Donor expects much! Statesmen and legislators treat very lightly their awful accountability to the Supreme Disposer of events; but the Christian annalist would be inexcusable if he omitted reference to Him who *doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto Him—What doest thou?*

Exempt in her own island from the perils that visited the continental communities, England had still to encounter a danger from the attempts made to spread sedition, and promote insurrection in Ireland. The movement was happily not a national one: it was the frantic impulse of an unsound-minded section of society—brawling agitators and theatrical traitors; and their abortive, penny-trumpet rebellion has marked the ringleaders with the discipline of derision, as well as with the punishment of transportation. But futile as proved the schemes of the insurrectionists, we must not forget the deep debt of gratitude due to the Earl of Clarendon for the wisdom, vigour, firmness, and forbearance, with which he met

and overcame the difficulties in Ireland. In a country of foolish factions the Queen's Vicegerent prudently steered his course, so as to uphold the interests of all classes, which were jeoparded by a crisis of common danger. Sagely, graciously, and with timely acceptableness (though certainly not too soon), our amiable Queen resolved to visit her Irish dominions; and her reception was just what it would have been any year since her auspicious accession. Affable sovereigns can never want affectionate and loyal subjects; and, as Queen Victoria possesses many valuable qualities that invite and secure attachment, the royal advent to Ireland was hailed with an enthusiasm for which the natives of the sister isle are proverbial! Some extravagant expectations of immediate national prosperity were prematurely connected with her Majesty's visit; but setting aside these ebullitions of pardonable patriotic feeling, we may unhesitatingly express our belief that the Irish people have derived no small advantage from the presence of their Queen. Loyalty has, we trust, been warmed and re-invigorated; and the professors of agitation will no longer have to accuse royalty of neglecting one of its most endearing opportunities—the privilege of being personally known. But agitation itself is at a discount in Ireland—as Mr John O'Connell's empty benches, and ill-supplied poor's-box, very significantly denote! Notwithstanding the plentifulness of the harvest, the general distress of the people of Ireland is perhaps greater than that of any other population, savage or civilised. Her proprietors are mainly bankrupts—her peasantry are paupers—and a period has been reached which exhibits the inability of whole districts to supply the least amount of funds for the legal support of pauperism. The only ray of distant relief seems to twinkle from the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act—which, if rightly carried out, will infallibly cause some millions of property to change hands.

Our imperial legislation was distinguished in June last by the repeal of the navigation laws—one of the necessary consequences of the renunciation of the *principle* of protection. All interests which were preternaturally promoted by legislation, must now, by means of popular power acting upon our legislators, gradually give way, and be driven to support themselves by uncrutched industry and skill. The poor protectionists cannot see that their day of domination is gone by, and are still struggling to get rich at the ex-

pense of the community. But all their efforts will prove unavailing—

> Like those who tug in little boat,
> To pull to them the ship afloat.

The revelation of railway fraud and swindling in the personal delinquences imputed to Mr Hudson, forms no insignificant part of the past year's domestic history. To an impartial examiner the whole railway system presents itself as a mass of cheating error—the product of professional rapacity—commercial, corporate cupidity—and individual greediness of gain. By a monstrous oversight, the Government suffered the Queen's highways to become the property of trading companies, which in nine cases out of ten had been dishonestly organized by pettifogging lawyers. All the arterial inter-communication of a great nation thus fell into the hands of sordid associations, destitute of all principle to guide, liberalize, or conscientiously curb them; and the merchandise in shares became the mania of a people of railway traffickers. Can it be a matter of wonder that hundreds of great and little Hudsons should have been spawned and nurtured by such a system as this—corrupt in its Mammon concoction, and rotten in all its ramifications? That swindling schemers and fraudulent chairmen and directors should be detected, exposed, and made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains, is a most righteous retribution—but there are many persons of probity who became *bona fide* investers in railway property, whose losses have been ruinous from the destructive depression of railway securities. We doubt whether public confidence can ever be restored until the present railway system shall have been thoroughly purged; for the *management* of railway interests is still in the corrupt clutch of the knavish parties who got up railway projects, and the taint of jobbery leavens the whole lump.

By far the most exciting portion of England's history during the year 1849, is associated with the misgoverment and mutinous spirit of our Colonial possessions. Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, and New South Wales, have been special scenes of outrage and daring resistance against the Queen's authority. Earl Grey is blamed for all these misdoings; but if the Colonial minister is allowed to pursue a faulty system, the whole Cabinet must be liable to censure. One thing, however, seems tolerably clear, namely, that no fixed principles direct or animate our pseudo-system of

Colonial government. Rash experiments, hollow expedients, despotic decrees to-day, and timid truckling to popular violence to-morrow, make up the sum of our Colonial policy, and the just authority of the mother country is fatally impaired by rule without power, and haughtiness without dignity. Probably the wisest course would be to quietly surrender our sovereignty over such of our contumacious colonies as may be desirous of governing themselves. We should be sure to save the cost of controlling turbulent dependencies; and insubordinate subjects might be transformed into amicable allies.

We have reserved, for our concluding remarks, the splendid achievements and enormous acquisitions which have taken place in our Indian empire. The year 1848 closed with some suspicions of the ability of Lord Gough, and he was hastily superseded by Sir Charles Napier, who was dispatched to retrieve our presumed fallen fortunes. But before Sir Charles could reach India, the victory of Chillianwallah, laid the Sikhs, Shere Sing, and eventually the Punjaub, at the feet of the distrusted British commander, and with the annexation of Runjeet Singh's former territory, we have now an extent of dominion in the East which outshines the lustre of all recorded greatness of empire. Now comes the severest trial of British wisdom, integrity, and impartiality. Can we rule righteously what we have gained gloriously? Are truth, justice, mercy, and good faith to signalize our sway over nations more numerous than Alexander the Great subdued? These are important questions, on which hang the destinies of our empire in the East. We confess our fears preponderate over our hopes—for our system of aggrandisement in India has had such elements of unjust usurpation as to render questionable the possibility of honourably exercised power.

We cannot terminate this summary of national incidents during the past year, without reverting to the awful visitation of the cholera, and to the divine interposition which mercifully restrained its ravages. This fatal disease remains as much a mystery as ever—eluding all the investigations of medical science as to the certainty of its cause or cure; and thus enforcing upon men an added reverence for that inscrutable sovereignty of God in destroying or sparing—which is the prerogative of the *King of kings and Lord of lords.*

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL.D. BY HIS SON-IN-LAW, THE REV. W. HANNA, LL.D.

We have of late years been often impressed with the sorrowful certainty that the biographers of our so-styled great men have wrought very effectually to disparage, degrade, and, in some instances, needlessly to blacken the memory of the distinguished persons whose lives they had laid hold of as the subject-matter of interesting record. Moore, as the biographer of Sheridan and Byron, is a noted transgressor in this way—studiously accumulating every discreditable and disgraceful anecdote which could be associated with the darker and more depraved parts of the story of the eminent orator and dramatist, or of the prince of English poets. Lockhart's Life of Scott offers no exception to our censure; for who can travel through the many-volumed life of poor Sir Walter without being offended with many puerile details, utterly unnecessary for the illustration of the character of the renowned bard and novelist? But of all the transgressions of this sort, by far the most flagrantly inexcusable is the Life of Wilberforce, got together by his sons. Wilberforce was an excellent man. We had the honour and gratification of knowing him personally, and we can truly affirm that a more amiable, kindly-disposed, generous-spirited gentleman never adorned the rank of society in which his lot was cast. His great aim as a pietist was to *popularise* religion, and to deck the surface of society with the blandishments of Christianity. We are sure that he meant well, although we have strong doubts as to the spiritual success of his zealous exertions; but one unquestionable result was the signal extension of religious profession, which the "Practical View" was designed to aid. This, of course, enlarged the sphere of religious reading; and here we arrive at the somewhat disreputable solution of the mystery of book-making, so prevalent in our day, and from which it would seem evangelical *litterateurs* do not scruple to derive pecuniary advantage. Mr Wilberforce's sons had to negotiate with the late Mr Murray, as the proposed publisher of their revered father's life. There was abundant matter in the Christian career of the departed worthy to supply a narrative redolent of the useful activity,—the sweet simplicity and sincerity of a good man's even-tenored existence. But this was not enough for a biography which

was to emanate from the fashionable bibliopolist of Albemarle Street! It must be a book of garrulous gossiping—of spicy disclosure—of privacy revealed, and secluded sanctity laid bare to the public gaze! And such a book the sons of Wilberforce stipulated to furnish, in consideration of some thousands of guineas to be duly paid by Mr Murray! We all know what was the result of this unhallowed bargain. A work appeared, in which all the errors, all the levities, all the inane trivialities of poor Wilberforce's life were raked up and recited with a methodical minuteness more resembling the accusatorial accuracy of an enemy, than the conscientious candour of a friend. But this was not enough. Wilberforce had forgotten to commit to the flames diaries in which he was accustomed (and a very bad custom we aver it to be) to register the fluctuations of his religious feelings. "He kept a book in which his faults were noted;" and out of these chronicles of frailty, inconsistency, and self-shrouded infirmity of purpose and practice, the sons of the deceased diarist resolved to draw additional materials for a bloated biography. Nothing was omitted—no not even the probationary pebbles, which their poor papa, as emulator of the austere Pascal, had secretly thrust into his Protestant shoes! A more monstrous, unfilial breach of confidence was, to our thinking, never perpetrated. Because no interdictory mention was made of these idly-scrawled *memoranda*—long devoted to oblivion—the love of lucre interposed in favour of bargain and sale, and pretty much as Joseph's brethren sold him to the Midianite merchants, Mr Wilberforce's memory was sold to the tradesman-like cupidity of calculating Mr Murray, whose part in the transaction we are, however, by no means inclined to condemn.

Now it gives us no light pain to be compelled, in faithfulness, to state that the reverend biographer of Dr Chalmers has, in one instance, pursued the erring tracks of Moore—of Lockhart—and of the degenerate sons of Wilberforce. The mercantile mania of book-making has penetrated the most evangelical recesses, so that the AURI SACRA FAMES has even an ecclesiastical force of application which the heathen poet could never have dreamed of! While Doctor Chalmers was hardly cold in his grave, we well remember that newspaper rumours were rife of the large sums of money which adventurous publishers were offering for the MSS. remains of the great departed; and although we thought this trafficking had an air of premature unseemliness, we were willing to acknowledge

that for the sake of the illustrious man's surviving family, there was a measure of worldly wisdom in taking advantage of the public solicitude for splendid novelties. That every MS. from the pen of Doctor Chalmers, which bore the slightest stamp of preparedness for publication, should have profitably found its way to the press, is quite in the ordinary course of things—for had the lost and lamented writer lived, we have no doubt all the works now posthumously published, would have been purchased with avidity. But we look with very different eyes on a considerable portion of the work we have now undertaken to notice. We are not supplied with the remotest grounds for believing that Doctor Chalmers ever contemplated giving publicity to the *Journal*, of which Doctor Hanna has availed himself with such unsanctioned, and we will even add, unkind freedom. To show that our strictures are not unwarranted, we have only to quote Doctor Hanna's own words in introducing these *arcana* to his readers. "Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to ask the reader of this Journal, to remember, that in the first instance, it was devoted exclusively to the record of felt deficiency. This, its primary purpose, it most faithfully performs, exhibiting all the writer's faults, reflected from a mirror bright enough to give back the faintest shades of criminality, p. 156. Now, in order to dissipate the vagueness of the phrases "first instance" and "primary purpose," we put it to Doctor Hanna honestly to inform us, whether Doctor Chalmers ever meditated the "secondary purpose" of having the secrets of his soul—the unimparted effusions of his perturbed breast—unscrupulously divulged to the world, after the lapse of forty years? Doctor Hanna's volume does not contain a particle of information which would serve to justify the publication of this Journal. Nor is the matter of the diary (as we shall subsequently prove) at all calculated to promote the great end presumedly in the divulger's view, namely, that of Christian edification. It is a farrago of feelings and conflicting sentiments—occasionally interspersed with admissions of Gospel truth—but so broken, indecisive and of such uncertain sound in the testimony, that we are fully persuaded Doctor Chalmers would never have submitted these crudities of a wavering creed to any private judgment—much less to the captious criticism of the world. The whole visible life of this eminent man—his well-known course of pastoral effort—his intellectual renown as a professor, and an author of almost innumerable works—

his collected correspondence, and the incidents regarding him treasured up and communicated by admiring friends—these, we contend, constituted the legitimate elements for an adequate biographical memorial of Doctor Chalmers—but we plead the cause of the dead and of the living, when we enter our protest against those reckless revelations of the most inward thoughts—thoughts committed to paper for the present relief of the disquieted writer, but never meant to be dragged into publicity when the *dust hath returned to earth—and the spirit unto God who gave it.*

The public, and more especially the Scottish public, are so intimately acquainted with the particulars of Doctor Chalmers's active and useful life, that it would be a needless task to do more than refer our readers to Doctor Hanna's book, for those diffuser details concerning his early years, which are lucidly and pleasingly given. We prefer indulging in some investigations of the intellectual and religious character of Doctor Chalmers—in a spirit of reverential regard for his memory, but with that freedom and faithfulness, which best become honest, truthful criticism.

Chalmers's natural powers of mind were very great. Largeness of thought—evincing itself in bold, irregular, original trains of speculation, was the towering peculiarity of the Doctor's comprehensive intellect. He does not appear to have been trammelled with the technicalities of education—what he learned was more from the operation of his own desire to master knowledge, than from any servile subjection to scholastic discipline. His mental activity was prodigious—and it almost makes one dizzy to read over the list of his diversified writings—and yet we can well conceive that he strode from subject to subject without strain or pausing difficulty. His real impediment, strange to say, was lack of language. He started with a style so factitiously florid as, in effect, to contract his field of appropriate expression. A simple, easy, natural English style, Chalmers never seemed to have aimed at. Familiar forms of phrase did not comport with his somewhat *gigantesques* conceptions; and therefore he goes on enlarging and elaborating—stringing together sonorous sentences which fall tuneably on the ear, and which denote the bursting vocabulary of a man of unquestionable genius. Quiet copiousness, and smooth arrangement of words were not sufficient for Doctor Chalmers. He sought for language of quaint power to clothe the massive energy of his thoughts—and therefore his diction though vigorous,

always bears the impress of immoderate effort. Still the style had a suitableness in emanating from Chalmers—whereas an indiscreet imitator would soon ramble into the region of the mock sublime.

But the mind which served to elevate Chalmers far above his most intellectual contemporaries, was not the mind which fitted him for happiness on earth, or immortality in heaven; though it is perfectly plain to our perceptions that the good Doctor himself frequently confounded nature with grace, and was much hindered in his religious progress by the strength and subtlety of his reasoning faculty. Like his nation generally *(pace Scotorum)*, he was of a metaphysical cast of mind, fond of all the specious trickeries of controversial argument, and prone to undervalue truth, if not reached through the violent vista of disputation. Such a mind offers at every step a more than ordinary opposition to the sublime simplicity of the gospel. Doctor Hanna employs a great deal of grandiloquent circumlocution in narrating the story of Chalmers's conversion to Christianity; as if any man could be a Christian by any natural power, faculty, or religious opportunities. This is the great fault of the book. Instead of setting Chalmers's case clearly before us, as that of a man of fine natural intellect and attainment, but who, nevertheless, lived a nominal Christian, in a land of nominal Christians, until about the thirtieth year of his age, when the sovereignty of God *called him out of darkness into marvellous light;* Doctor Hanna spins out a sort of dramatic tale, in which Chalmers's changes of opinion are placed in scenic succession, not unlike dissolving views. What the excellent Doctor laboured under was weakness of faith, continually combated by a powerful natural understanding; for we may assume it as an axiomatic certainty, that the more vigour and cultivation of intellect any man possesses, the more vehement will be his resistance to the truth of Christ. *For the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.* We have not the slightest doubt of Chalmers having been a spiritual man, and much anterior to the period arbitrarily assigned by his biographer; but we can discover, through all the gossamer concealments of Doctor Hanna, where Chalmers's great snare really lay. He wanted to be a great philosopher of high scientific and ethical repute, and at the same time to be a disciple of Christ, and an authoritative teacher of Christianity; and, according to our im-

partial, and certainly not unfriendly estimate, he long failed in *both* objects of ambition. He was too philosophical to receive without severe struggle those heavenly truths which cannot be believed without God-given faith; and he had too much reverence for Christianity to yield implicitly to the arrogant claims of the world's philosophy. So poor Chalmers was, for a season, prominently a two-fold man, though emphatically not a double-minded man. He preached Christianity to philosophers, and philosophy to Christians, without, perhaps, conducing materially to the edification of either class. In this frank exposition of what we conceive to be Doctor Chalmers's dominant temptation, we disavow all desire of diminishing the reverence justly due to his illustrious name. On the contrary we boldly say, *who shall lay anything to his charge?* Like every creature of mortal mould, he had his allotted gifts and his predestinated mission. All that was good in his constitution came down from the God of all grace, and will live in eternal remembrance. All that betokened the sinful infirmity of human nature, utterly corrupted by the fall, was destroyed by the death of the Redeemer, and every taint of turpitude washed away by his precious blood. This scriptural solution of a good man's case gives glory to the God of salvation, while it properly rebukes the fond infatuation which leads erring men to canonize the errors of some remarkable son of Adam.

We ventured to affirm that the *Journals* of Doctor Chalmers, forming so considerable portion of Doctor Hanna's book, are little, if indeed at all, calculated to edify his Christian readers—for we presume he kept that peculiar class pre-eminently in view. It is not our intention to increase the spread of what we believe to be a pernicious error, by transcribing quotations from the Journals in order to establish our proposition; but we shall take occasion to offer some observations which will convey explicitly our reasons for rejecting a vast deal of that recorded childishness which passes under the name of Christian experience. According to our notion of the true meaning of the apostolical expression "experience," it imports an experimental, *believing* knowledge of the truth of the everlasting gospel, and without question a Journal which should record the augmenting apprehension of divine truth—the *riches of grace* and the *hope of glory* enlargedly sealed upon the soul—would be salutary and strengthening to spiritual minds. But

what we complain of respecting all the diaries of professedly religious persons so unpitiably palmed upon the public, is the total absence of all *certainty* concerning Christianity itself, which painfully characterises these vaunted productions. So far from furnishing us with invigorating testimony to the rejoicing reception of the gospel, these pious publications are mainly the journal-entries of unbelief, eked out with profuse details of the workings of an evil nature inveterately at war with the wisdom, grace, and mercy of God. What benefit, we ask, could an incipient convert, struggling between light and darkness, derive from the perusal of the jumbled contrarieties which make up the sum of those mental log-books which the press, in some shape or other, is continually producing? Therefore we regret that Doctor Chalmers's great name has been perversely used, so as to lend a seeming sanction to the extravagant errors jotted down by devout diarists intent upon chronicling their own corruptions. Fortunately Dr Chalmers's writings, meant for publication, go far to nullify the ill effect of those *Journals*, which we are confident he never would have suffered to see the light; but blots on the brightest luminaries are all the more quickly marked, and we fear the pruriency of public curiosity will dwell more eagerly upon his defects, than upon his plenary contributions to the cause of Christianity.

It is impossible to read Doctor Hanna's own narrative of Doctor Chalmers Life up to the latter's thirty-fifth year, without being impressed with a thorough sense of the simplicity, integrity, and thorough amiability of Doctor Chalmers's character. In all his domestic relations, those *cords of man* by which society is in fact held together, there was a manly amenity, a conscientious cordiality and kindliness which made him a model for the heads of other families, and the central charm of his own happy household. Chalmers was an honour to his country and his kind; and when all the exciting scenes in which he took so fervent a part shall occupy a narrow niche in history, the recollection of his private worth and wisdom will be warmly and affectionately remembered. *The memory of the just is blessed.*

THE LATE FRANCIS JEFFREY.

As our existing British Literature has been deprived of one of the leading intellectual lights which so long animated and adorned it; the popular portion of the press has not been slow to signify a sorrowful sense of the loss so suddenly sustained. When we use the word "suddenly," we do so more in compliance with the general expression of mournful surprise occasioned by the death of Lord Jeffrey, than in strict accordance with the truth of the case; for a life of full 77 years cannot be considered as cut off by untimely termination, although preceded by but few days of actual illness. The longevity of the Scottish Judges is almost proverbial, and the recently withdrawn ornament of the Bench had, we conceive, filled up a large measure of days, so as to show that he had partaken of the customary professional privilege. But distinguished men, who have long flourished in public renown, and who have occupied a bright space in the eye of the world, become insensibly a part of the social system, and we look upon them as fixed stars rather than passing meteors. So much has been said, and well said, in cordial commendation of Lord Jeffrey, that we should perhaps act more prudently in embellishing our columns with a *fasciculus* of graceful eulogies gathered from the leading Scottish and English journals. But whether it be from fastidiousness, or from some latent desire to display our own petty powers of analysis, we feel inclined to risk saying something on our own account concerning the great departed—to estimate his intellectual character and efforts—and to take a sober survey of the reputed influence of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he more than any other individual contributed to nurture into importance and celebrity. We leave to others the task of following him through the passages of his political and professional life, and we shall only advert to them as incidently illustrating some peculiarities in the cultivation of his mind, or in the versatile vigour which marked his literary career. The language of panegyric poured around a freshly filled grave, must not be too severely scanned, but we are disposed to abate somewhat of the overflowing fulness of laudation with which the Caledonian newspaper condolers have extolled the memory of Lord Jeffrey. That he was a man of very eminent talent is unquestionable; that he possessed a singular quickness of perception;

an almost mercurial activity of mind; a power of appropriating the thoughts of others, so as to give an air of originality to his adroit adaptations—all this may be most justly affirmed of him—and when we add that he enjoyed a rich command of sparkling diction, sound Saxon speech, seasoned with occasional Scotticisms, we have, we honestly think, embraced the sum of Jeffrey's intellectual qualifications. But there is an order of mind far above this, with which it would be unfair to class this remarkable man—we mean the order which soars higher than the region of mere *cleverness*—the thin rank of truthful thinkers, who leave behind them not scattered effusions of brilliant brevity, but the consecutive results of masterly meditation. Jeffrey was not of the race thus described, but among which, pardonable patriotism would strive to enrol him. We seek to assign him the place which posterity will allot him; and his countrymen will excuse us if our tone of praise be somewhat tamer than the commendations of grandiloquent compatriots.

Jeffrey, after eight years of an advocate's "hope deferred," finding himself not over-burdened with briefs or fees, resolved to chalk out a career for himself, which although affording a wide field of literary labour, should still be compatible with the forensic exercitations of his professional pursuit. According to Sydney Smith, the English ecclesiastical *Momus*, and jocose diner-out—the project of a *Review*, which should outshine all the organs of contemporary criticism, was first started in an *attic* of Buccleuch Place, where Jeffrey lodged close to the clouds. The waggish divine asserts that *he* was the Promethean propounder of the plan which was to impart fresh fire to reviewing; but be that as it may, *his* were not the fitting faculties to carry such an enterprise into effective execution. Jeffrey was quickly installed as the editor of the new journal, even though the first number of the *Edinburgh Review* should have been put together by the gibing concocter of *Peter Plymley's Letters*. More than 47 years have now elapsed since this powerful and influential journal first occupied the earnest attention of the reading world—and with various fortune, it still continues to maintain a respectable literary position. But the *prestige* which attended Jeffrey's editorship, ceased with his retirement from the critical chair, which occurred on his being elected Dean of Faculty in 1828. Twenty-six years of intellectual incumbency supplied ample scope for the exercise of Jeffrey's omni-

farious energies and attainments. No topic came amiss to his agile mind, which like the "lithe probocis" of the elephant, could twist the bulkiest monster into mummy, or lay hold of the minutest insect. His fine faculties, and constant springiness of soul, never flagged; and we are disposed to account for this by referring to his position as an advocate. His was not the life of a studious recluse, pent up within the territory of his own thoughts, and unenlivened by that social interchange of ideas, which gives birth to many a brilliant conception. Jeffrey, after combats of wit, and passages of pleasantry, *au coin du feu*, at the hall of the Parliament House, returned to his *flat* full of mirthful activity, ready to cut up a stupid author—to roast a presumptuous one—or to stew down the contents of a book into an *original* essay of his own! The variety of subjects which Jeffrey fastened upon is really astonishing; and such was his *tact* that he never suffered a theme to be uninteresting in his hands. If he be resolved to extirpate a scribbler, the process of destruction is so capitally managed, that the culprit's fate is acquiesced in by the reader as an act of justice, which could not be confided to a better minister of literary law. To be sure Jeffrey is judge, jury, jailor, and executioner by virtue of his corporate *we;* yet, upon the whole, we are made content with the death of the *decapitated* author—though indeed many people write who seem already short of a head! Jeffrey is thought to have made some unlucky hits; as in the case of Byron's boyish rhymes, and Wordsworth's babyish ballads. But we see no cause for annulling the critic's judgments. There was no great poetical promise in Byron's first published verses; and as for Wordsworth's lyrics, we still think them more the vehicle of vulgar mysticism, than resembling aught which bears the remotest relation to pure poetry. Byron burst out into a tuneful magnificence which rendered the after products of his muse parts of our language; and Wordsworth contrived to make himself the poetical oracle of those who are determined to find unfathomed mysteries of meaning in his sonnets; but the question is—in what shape Byron and Wordsworth came before Judge Jeffrey? We are not, however, convinced that Jeffrey had any very true sense, or exalted appreciation of high poetry. He was fond of displaying himself in analytical investigations of the causes of poetical emotion—the operation of the affections—the power and subtlety of association—and a great number of other fine things, very finely expressed by the crafty critic, but which

always appear to us more like the refinements of a metaphysician, than the heart-felt aspirations of a genuine lover of poetry. That Byron should have baffled Jeffrey's critical cleverness at all times, is not surprising; for he, like Sir Walter Scott in the *Quarterly*, could not bring himself to believe that Byron's misery was the fountain of his poetry. They ascribe to mere intellectual power what was in reality the product of intellectual conflict and agony; and little suspected that the great bard, in pouring forth his most thrilling strains, was only effusing the gushing bitterness of his own tortured bosom. Some of Jeffrey's articles upon lighter literature—the French memoir writers especially—are models of agreeable writing. We have been told that he took great liberties with his contributors—leaving out, and putting in *ad libitum*—which, however, was nothing more than an editor's prerogative. It should also be remembered that, in hundreds of instances, the articles were not in strictness *reviews*, but downright, substantive essays—certain books or pamphlets being made mere pegs to hang a daring dissertation upon. Jeffrey, of course, had to take care that those articles contained nothing inconsistent with what were called the principles of the *Edinburgh Review*. What these same *principles* actually were, is to us, even at this day, quite a puzzle. Most certainly they were not *Christian* principles—although Jeffrey now and then sounded a flourish about ethical precepts, and "of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments, and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the latter to the former." The plain truth is, that the *Edinburgh Review* was an organ for *unsettling* opinions, usages, creeds, and institutions. With eccentric *Brougham* as the politician, and funny Sydney Smith as the theologian, neither the statesmanship nor the divinity of the *Edinburgh Review* could be remarkable for stability or sacredness. Therefore, it is vain to look in the hundred tomes for much that was likely to benefit or secure society. We shall meet with abundance of showy, speculative, disorganizing discussions, all tending to render men dissatisfied with every existing condition of things, and calling upon them to risk all the hazards of portentous change, rather than enjoy the torpor of tranquillity. The *Edinburgh Reviewers* were revolutionists in the guise of reformers; but their function was to *fell*, not to *plant*. Occasionally an article of a soothing and sedative cast appeared, to allay the storm which other

articles had raised; but the surge was stronger than the appeasing oil.

It is remarkable enough that Jeffrey's failure in the House of Commons was in no light degree imputable to one of his own dulcet articles on reform, in which he laboured, and with splendid success, to demonstrate that the theory and practice of the constitution of the House of Commons were so happily balanced as to render the popular reforming scheme utterly unnecessary. But in process of time, that very scheme, with some strong supplements, formed the plan of *ultra* reform urged by Lord Grey's Government, and Jeffrey, as Lord Advocate, was selected to support the measure. His style of oratory was not calculated to captivate the House, being more a plaited and folded pleading, than the business-like eloquence which a *working* assembly imperatively requires; but when, after his official speech, Mr Croker, with sarcastic solemnity, intimated that he had an authority to quote which would triumphantly refute the Lord Advocate, and then proceeded to read the Jeffrey antidote against reform from the *Edinburgh Review*—the overthrow of the orator was effected by means of the reviewer. The Whigs provided for their zealous partisan, and Jeffrey was raised to the bench, which, every one agrees, he usefully adorned. We trust that we shall not be unjustly charged with disparaging Lord Jeffrey, because we have presumed to rate him somewhat lower than his recent encomiasts have done. Qualified commendation sounds like censure to vehement admirers; but the sober standard of truth can endure scrutiny, and must at length permanently prevail.

THOMAS CARLYLE, THE AMATEUR STATESMAN AND UNINSPIRED PROPHET.

There are many queer persons and things at present projecting themselves upon public attention, but we question if greater oddities can be found than the personal pretensions and non-descript literary effusions of Mr Carlyle. This good gentleman is well known to the reading world by a class of publications which are written in a style of such topsy-turviness, we are constrained to call it, that every principle which rules the customary collocation of English speech must be totally discarded before there can be

any expectation entertained of decyphering the meaning of the author. Indeed to most readers, except the initiated few, Mr Carlyle's best works are about as unintelligible as the Egyptian hieroglyphics, or the arrow-headed characters snatched from the ruins of Nineveh! Not that Mr Carlyle is void of thought—on the contrary, he is a thinker of no mean power, and evidently possesses much originality of intellectual conception—but whether from the mere love of pugnacious paradox, or from some wild warp of faculty derived from German mysticism and extravagance, it is piteously plain to sober readers, that Mr Carlyle is so exercised in thinking and counter thinking, so lost in a bewilderment of his own making, and in a fog of borrowed, Teutonic botheration, that it is exceedingly difficult to decide upon the real meaning of what he desires to impress upon us. And then the language! It is not merely quaint, or involved, or epithetic, or epigrammatic, or any other sinister style of composition; it is a sort of medley of singularities—every sentence being a separate, daring defiance of all recognised forms of phrase—so that a page of Carlyle is like a Parisian *emeute*, with barricades thrown up in every leading thoroughfare! You must try and get behind the wordy barricades, or you fail to find the revolted ideas. One difference, however, spoils our simile, for *emeutes* are popular acts, whereas, of all authors past or present, Mr Carlyle is the least qualified to become a popular writer. He busies himself abundantly about the *masses*, but they can never return the compliment by taking an interest about his productions. To suppose that ordinary readers could ascend to the cloud-capt heights of his *Hero Worship* or *Sartor Resartus;* or plunge into the fathomless depths of his essays on German Philosophy, is a very eccentric assumption. His *History of the French Revolution* we take to be incomparably the best of all Carlyle's works, but it has one great defect which unfits it for popular perusal; he gives us allusions instead of the direct mention of innumerable facts, and thus while he dashes off some pungent point, or sarcastic snatch of history, he entirely forgets that he is writing history himself, not hints or implications; and the result is, that the reader, if not conversant with old files of the *Moniteur* or *La Biographie Moderne*, is in a perpetual puzzle, wondering what the allusionist would be at! As all follies have what the Celtic tribes term a *following*, so Mr Carlyle has some imitators; but these mental mimics are immeasurably

inferior to their intellectual model. The Yankee copyists of Mr Carlyle's strange thoughts and stranger style, are more numerous than the home fry of earnest emulators. Of these Transatlantic noodles, the vainest, the shallowest, and the most insufferably arrogant and impious, is Waldo Emerson, who, some twelve or fifteen months ago, lectured himself into complete annihilation, as a pretended philosopher, in Edinburgh, and other places, where some inquisitive folks were got together to listen to his elaborated, *extempore* nonsense. Of course his asinine admirers puffed him off as a second Daniel come to judge the Scottish metaphysicians; but it would not do, and the frustrated, infidel scoffer was fain to return to his own den of delusion, and to subsist on the small flatteries of his Columbian disciples. Carlyle, to do him justice, does not use vulgar arts to cozen a worthless notoriety. We understand that he is pleased to give fireside harangues in his Chelsea Joss-house, where the British Bonze proclaims something which resembles the Confucian creed. Whatsoever cast of paganism may pervade his ministrations, one thing is certain that Mr Carlyle is not indebted to Christianity for any of his favourite doctrines. Now and then he avails himself of the word *Gospel*, and sometimes borrows a bit of Scripture when he wishes to have a sharp fling at Popery, and its kindred abominations; but on the whole, Mr Carlyle is as innocent of all true knowledge of Christianity, as if he lived in a land where no Bible light had ever beamed. We are not angry with him because of his ignorance—but for setting up false knowledge, and for endeavouring to propagate a false gospel made up of antichristian crudities. It is a fearful fact, that Mr Carlyle impliedly palms himself off upon the credulity or incredulity of mankind as a great teacher, in opposition to the spiritual certainties of Christ's gospel of salvation. His constant theme is the importance of ridding society of what he is pleased to call *shams;* and if the process of extermination be effected with ever so much bloodshed or havoc, still, according to the infallible Carlyle, fire and sword are well employed in purging a pathway for *realities.* These said realities, when attained, turn out to be some other kind of *shams;* and among them we beg leave to class the shams of Mr Thomas Carlyle. Being a wide desolating fault-finder, he blames every thing under the sun. All men—all countries—all sections of society—all opinions, creeds, and institutions—Mr Carlyle very heathenly devotes to

the infernal gods; nor is there any way of escape but through the instrumentality of "heroes," whom we are first to find—like Mrs Glasse's hare—and then to fall down and worship them as the proper deities of this lower world! These heroes may be of all sorts, there being no restriction as to the military and naval professions—any man who, by dint of personal prowess, daring ambition, unscrupulous vehemence, or successful cajoling, can lead captive the minds of his fellow-men, is, according to the Carlyle system, a man that ought to be believed in as a "hero;" and if suitable worship be conceded to him, all mundane matters will revive immediately, so as to make *the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.* "We have a faith," confesses the credulous Carlyle, "in the imperishable dignity of man;" and if this faith be cherished and cultivated, all will "go merry as a marriage bell."

Now we, on the contrary, boldly maintain that this vaunted trust in the dignity of human nature, is the root, pith, and Satanic sap of all infidelity. To admit so diabolical a doctrine is to repudiate the grace and mercy of Jehovah—to deny the propitiation and mediatorship of Christ—and to resist and gainsay the power, efficacy, and needfulness of the Holy Spirit; and we may subjoin, that whosoever worships man, thereby renounces all acknowledgment of the *living and true God.* Christianity is for the reconciliation and retrieval of human beings, who have penally lost by sin all righteousness and original dignity, and whose holiness and happiness must come from a new source of supernatural sanctity. All this Mr Carlyle would treat with either denial or derision; for it renders his theories abortive, and reduces his mysticism to the level of vulgar delusion; his heroes sink into sinnership, and their worshippers are at once branded with idolatry. Nevertheless, in the year A.D. 1850, Mr Carlyle not only affects to be a great teacher of truth, but he is countenanced in his erring assumption by many who profess to reverence religion. No one, so far as our information extends, has had the Christian hardihood to proclain that Mr Carlyle is a poor, misled, self-sufficient dreamer —utterly void of any sound knowledge which can properly rebuke the wrongs, or redress the wretchedness of society. He is palpably neither apostle, nor prophet, nor statesman, and yet, by turns, he passes himself off as being all three. To adduce full proof of our allegations against Mr Carlyle, we have only to bespeak attention to some extracts from one of his recent publica-

tions, which will be found in another portion of our paper. As Mormonism has given rise to *Latter-day Saints*, so Carlylism has given birth to *Latter-day pamphlets*—the first of a series of which has just come to light, and a most extraordinary bantling it certainly is. The production now copied from is entitled *The Present Time;* and if any of his contemporaries can benefit themselves by its perusal, so as to acquire a closer knowledge of passing events and their consequences, we congratulate them upon a privilege which we are unlikely to enjoy; for, to our apprehension, a wilder farrago of obscurely expressed nothings never fell from any writer of a presumedly sound mind. The sum of his convictions about the *present time* amounts to this, that the days we live in are of "endless calamity, disruption, dislocation," "confusion worse confounded"—and then he tacks to this pleasing persuasion a contingent bit of belief, which clearly denotes the pseudo-prophet, viz.: that "*if*" our days be not also days of endless hope, "then they are days of endless despair!" To all which rhodomontade we simply and scripturally reply, that the present time, and all time, is foreknown, over-ruled, and hath its limit of evil assigned, not by foolish men, but by the *only wise God*. It is the lack of faith in Christianity which causes all the "confusion worse confounded," which is so dreary a puzzle to Mr Carlyle, and all other votaries of *philosophy and vain deceit*—whose solemn nonsense about the "dignity of human nature" aids the spread of atheistic anarchy. We think it very creditable to the Scottish people that, imbued as they are with nationality, and full of pardonable pride in extolling the many talented sons of Scotland, whose merits have been recognised wherever intellectual superiority is prized—yet Thomas Carlyle has never been able to secure any footing of fame in his own country. The reason is, that the bulk of Scottish readers find no basis of religious reverence in any of his writings; and they are not willing to forego their adoration of the *only true God*, for the phantasies of Mr Carlyle's *hero worship*.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PRISON PAMPHLET.

It must be a source of considerable comfort to critics, that let them censure Mr Carlyle's writings as sharply as they may, it is

not possible for them to flurry the feelings of that great philosopher, inasmuch as he makes a point of never reading a single line scribbled adversely to his own oracular opinions. Praise, and laid on tolerably thick too, is of course quite another thing :—

> For now and then your men of wit,
> Will condescend to take a bit.

But we really cannot afford to flatter Mr Carlyle, who is to our thinking one of the most wrong-headed writers that ever put pen to paper. One of his admirers, who is, we believe, admitted to the sanctuary of his fireside sublimities, snubs us privately for having "abused" the grand Carlyle, instead of "arguing quietly" concerning his obscure oddities of thought and style. All we have to urge in our defence is, that we have the interests of truth and good sense exceedingly at heart, and as we are conscientiously convinced that Mr Carlyle is the enemy of both, we deem it to be our bounden duty to weaken his usurped authority in every possible way; just as we should like to bear a hand in overturning *Juggernaut*, or dethroning the king of the Cannibal Islands. We hold that Mr Carlyle never propounds a correct, salutary idea upon any subject whether earthly, or infernal; and on the latter theme, as we shall soon see, he is not sparing of speculation. He professes to know a great deal about heroes and the scum of society, which according to Apemantus was the twofold sum of Timon's attainments. "The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends." Sceptical and splenetic; paradoxical and presumptuous; the poor man is inflated with the notion of having some great mission confided to him, which, for the sake of mysterious influence, he declines defining. In our former article on Mr Carlyle's first of a series of pamphlets, we used the freedom of enquiring into the drift of his present publications, and certainly a more hopeless investigation could hardly be entered upon. That any advantages can accrue to the community from Mr Carlyle's dissertations, seems to be about as likely as that Hero worship should be formally installed in the place of Christianity. To do him justice, however, he harps very much on the same old crotchets; and when his queer paragraphs come athwart us, we cannot rid ourselves of the recollection of Mr Ephraim Jenkinson in the *Vicar of Wakefield*,—"The cosmogony or creation of the world hath puzzled many." Clever Goldsmith sketches to

the life a fraudulent philosopher; for is not sham wisdom a fraud, most seeming sapient Mr Carlyle!

Shocked at the paucity of heroes in these degenerate days, Mr Carlyle betakes himself to a scrutiny of jails, in the expectation, we suppose, of finding within the realms of incarcerated rascaldom, some persecuted worthies whom the world should bow the worshipping knee to. But here our philosopher is doomed to disappointment. There is not enough of *reality* in bolts and bars to satisfy the cravings of our philosopher, who sees nothing but *shams* in the *penetralia* of a model prison. Whether the case be so or not, cannot possibly be collected from Mr Carlyle's account; for everything he beholds is so distorted by his vague grotesqueness of description, that we can no more trust to the truth of his details, than to the *vraisemblance* of Punch's portraits, executed by that eccentric artist, Mr Doyle. But the philosophical peerer into prisons must exhibit his own pictures—

"Several months ago, some friends took me with them to see one of the London prisons—a prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings, cut out, girt with a high ring wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some thousand or twelve hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, working-rooms, general courts or special and private: excellent all, the *ne plus ultra* of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no Duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness.

"The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking places, we tasted; found them of excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum, and the like, in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs: others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts: methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial, wholesome comfort reigned everywhere supreme. The women in other apartments, some notable murder-

esses among them, all in the like state of methodic composure and substantial wholesome comfort, sat sewing; in long ranges of wash-houses, drying-houses, and whatever pertains to the getting up of clean linen, were certain others, with all conceivable mechanical furtherances, not too arduously working. The notable murderesses were, though with great precautions of privacy, pointed out to us; and we were requested not to look openly at them, or seem to notice them at all, as it was found to 'cherish their vanity,' when visitors looked at them. Schools, too, were there; intelligent teachers of both sexes, studiously instructing the still ignorant of these thieves."

The next edifying sketches are of two Chartist celebrities, one of whom turns out to be an old acquaintance of Carlyle in mesmeric matters, perhaps at a Chelsea *soiree*, but now transferred to conscious captivity :—

"From an inner upper room or gallery, we looked down into a range of private courts, where certain Chartist Notabilities were undergoing their term. Chartist Notability First struck me very much: I had seen him about a year before, by involuntary accident and much to my disgust, magnetising a silly young person; and had noted well the unlovely voracious look of him, his thick oily skin, his heavy dull-burning eyes, his greedy mouth, the dusky potent insatiable *animalism* that looked out of every feature of him; a fellow adequate to animal-magnetise most things, I did suppose;—and here was the post I now found him arrived at. Next neighbour to him was Notability Second, a philosophic or literary Chartist; walking rapidly to and fro in his private court, a clean high-walled place; the world and its cares quite excluded, for some months to come: master of his own time and spiritual resources to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent. What, 'literary man' to an equal extent! I fancied I, for my own part, so left with paper and ink, and all taxes and botherations shut out out from me, could have written such a Book as no reader will ever get of me. Never, O reader, never here in a mere house with taxes and botherations. Here, alas, one has to snatch one's poor Book, bit by bit, as from a conflagration; and to think and live, comparatively, as if the house were not one's own, but mainly the world's and the devil's. Notability Second might have filled one with envy."

Mr Carlyle's preference for prison authorship, untaxed and un-

bothered, almost inclines us to wish that he might be favoured with the seclusion he so much values, if he could be immured into rational book-making; but we opine that, like Shakespear's *Lucio*, he "had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment."

Mr Carlyle proceeds to delineate the governor of the enviable abode, and the difficulties to which he is subjected by what the writer holds to be the false and erroneous views of the magistrate-employers:—

"The Captain of the place, a gentleman of ancient Military or Royal-Navy habits, was one of the most perfect governors: professionally and by nature zealous for cleanliness, punctuality, good order of every kind; a humane heart and yet a strong one; soft of speech and manner, yet with an inflexible rigour of command, so far as his limits went; 'iron hand in a velvet glove,' as Napoleon defined it. A man of real worth, challenging at once love and respect; the light of those mild bright eyes, seemed to permeat the place as with an all-pervading vigilance, and kindly yet victorious illumination; in the soft definite voice it was as if Nature herself were promulgating her orders, gentlest, mildest orders, which, however, in the end, there would be no disobeying, which in the end there would be no living without fulfilment of. A true '*aristos*' and commander of men. A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward, in good ways, twelve hundred of the best common people in London or the world: he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to command, and guide forward in such ways as there were, twelve hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman; and with considerable astonishment, the reverse of admiration, on the work he had here been set upon.

"This excellent Captain was too old a Commander to complain of anything; indeed, he struggled visibly the other way, to find in his own mind that all here was best; but I could sufficiently discern that, in his natural instincts, if not mounting up to the region of his thoughts, there was a continual protest going on against much of it; that nature and all his inarticulate persuasion (however much forbidden to articulate itself) taught him the futility and unfeasibility of the system followed here. The Visiting Magistrates, he gently regretted rather than complained, had lately taken his tread-wheel from him, men were just now pulling it

down; and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects, was much a difficulty with him. 'They cared for nothing but the tread-wheel, and for having their rations cut short:' of the two sole penalties, hard work and occasional hunger, there remained now only one, and that by no means the better one, as he thought. The 'sympathy' of visitors, too, their 'pity' for his interesting scoundrel-subjects, though he tried to like it, was evidently no joy to this practical mind. Pity, yes:—but pity for the scoundrel-species? For those who will not have pity on themselves, and will force the Universe and the Laws of Nature to have no 'pity' on them? Meseems I could discover fitter objects of pity."

It appears probable, from the allusion to the "victorious illumination" of the super-excellent Governor's "mild bright eyes," that he will be popped into the next list of Carlyle's demi-gods; so his visit in search of prison picturesque was not wholly unproductive of results. The stiff, naval hero; the iron-handed, velvet-gloved ruler of rascality, will hardly know himself in the sage Carlyle's highly-coloured pages; and his meddling magistrates, if they read Latter-day pamphlets, may trouble the good governor more than ever.

The next quotation we shall venture upon, is a somewhat vituperative paragraph, in which Mr Carlyle inveighs very angrily against the new system of reclaiming felons, by "the method of love," instead of the sterner attentions involved in the movements of the tread-wheel. We confess we are a little puzzled at Mr Carlyle's vehement ire against model-prison delinquents, when we call to mind the urbanity and compassion which he bestows on some monstrous miscreants of the First French revolution, whom he frequently apostrophises in the gentlest terms, such as "O my brothers;" mistaken sons of Adam," and so forth, and censures the "hysterical hatred" of Danton, Marat, and even of "sea-green Robespierre." Why the French wholesale murderers should be exalted into brotherhood, and the English felonry should be so hardly dealt with, as Mr Carlyle and his "gods" would appoint, is perplexing enough; but Mr Carlyle is unrelenting towards British malefactors, and shews himself "as obstinate as an allegory on the banks of the Nile"—

"Hopeless for evermore such a project. These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp, and other diabolic-animal specimens of humanity,

who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by love? A collar round the neck, and a cartwhip flourished over the back; these, in a just and steady humane hand, were what the gods would have appointed them; and now when, by long misconduct and neglect, they had sworn themselves into the Devil's regiments of the line, and got the seal of Chaos impressed on their visage, it was very doubtful whether even these would be of avail for the unfortunate commander of Twelve-hundred men! By 'love,' without hope except of peaceably teasing oakum, or fear except of a temporary loss of dinner, he was to guide these men, and wisely constrain them,—whitherward? Nowhither: that was his goal, if you will think well of it; that was a second fundamental falsity in his problem. False in the warp and false in the woof, thought one of us; about as false a problem as any I have seen a good man set upon lately! To guide scoundrels by 'love;' that is a false woof, I take it, a method that will not hold together; hardly for the flower of men will love alone do; and for the sediment and scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do. And then to guide any class of men, scoundrel or other, *Nowhither*, which was this poor Captain's problem, in this Prison with oakum for its one element of hope or outlook, how can that prosper by 'love' or by any conceivable method? That is a warp wholly false. Out of which false warp, or originally false condition to start from, combined and daily woven into by your false woof, or methods of 'love' and suchlike, there arises for our poor Captain the falsest of problems, and for a man of his faculty the unfairest of situations. His problem was, not to command good men to do something, but bad men to do (with superficial disguises) nothing."

Now, however unhandy the poor Captain may be in the solution of jail problems, it is plain that he is not likely to get any help from Mr Carlyle, who has as much of the "seal of chaos impressed" on his writings as these "Devil's regiments of the line" can possibly exhibit on their sin-scarred visages. What Mr Carlyle would recommend in lieu of all existing modes of reformation, we must catch, if we can, from such pellucid statements as the following—

"My clear opinion farther is, we had better quit the Scoundrel province of Reform; better close that under hatches, in some rapid, summary manner, and go elsewhither with our Reform efforts.

The whole world, for want of Reform, is drowning and sinking; threatening to swamp itself into a Stygian quagmire, uninhabitable by any noble minded man. Let us to the wellheads, I say; to the chief fountain of these waters of bitterness, and there strike home and dig! To puddle in the embouchures and drowned outskirts, and ulterior and ultimate *issues* and cloacas of the affair; what profit can there be in that? Nothing to be saved there; nothing to be fished-up there, except, with endless peril and spread of pestilence, a miscellany of broken waifs and dead dogs! In the name of Heaven, quit that."

All that we can collect from this brilliant, philanthropic effusion, is the decided inclination of Mr Carlyle, the apostle of the new gospel, to destroy mankind, forasmuch as nothing, it seems can be done for their improvement. "To this complexion are we come at last," under such august auspices as "clear opinions" from Hero-worshipping Carlyle. But we read in a book which Mr Carlyle would do well to search, of One who *sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved:* but we may as well stop short; for we are barred from all access to those who, like Mr Carlyle, preach a religion of their own concoction; a religion from which grace, mercy, and hope are emphatically excluded.

In the following passage, with which we shall conclude our extracts, Mr Carlyle takes the field against the whole army of what he deems to be pseudo-philanthropists; whom he dispatches after the ensuing exterminatory fashion—

"Howard abated the Jail-fever; but it seems to me he has been the innocent cause of a far more distressing fever which rages high just now; what we may call the Benevolent Platform Fever. Howard is to be regarded as the unlucky fountain of that tumultuous frothy ocean-tide of benevolent sentimentality, 'abolition of punishment,' all absorbing 'prison-discipline,' and general morbid sympathy, instead of hearty hatred for scoundrels; which is threatening to drown human society as in deluges, and leave, instead of an 'edifice of society, fit for the habitation of men, a continent of fetid ooze, inhabitable only by mud-gods and creatures that walk upon their belly. Few things more distress a thinking soul at this time.

"Most sick am I, O friends, of this sugary disastrous jargon of philanthropy, the reign of love, new era of universal brotherhood,

and not Paradise to the well-deserving, but Paradise to All-and-sundry, which possesses the benighted minds of men and women in our day. My friends, I think you are much mistaken about paradise! 'No Paradise for anybody; he that cannot do without Paradise, go his ways;' suppose you tried that for a while! I reckon that the safer version.—Unhappy sugary brethren; this is all untrue, this other; contrary to the fact; not a tatter of it will hang together in the wind and weather of fact. In brotherhood with the base and foolish, I, for one, do not mean to live. Not in brotherhood with them was life hitherto worth much to me; in pity, in hope not yet quite swallowed of disgust,—otherwise in enmity that must last through eternity, in unappeasable aversion, shall I have to live with these! Brotherhood? No, be the thought far from me. They are Adam's children,—alas yes, I well remember that, and never shall forget it; hence this rage and sorrow. But they have gone over to the dragons; they have quitted the Father's house, and set up with the Old Serpent; till they return, how can they be brothers? They are enemies, deadly to themselves and to me and to you, till then; till then, while hope yet lasts, I will treat them as brothers fallen insane;—when hope has ended, with tears grown sacred and wrath grown sacred, I will cut them off in the name of God! It is at my peril, if I do not. With the servant of Satan I dare not continue in partnership. Him I must put away, resolutely and for ever; 'lest,' as it is written, 'I become partaker of his plagues.' . . . . You would have saved the Sarawak Pirates, then? The Almighty Maker is wroth that the Sarawak cutthroats, with their poisoned spears, are away? What must his wrath be that the Thirty-thousand Needle-women are still here, and the question 'prevenient grace' not yet settled! O my friends, in sad earnest, sad and deadly earnest, there much needs that God would mend all this, and that we should help him to mend it."

We are neither pleased nor displeased with platform oratory, of which, however, Mr Carlyle knows not the secret springs. Philanthropic projects cannot, in these utilitarian days, be started or supported without *money;* and platform exhibitions of eloquence are as needful to sustain the schemes of benevolence which are hourly broached, as the votes of army estimates are required for the sinews of war. Mr Carlyle is little aware how the exchequer of charity, as it is called, is replenished by means of platform

pathos, mingled with occasional drollery, just to put people in good humour, before contributions commence!

We do not happen to be acquainted with Mr Carlyle's early history; but we suspect, from the thundering tone of his denunciations against the unfortunate folks who "have gone over to the dragons," that he was cradled in Cameronian austerities; which he now jumbles with the pantheistic crudities of German gainsayers of Christianity. A more melancholy medley can hardly be conceived than Mr Carlyle presents to us of a Scotch Presbyterian allying himself with the propagators of foreign infidelity. It is not easy to say what Mr Carlyle may mature into; but at present we consider him to be a philosophical Pharisee, making war upon conjectured, religious Pharisees. "In brotherhood with the base and foolish," quoth Mr Carlyle, "I, for one, do not mean to live," and we should not counsel such a choice of fellowship to any person of judgment; but is there no medium between living in communion with the base and foolish, and extirpating them in the name of the Deity? which latter penal office Mr Carlyle most awfully assumes for himself—"I will cut them off in the name of God." Ah, Mr Carlyle, keep clear of this cutting off! You who would destroy others cannot save yourself. Sinners may smite sinners, and afterwards rue their own ruthlessness; but *salvation is of God.*

THE CAMERONIANS PAST AND PRESENT.

We give insertion, in another part of our journal, to a somewhat testy letter, in which the writer, Mr Scott, is pleased to rate us rather roundly for throwing out a suspicion that Mr Thomas Carlyle had been "cradled in Cameronian austerities," as serving to account for the denunciatory style in which the hero-worshipper so largely indulges. We specially adverted to the Cameronian body in the olden time, because we had a clear recollection of a certain anathematizing manner of spirit which signally characterised them; and which, to our thinking, is irreconcileable with the pure proclamation of the gospel of peace. Our correspondent takes for granted that we meant to make an onslaught on the existing religious society which still, it appears, cleaves to an old designation; but which Mr Scott authoritatively assures us is composed of "intelligent and peaceably-disposed professing Christians."

Far be it from us to doubt for a moment the correctness of Mr Scott's testimony on behalf of his co-religionists, with whom we had no desire to meddle, and whose feelings we would not willingly wound; but we are not inclined to surrender historical truth in order to appease sectarian susceptibilities. Believing ourselves to be tolerably accurate in our reminiscences regarding Scottish ecclesiastical history, and yet anxious to test the verity of our casually-expressed impressions, we have referred to some authorities of no mean note in order to quiet our own qualms on being charged with ignorance and incautiousness. The result is, a clear, conscientious conviction, that so far from our phrase "Cameronian austerities" being rebukably wrong, it only errs in being too dulcet and lukewarm; for we are certain that a much stronger form of censure would be quite warrantable. In contemplating the whole course of the religious conflict which so long desolated Scotland; the monstrous tyranny of asserted absolute authority, coupled with covert popish pretensions, exercised against a pious population; our sympathies are all in favour of the wrongfully oppressed. We retrace with horror and detestation the implacable cruelty of the powerful persecutors, whose deeds of darkness are chronicled, not only in the Church's annals of suffering, but in the very records supplied by the wicked perpetrators themselves. But it is a high part of Christian wisdom, while plainly pointing out the wickedness of persecution, to indicate, with contrite ingenuousness, the errors which may have been committed by the beloved sufferers. In this way we gather humbling instruction, and salutary reproof, which never can have place where fondness forbids impartiality and honest blame. The two great snares of the Church, in all ages, are either apathetic slackness in spiritual things; or a *zeal not according to knowledge* for matters which do not concern the vitality of religion. In our view, the latter has been the prevalent fault of many excellent persons in Scotland, who sleep in peace, and yet who lived in an element of war; and we surely do not violate the rigid truth of history when we allege that Richard Cameron, and his immediate followers, went to extremes of contention, which not only drew immense (and as we think needless) suffering upon themselves, but actually involved the whole of the Presbyterian body in Scotland in comprehensive calamities, from which they would have been exempt but for the *Queensferry paper* and the *Sanquhar Declaration*. These indiscreet documents were

not, strictly speaking, Confessions of Faith, or avowals of church principles and discipline, but aggressive manifestoes, disowning the title, and disclaiming the authority of the then reigning monarch of these realms. To avert the future trouble of having to notice correspondents who, influenced by strong feeling, may obtrude tradition upon us in place of authentic history, we copy the following brief passages from the Sanquhar Declaration, 1680: —"We, *as the representative* of the true presbyterian kirk, and covenanted nation of Scotland, do by these presents disown Charles Stewart, as having any right, title to, or interest in the crown of Scotland. We declare that several years since he should have been denuded of being king, ruler, or magistrate, or of having any power to act, or to be obeyed as such." Here, we conceive, all true contending for the faith of Christ was virtually abandoned by the parties who espoused this disloyal course. There was no doctrine of the gospel which could be strained to sanction this downright invasion of the civil and political power of the Sovereign; for it was even more than *resistance to the powers that be*, it was fierce and unjustifiable aggression. The personal character of an evil-minded monarch has nothing to do with the matter in question. Bad as Charles II. undoubtedly was, he was not worse than Nero; yet we find the apostle Paul writing from the vicinage of the tyrant's palace, the inspired rule of Christian subjection to authority, which will be the celestial canon of obedience until *time shall be no longer*. The infamous double-dealing and treachery of the Stewarts, rendered it impossible for the Presbyterians of Scotland to repose any confidence in that race of royal deceivers; but the want of trust is one thing, and revolt from rule is quite another thing; and here it was that the Cameronians grievously failed in point of discipleship to the *King of kings, and Lord of lords*. And we hold it impossible to recur to cotemporary history, without perceiving at a glance that the tyrannical possessors of power availed themselves of the false position of the Cameronians to extend the sphere of persecution, so as to include vast numbers of Presbyterians, who utterly repudiated the extreme errors which we have just noticed. Lest there should be ground for the allegation that we have consulted authorities of an unfriendly or doubtful cast, such as Wodrow and others, we turn to the *Scots Worthies*, where the bias of favouritism runs strongly on the side of the parties biographically blazoned. The narrative of Richard Cameron's Life is drawn up with the

cordial heartiness of one revering his memory, and yet we are at no loss for abundant attestation to the truth of our remarks concerning his dangerous surplusage of irrepressible zeal—zeal which did more than provoke his personal calamity, for it occasioned the widespread misery of multitudes who were in no wise participants of his erroneous principles. Richard Cameron appears to have started in his ministerial career under the influence of views which, to say the least, have more affinity to the relentless rigours of the law, than to the mild mercies of the blessed gospel; and which, we think, serve to account for what we temperately termed his "austerities." The following is Howie's amicable account of his earliest mission as a minister of Christ's gospel. "After he was licensed, they sent him at first to preach in Annandale. He said, How could he go there? he know not what sort of people they were. But Mr Welch said, Go your way Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tail!" This, it may be said, is characteristic of the times, and we do not deny it; but then it also serves to account for the troubles of the times, seeing that the passions of men, instead of being kept in check by the gentle glory of the gospel, were, on the contrary, lashed into darker rage by undue religious fervour. The sole business of a minister of the gospel is scripturally set forth in a brief record concerning a mission of Philip, and its happy results. *Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. And there was great joy in that city.* The gospel is a proclamation of present, perfect, and eternal redemption to all who believe in the Son of God. The exposition of that wonderful mystery does not admit of being mingled with temporal themes; for no human occurrences can have any control over God's word, which *liveth and abideth for ever.* In casting a reverted glance on religious disputations which have led to disastrous public movements of a political character, we shall soon see that the origin of those fatal controversies which issue in deadly strife, is not traceable to the gospel, but to a departure from *the simplicity that is in Christ.* And this, again, must be ascribed to the frailty of our fallen nature, which is prone to *let slip* what can alone quell its corruptions. We do not think a whit the worse of Richard Cameron for his errors, which carried their own punishment along with them; but we demur to that objectionable partiality which would transform errors into excellencies, and thus perniciously propagate false rules of conduct.

Since writing the foregoing strictures, we have chanced to light upon a passage in Wodrow which strikingly confirms our conclusions. In consequence of Cameron's violent proceedings, whole districts were desolated where his acts were unknown. Troops were sent by order of the Council to the west and south, and the conduct of Cameron was the pretext for military excesses. "They pretended," says Wodrow, "to seek after Mr Richard Cameron and his followers; but under this colour all were again oppressed who had been denounced fugitives for non-compearance at courts. And, in short, all non-conformists were harassed, the whole country was depopulated, and dreadful severities and oppression committed."

LORD CLARENDON BETWEEN TWO RIVAL REVIEWS.

The two great political parties which have long struggled for supremacy in Great Britain were, until the last forty years, content to confine their contentions within the walls of Parliament, and the press was hardly more than the agency for diffusing their debates, and assailing or vindicating Whig or Tory sentiments. But on the establishment of the *Quarterly Review* (of which Canning was by far the most powerful promoter), a new field for party strife was intellectually opened, and the fourth estate (as the press has been somewhat unconstitutionally dubbed) assumed a part in influential political discussion, which it has never since relinquished. The Whig Review then was pitted against the Tory Review, and, although the former has occasionally coquetted with radicalism, and the latter has been attenuated into conservatism, yet still the "ancient grudge" subsists between the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, and the feuds of their respective factions are as bitterly fought in printed pages as in parliamentary harangues. Indeed, party enmity is so vigorous on both sides, and questions of a political cast are discussed with such implacable adherence to Whiggish or Conservative dogmas, that in nine cases out of ten the hostile arguments, like an equal array of positive and negative quantities in algebra, mutually destroy each other. A sample of this exterminating process is to be found in the mode of managing the subject named at the head of this article. In the foreview of the coming session, it is deemed desirable that the public should be

primed with certain articles of charge against the Earl of Clarendon, founded on his alleged misconduct as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; *therefore* the *Quarterly* is instructed to get up a sharp accusatorial article, which may serve as a handy little text-book in either house of Parliament when the trial comes off. On the other hand the Whig government must have their own literary arsenal well supplied with shot and shells, to be poured in upon the adverse ranks, not only to scatter Lord Clarendon's assailants, but to hide him, if necessary, in a smoke of their own raising. We have read with due attention the articles fulminated by the political scribes of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, concerning the well-known conflict at Dolly's Brae, and the result upon our mind is a complete mystification of the whole matter, so as to leave it in as much obscurity as the controversy regarding the *Man in the iron mask*, the authorship of *Junius*, or the birth-place of Homer. With such pertinacity does the *Quarterly* insist upon bringing in Lord Clarendon as a delinquent, and so resolved is the *Edinburgh* to leave him out as a ruler—that, according to the Tory oracle, his Excellency is a most guilty viceroy, and, according to the Whig fountain of wisdom, the Lord Lieutenant is as pure as unsunned snow. Finding it impossible to reconcile these contrarieties, we determined to renounce the rival reviews with a spice of the spleen which made Mercutio cry out, "a plague on both your houses." The plain truth is, that the two articles adverted to are evidently prepared *per order*, and are as little to be relied upon as a lot of Birmingham blunderbusses, made for the African market. The *Quarterly* scribbling is got up in very good style, and embellished with wood-engravings, illustrating the campaign of Maghermayo, and, from internal evidence,—the minute nothingness, and ineffective research, coupled with a decided love of sneering inuendo—we are very much inclined to attribute the manufacture of this article to the right hon. editor of Boswell's Johnson. The *Edinburgh* essay bears no stamp of superiority—it is a mere pleading to prove that every one in Ireland was wrong except the possessors of power, who, being Whig rulers, must, of course, expect to be extolled in a Whig Review.

But as we happen to be neither Whigs nor Tories—but are devoted to the interests of Truth, whether it affect one or other faction—it shall be our aim to lay a condensed statement of this Maghermayo "untoward event," before our readers, and the more

so, as it is sure in a very few days to engross the attention of many persons in and out of Parliament. The melancholy affair popularly known as the bloodshed and horrible havock at Dolly's Brae, cannot be understood without casting a reverted glance at the state of Ireland about fifty-five years ago. At that period Great Britain was in a fearful conflict with republican France, troubled with democratic movements in England and Scotland, and above all menaced with a rebellion in Ireland, which originated in Ulster, but which when organised *there*, upon revolutionary principles, was caught up by Roman Catholic discontent—the product of oppression—and in a short time became the common cause of the anti-protestant population of an insurrectionary island! On referring to Lord Castlereagh's correspondence with the English ministers, it will be at a glance discerned, how perilous was the state of Ireland—how precarious the preservation of British supremacy—and how manifold were the demands upon the military force of the empire, so as to cramp the competency of the executive to suppress by its regular, serried strength, the widely-ramified conspiracy of Irish traitors. In this dilemma, the Government sought for succour among the protestants of Ireland, and very specially among that large class of them who possessed what were then honourably deemed *Orange* principles, *i. e.* principles which were associated not only with King William's successful championship of civil liberty in England, but with the absolute assertion of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland! To be an Orangeman and a loyalist, were, in effect, synonymous terms—for in proportion as rebellion ripened, the ranks of the insurgents were palpably recruited with Roman Catholic multitudes — who thus became confronted with Orangeism. The Government speedily organised corps of yeomanry, simply by the distribution of arms; for each corps elected its own officers, and maintained its efficiency by domestic constitution and self-acquired discipline. It is easy for men in these days of altered polity to treat Orange associations as national nuisances —but we can remember, as if it were but yesterday, how exclusive was the dependance which the Government placed on the support of their Orange auxiliaries—and how devoted was the zeal of partisans whose loyal help was inflamed by their Orange predilections. We freely admit that the position of a government is false and dangerous which constrains them to call forth the antipathies of one class to subdue the revolt of another class; but the

exigencies of the state were assigned as the ground of that policy which invoked the aid of Orange loyalty to prostrate Roman Catholic conspiracy. Years rolled on, darkened with two rebellions which cast a melancholy shade upon Irish history, and during which the Orangemen—with all their faulty fervency—strenuously sustained British rule in Ireland, and thus contributed to uphold the integrity of the empire. At length the star of Napoleon grew pale before the military glory of Great Britain, and the conquerors of Waterloo rendered unnecessary any future aid from Orangemen in quelling civil commotions in the sister island. In the further march of events the Roman Catholic disabilities were removed, and the enfranchised religionists became the allies, *by compact*, of a Whig Government. The Orange associations were now discountenanced—censured, and underwent a voluntary disbandment. But to their credit be it spoken, the Orange party did not renounce their principles because power and influence were no longer blended with the Orange cause. Precisely as the Roman Catholics, groaning under a wicked penal code, clave with more tenacity to the creed which provoked oppression; so the fidelity of true-hearted Orangemen to the principles of their institution shone out more conspicuously when neglect and opposition overtook them. We cordially wish that Orangeism, with every other fatal *ism*, were extirpated from the social system of Ireland; but our wishes do not blind us to the fact that Orange associations—Orange demonstrations—Orange processions, were once held in honour; and that the British Government solicited, sued for, valued, and acknowledged, the services of a great body, which subsequently met with slight, and even marked emnity from successive Whig Administrations! And here we find ourselves landed on the battle-field of Dolly's Brae. After forty-five years, not of tranquillity, but of absent rebellion in Ireland, the long (and through Whig connivance) the unrepressed agitation of O'Connell, produced its proper fruits—first sedition, and then imperfectly-organised insurrection. The crisis was a sharp and trying one, and it fell to the lot of Lord Clarendon to overcome a sterner Irish "difficulty" than ever hampered Sir Robert Peel's statesmanship. We have never been the unscrupulous adulators of Lord Clarendon, so that our testimony may be more readily received when we declare our conviction that his administration, taken as a whole, merits a very high degree of praise. An Italian physician has written a work to

prove that every trade, pursuit, and profession, has some physical disease connected with its exercise; and it is not too fanciful to assume that something analogous may prevail in the moral world. A great part of Lord Clarendon's public life has been spent in fulfilling the functions of ambassador at the Court of Spain, and in frustrating the *tracasseries* of an intriguing *Camarilla*. It is just possible that the noble Lord may have contracted a slight taint from his constrained familiarity with *finesse;* and although, now, in a totally different sphere, he may inadvertently slide into ancient habitudes, and seek to obtain, by tortuous *diplomacy*, what might be instantly won by simple *directness*. Something of this feeling is, we think, perceptible in the Orange matter, which we will shortly state to our readers. Quiet English and Scotch housekeepers can hardly conceive the alarm and excitement that convulsed Ireland in the first half-year of 1848; the people of Dublin especially were in dire dread of massacre and pillage, and the prudently extensive preparations of the Government to put down insurrection, increased the fears of the community. Loyalists, as in the olden time, came forward to tender their support to Government, and among those loyalists were many who proclaimed themselves to be Orangemen. Lord Clarendon with perfect propriety, as we think, accepted the proffered good-will and possible services of all who expressed their zeal to uphold the Executive; and not a particle of blame is justly imputable to the Lord Lieutenant for encouraging every one to rally round his Viceregal throne. We have no doubt, however, as to the effect of this encouragement upon some over-zealous leaders of Orange associations; and that the dangerous demonstrations of strength by means of public processions, derived a seeming countenance from the previous good understanding between the Government and the Orangemen. It should also be borne in mind that a temporary Statute entitled the "Party Processions Act," had been suffered to expire. Such were the circumstances which ushered in the anniversary of the 12th July 1849. It was pre-arranged that an Orange procession which was to take place on that day, should march on its way to Lord Roden's, through a pass named Dolly's Brae, where some thirty-five years previously a Roman Catholic widow's son had been killed in a vile party contest. The widow, as the rumour runs, had left a dying injunction, that no Orange procession should ever be permitted to pass that way, and upon

the principle involved in the *vetitum nefas*—the Orangemen made it a point of false honour to pursue the interdicted road. It was known that this Orange movement would be resisted, and that the Orange processionists would meet in arms, so as to combat effectually a threatened array of armed opponents. These menacing matters were made known to the Government, who acted with a strange mixture of precaution and imprudence. They ordered a large military force to sustain a large police force, and for what? why, to *protect* a large, armed, Orange procession, which the law officers of the Crown *now* declare to be illegal! The consequences of this absurd proceeding were calamitous. A squib was let off, it is not clear on which side—and a general *melee* commenced, in which Orangemen, Ribbonmen, Police, and her Majesty's troops were all engaged—lives were lost, injuries were inflicted, and houses were wrecked and burnt by the Orange party. To our thinking, all this mischief might have been prevented by a plain notification of the Government, that tumultuous assemblages of armed persons, whether Orangemen or Ribbonmen, would not be allowed—and that the police and troops should be employed to give effect to the Government prohibition. What could the rabid Ribbonmen think when they saw an Orange procession headed by the police and the Queen's Dragoons, but that the whole affair was patronized by public authority? Suffice it to say that murder and havock certainly took place, and instead of putting the ordinary tribunals in motion to vindicate the law, the Government dispatches a Mr Berwick, Q.C., to *enquire* into a thoroughly-known, and exceedingly bad business—and to *report* thereupon—which the learned gentleman did in a very courtly fashion, by casting blame upon almost every party except the parties actually in fault—namely, the law advisers of the Government, who, by their forensic folly, and solemn see-saw, had occasioned all these mistakes and atrocities—mistakes of the magistracy, and atrocities of the Orangemen and Ribbonmen. The truth is, that for some thirty years past it has been the policy of the two great parties that divide the state, to strengthen themselves respectively by means of public meetings, and to facilitate this object the lawyers have contrived to mystify the true doctrine as to what constitutes the legality of a public meeting. According to the soundest construction of British constitutional law, large assemblages of persons are unlawful, *except those meetings are convened by a proper, law-*

ful authority. It is not the *conduct* of a public meeting which evinces its legality—it is its *constitution.* This is the true test of the legality or illegality of a public meeting; and to the neglect of this test by eminent crown lawyers, much of the disorder which has harassed England, as well as Ireland, may be truly ascribed. By what lawful authority were the mutually infuriated multitudes of Orangemen and Ribbonmen assembled in the neighbourhood of Dolly's Brae—and why did not the Irish Attorney-General discover that the intended meeting was illegal, *before* blood was spilt, and horrible outrages perpetrated by a frantic mob?

To avenge all the evils thus incurred, the Government has thought proper to dismiss Lord Roden and two Messrs Beers from the magistracy—and for what special guiltiness, *as magistrates*, we are utterly unable to comprehend. We have always thought the only justifiable ground for removing a magistrate from the roll, was the full proof, before a competent tribunal, that he had wilfully and corruptly swerved from his magisterial duty. Now, we cannot find that any such allegation was established in the Court of Queen's Bench against Lord Roden or his colleagues, and *therefore* we demur to the equity of Lord Clarendon's proceeding, even though sanctioned by his Chancellor's counsel. The Whig scribbler in the *Edinburgh Review* dispatches the subject after a very flippant fashion—"In removing Lord Roden," says this great sage, "the Government have fulfilled their duty and done their part. But here their power ceases. The fate of Ireland is in her own hands." Not quite, most learned Theban; for, if so, what is the use of a clever Lord Lieutenant, with some fifty thousand troops and constabulary? We maintain that it is the bounden duty of the Government, whether Whig or Tory, to preserve the public peace, and to visit disturbers of the peace with proper penalties, adjudged by due course of law. These things have *not* been done; and the inference is that the Government has been *pro tanto* culpably remiss, and should earnestly endeavour to mend their ways.

We should perhaps apologize to Scottish readers for dilating so largely upon an Irish theme; but as we are desirous that Highland subjects should attract attention in Ireland, we deem it but fair to familiarize Scotland with important Irish topics.

THE TERMINATION OF VICE-ROYALTY IN IRELAND.

We of course are disposed to make a strong stand on behalf of the dignity, importance, and influence of the newspaper press; but we confess it never struck us that the editor of the *Times* was the *de facto* Minister of the British empire; and that poor Lord John was only an honorary Premier, doing his little drudgery in Downing Street and in the House of Commons—but in reality subject to the sway of a penner of paragraphs, who wields his quill sceptre in Printing-house Square. The Queen, to be sure, has an ostensible Cabinet of counsellors, who eat and drink at each others' houses—discussing savoury dishes and State affairs; but they, after all, are but shadows of substantial power, hovering round the Crown, whose distinguishing favour, and quarterly pay, they are so happy to enjoy! But what shall we think of the invisible, ungazetted statesman, who undertakes to rule the British empire, without the pomp of place or the sweets of salary—and such an amateur First Minister is the editor of the *Times!* Talk of your Burleighs, or Pitts, or Cannings—mere pettifoggers at the Council-board or in the Senate—vulgar functionaries, ruling by means of speechifying and red-tape; and actually shewing themselves to the public, so as to be the *known* servants of the Crown! We have abolished all these antiquated absurdities; and therefore, be it loudly proclaimed that the Government of this great monarchy is henceforth to be carried on by a supreme scribbler, who concocts oracular *leaders* for the *Times*. 'Tis true that nobody can positively say who, or what he is; but all the better—for mystery may prove more potent than personal identity; and the abstract perfections of an imperceptible editor may realize more reverence, than if we beheld him brandishing an unideal pen, dipping it in an actual ink-pot, and then tracing the blurred MS., which, when turned into type, is to rule the destinies of the world!

We have been led into this sportive strain of speculation by an article in the *Times*, on the subject which heads our present lucubration. We are aware that the old adage about "two of a trade," will be thrown spitefully in our teeth; but we must nevertheless whisper our persuasion that, the editorial merits of the *Times* are prodigiously over-rated. The concern is essentially a trading one, enjoying a monopoly every day more gainful, and which thrives

by the prostration of just principles, not by the fearless advocacy of truth. By a strange coincidence too, its riches will prove its ruin, for having attained a matchless circulation by its literary ability, and admirable arrangements for filling up every newspaper requirement—it is now become almost a mere advertising medium, so much so that, even eight pages of supplement cannot suffice without encroaching enormously upon the *perusable* part of the Leading Journal! Thus wrongs have some developed tendency to remedy themselves; and the readers of the *Times* will, at no distant day leave its columns to the scrutiny of advertisers, whilst readable information is sought for in other newspapers. However, that day is not yet come; and the *Times* is *par excellence*, literary and political lord paramount wherever paragraphs have power. And this brings us to the notice of the unseemly mode which the Government, Whig or Tory, have adopted of giving the first annunciation of great public measures—not from their high official positions, not from the Treasury Bench, but through a leading article in the *Times*—the privileged editor making a chuckling avowal of his familiar knowledge of State secrets. Now our impression as to this new fangled practice is very unfavourable. We hold that no Ministers of the Crown are justified in *hinting* through the channel of irresponsible journalism, that public measures of great importance are sanctioned by the executive, and yet permit them to be unavowed by persons in authority. A case in point has just occurred; *apropos* of the facilities for intercommunication between England and Ireland, by means of the Tubular Bridge over the Menai, the *Sir Oracle* of the *Times*, is instructed to inform the Parliament and people of the United Kingdom, that the Earl of Clarendon is to be Ireland's last Lord Lieutenant, and that Vice-regal domination is to be no more! The whole matter is announced and dispatched with the flippant mock-majesty for which the sham *Jupiter Tonans* of the *Times* has rendered himself so remarkable—

> Assumes the God,
> Affects to nod,
> And seems to shake the spheres!

We have no doubt of the *great fact* which the *Times* surreptitiously divulges; but why did not the *leaders* in the two houses of Parliament employ a proper dignity of disclosure, instead of allowing their "secret" to ooze out in the leaders of the *Times*? The

The truth is that, from the proneness to pander to popular influences, Government permits its true honour to be trampled in the dust; and they delegate to "guinea-a-liners," the duty of imparting to the people, the mind and will of the Crown.

We have been for some time past prepared for the abolition fo Vice-regal authority in Ireland. Without affecting to be possessed of state *arcana*, like our brother scribbler of the *Times*, we distinctly discerned the symptoms of coming change. Lords Lieutenant of mediocre talents, contrived to govern Ireland by means of a faction. Could Lord Clarendon, a nobleman of ability, govern her without one? Alas, no! The *last* experiment has been tried, and the failure is palpable and pitiable. Let us endeavour to explain this seeming contrariety with clearness and brevity.

On the death of Lord Bessborough, the judicious choice of a Lord Lieutenant pressed importantly on the English Ministry. They selected a member of the Cabinet; and we question if the whole circle of the aristocracy could have furnished a more fitting personage than the Earl of Clarendon. His talents are of a high order; his attainments considerable; and his judgment sound and clear; to all of which he unites business habits of activity and assiduity. Such a nobleman was peculiarly suited to be a representative of royalty; and his usefulness would be in proportion to the extent of confidence placed in him. Shakespeare, who had a marvellous insight into mundane matters, gives us, in his *Measure for Measure*, a faithful and felicitous sketch of a model viceroy:

> What figure of us think you he will bear?
> For you must know, we have with special soul
> Elected him our absence to supply;
> Lent him our terror, drest him with our love;
> And given his deputation all the organs
> Of our own power.

It must be plain to all reflecting persons that the true doctrine of delegated sovereignty is contained in these noble lines: and had Lord Clarendon been sent over to Ireland upon Shakespearian, instead of Parliamentary principles, his sway would have stood a better chance of being successful and permanent. But instead of a long career of a prosperous rule, still continuing to "warm the nations with redoubled ray," lo! we have the *conge* of the Lord Lieutenant, and the decease of Irish viceroyalty, announced like the changes of the last new pantomine, in the theatrical twaddle

of the *nonchalant Times*. What is the secret of all this? Was not Lord Clarendon extolled in the Queen's Speech? Did he not get a kind of acquittal on the Dolly's Brae business in his own friendly House of Lords? Is he not the cleverest Lord Lieutenant that Ireland has had since Lord Chesterfield enlivened Dublin Castle with his wit, not unmixed with wisdom? The last query helps us to solve the mystery. Lord Clarendon being an able man, anxious to show off his capacity to govern, finds, to his great mortification, that in reality he has nothing of importance left him to do. During the wild bellowings of the O'Connellite agitation, and the short spasm of a frantic fraction of rebellion, Lord Clarendon's personal vigour and vigilance were called into useful exercise; but now that agitation is only a weekly whine to extort pence for the Liberator's medicant son; and that the talking theorists of insurrection are quietly converted into expatriated convicts, Lord Clarendon's "occupation's gone." He has, no doubt, what would satisfy most noblemen; he is surrounded with the *insignia* of rule; and some twenty thousand pounds a year to sustain vice-regal splendour are at his disposal. What, then does his Excellency lack? Why, *power* to be sure; without which pageantry, to a man of mind, is despicable, and even distressing. All power and patronage is centered in a few Government offices at Whitehall: so that Lord Clarendon's Irish position, instead of being intellectual and commanding, is very little better than that of the *popinjay* at ancient archery meetings—to be shot at by all malcontents who aim for the prize of patriotism! Under these circumstances, we feel assured, that, but for the lucky bit of rebellion two years ago, which infused some briskness into the dull routine of Dublin Castle, Lord Clarendon would have resumed, ere this, his share of substantial sway in Downing Street. With his *decheance*, we are, it seems, to have coupled the abolition of the vice-regal office; and we are heartily glad of it. We of course do not welcome the change upon Joseph Hume's beggarly, economical principles; for if any national benefits were derivable from a Lord Lieutenancy, expense, and great expense too, would be warrantable for its maintenance. But a Viceroy without power or patronage, getting daily orders from Home Office or Treasury Clerks, is a fraudulent imitation of authority which cannot be suppressed too soon. We write with confidence on this subject; for it so happened, that shortly after Lord Clarendon's induction into

vice-regal office, he did us the honour of inviting a correspondence on topics connected with the welfare of Ireland; and we must declare that the confidential letters which proceeded from his pen, manifest a largeness of thought, and liberality of sentiment, which qualify him for the highest positions that statesmen can occupy; and our belief is, that Ireland has no firmer or more enlightened public friend than the Earl of Clarendon. But in his quality of Lord Lieutenant he could do nothing for her worthy of note. In plans for the general weal, he was unable to carry out his wise intentions; and his patronage was so miserably small, that he had no means of eliciting patriotic worth and ability, and placing men of merit in positions where they could have seconded his sound and generous policy. But the knowledge Lord Clarendon has additionally acquired during his residence in Ireland, will fit him to be the chief counsellor of the Crown on Irish affairs; and he can render more service to the country he retires from, than if he were still to waste his energies in fruitless diplomatic devices to allay the animosities of contending factions.

Every element of public prosperity in Ireland will remain in full vitality, albeit there shall be no Lord Lieutenant to hold *levees;* dispense official hospitalities; and to act upon conflicting opinions of the same sapient Attorney General. The machinery of mock-majesty deceived while it dazzled the people; and it is far better that the truth of things should be openly revealed. The benefits of English connexion do not so much consist in political privileges, as in the interchange of industrial effort; Irish poverty providing labourers for England, and English capital calling forth the resources of Ireland. Steam communication to and from her shores; railways permeating her provinces; agricultural improvement; increased mercantile enterprise—these things will not languish in the sister isle because she loses a Lord Lieutenant, who was paid £5000 every quarter for opening letters from London—often snubbing his Excellency for daring to extend his patronage beyond parsons and policemen! Ireland will, we think, retain a grateful recollection of her last Viceroy; and Lord Clarendon will be an eligible successor to Lord Palmerston, when that Foreign Office potentate shall be tired of terrifying King Otho at Athens, and toadying Louis Napoleon at the *Elysee.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS—THE MANNINGS AND OTHER MURDERERS.

The press has of late teemed with such monstrous and mischievous errors on the above subject, that we consider it a solemn duty to present to our readers some Christian views which may tend to cast a truthful light on themes of vast importance to society. Philosophical speculation, or sentimental sophistry, cannot help us here. We must scatter to the winds all human opinions and vain cogitations, and resort to the fountains of eternal verity in order to acquire faithful apprehensions concerning this awful matter. Without extending our inquiries to the penal jurisprudence of other countries, we may venture confidently to affirm, that the basis of *our* criminal code is plainly derived from the Law of Moses; for where could the legislators of a people professing Christianity expect to find the principles of justice and judgment save in the law—*holy, just, and good*—which emanated from the everlasting God? Of the piles of profitless legislation under which Great Britain groans, we do not now speak. We simply allege, that the germ of our common law is traceable to the Law delivered on Sinai's Mount, and recorded in the *lively oracles* of the Most High. What portion of that righteous law, it may be asked, is specially applicable to Gentile communities? We reply, the penal part—with reference to crimes not connected with the peculiar ordinances emphatically imposed on the Jewish people. All punishment is for sin—and sin marked and denounced by law, becomes *exceedingly sinful.* Nor, as vainly propounded by ignorant and foolish men, does the dispensation of the glorious gospel, abate a jot of the severity with which the law visits transgressors. The blessings of Christianity are for believers in Christ—and among those unspeakable blessings is redemption from the *curse of the law.* Out of the pale of Faith, there is nothing but sin—and *sin is the transgression of the law.* For believers themselves there is not a moment of safety but through the propitiatory death, and intercessory life of their glorious mediator—and for those not under the protection of the blessed gospel, what can be truly asserted of them but that they are manifestly *under the curse?* Hence for open, flagrant, unmistakeable transgressors, penal justice provides treasures of wrath, which are displayed in every form of legal

punishment—from the handcuff and the prison, to the bar of arraignment—the conviction, the sentence, and the scaffold! And to this penal process at every step, we set our seal as warranted by the wisdom of Deity. Where thoughtless men involve themselves in inextricable error, is by dwelling on criminal law, as chiefly in relation to some supposed example to be afforded to society, by the mode of dealing with the guilty. But this is a rank delusion. The primary and pre-eminent purport of all legal punishment is to inflict upon the transgressor the penalty justly due to his crime. If, in the course of his calamities, other persons, pondering on his fatal destiny, are warned and deterred from the path of public sin and public death, we hold that this salutary check to other criminals forms no element for constituting a punished party to be set forth as an *example* to benefit society. The guilt of the alleged malefactor being conclusively proved, he is to undergo the sentence which the law assigns, without the remotest reference to the example, good or bad, which his punishment may produce on the minds of other men. *The soul that sinneth it shall die*—die as the dreadful, but righteous result of guiltiness against the Holy Lord God—not to avenge or improve society, which is for the most part as essentially guilty as the vilest culprit that forfeits his life on the scaffold.

Having thus attempted to clear away the enormous errors which lie at the threshold of all philosophical as well as popular enquiries concerning the nature and intent of capital punishments, we now advance to the great theme implicated in the question—Whether any Christian community can possibly be justified in abrogating the punishment of death in cases of murder? In immediate answer to this important interrogative we boldly maintain, that the nation which shall agree to leave *life* to convicted murderers, must be a nation thereby fearfully repudiating Christianity; for through the dispensation of Christianity we obtain a knowledge of God's law, and that law proclaims, with unerring certainty, that no murderer shall be suffered to live. So clear and explicit is the divine declaration upon this head, that when a murderer fled to one of the cities of refuge appointed for those who had *killed their neighbour ignorantly*, he was plucked from improper protection, and *delivered into the hand of the avenger of blood, that he might die.* In the event of this commandment being broken so that a murderer was suffered to live, the blood of the murdered person reste[d]

avengingly upon *Israel*—upon the whole community. That in the case of the first murderer Cain, *his* blood was not judicially shed, it suffices to remark that the *law* of crime and punishment had no institutional existence until after the close of the patriarchal dispensation, and *sin is not imputed when there is no law.* But in the righteous rigour of the *only wise God*, a punishment was inflicted upon Cain, of which that wretched slayer said, it is *greater than I can bear*, and which no doubt made up a sum of suffering suitable to the delinquency of the first shedder of blood. But the law having once denounced the crime, and defined the punishment of murderers, the case of Cain's exemption furnishes no analogy applicable to murderers where the law is known. Therefore, the divine declaration to Noah—*whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed*, having been incorporated into, and ratified by divine law, no believer in Christianity can yield to the infidel assumption that murder should be unavenged by withholding the proper punishment, viz., death by the hand of the public executioner.

And this leads us necessarily to the consideration of another question, now much mooted by disputers of this world, namely, whether executions should be public? To this we instantly reply, public by all means—and for this sound, scriptural reason, that publicity is a part, and a most righteous part, of the criminal's deserved punishment. We cast out of view all notions as to the results on the multitudes assembled to witness the dreadful spectacle—we adhere simply and sternly to the undoubted fact, that public exposure on the scaffold is an aggravation due to the offences of the punished evil-doer. That the eternal equity of God shines forth awfully in the public shame of those judicially doomed to die, may be seen in the vicarious death of the Saviour of the world. As he, the holy Son of God, was loaded with our imputed iniquities, and condemned to die as being *numbered with transgressors of the law*—so it became needful that shame, as well as suffering, should be his portion. The fore-shewn sufferings of Christ in the Psalms, verified by the inspired narratives of the evangelists, include in the consummation of the curse, on the cross, the full shame attendant upon public executions. *All they that see me laugh me to scorn. I am a reproach of men, and despised of the people. They gaped upon me with their mouths. The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me.* The sinless Saviour—

the dying Deliverer of sinners—while hanging on *the accursed tree*, was thus environed with crowds of the wicked, and tortured with their ungodly reproaches. It is true that the punishment of crucifixion comprised, among other horrors, a penal protraction of life, which rendered the taunts of merciless men continuously agonizing—whereas the modern punishment by the halter summarily abridges physical consciousness; but this only serves to show us the mind of God on this appalling subject. *He that spared not his own son*—filling up the cup of calamity with every ingredient of bitterness—thereby discloses to us the tremendous truth, that he will *in no wise acquit the guilty*, nor permit a particle of punishment to fail. Christ was possessed of all the innocency and purity of Godhead, and yet when charged with our sins, he could not free himself from the imputed infiniteness of evil but through Death—*That* death, as adjudged by the law, was one of public shame in addition to unutterable suffering, and if the righteous and holy Saviour endured all these things, shall it be a doubtful question in a Christian land, whether murderers who have despised Christ's commandments, are to be treated more leniently than the Lord of glory?

The recent case of the Mannings—their prompt detection, and clearly established guilt—have occasioned a sort of jubilation on the excellency of our jurisprudence, police, &c., which we are not disposed to contest; but our contemplations are more earnestly employed upon the mad sense of security with which the adversary of souls contrived to beguile the murderers into the perpetration of their crime. Residing in a populous region, the nefarious pair plot and execute their prodigious crime upon the person of a man holding a public position, and who, from even that circumstance, was sure to be immediately inquired after. They shuffle the body into a domestic grave, and there reckon confidently upon realizing the fruits of slaughter—a handful of railway shares! Now the whole of these diabolical proceedings leads us to notice the penal blindness of these daring delinquents. Their folly is as conspicuous as their guilt. They could not escape, and they have not escaped, for the avenging eye of Omniscience rested upon their every movement. To Him be the glory of visiting transgressors with the punishment which is meet, and to make even the darkest deeds redound to the praise of His penal justice.—

For there shall be no reward to the evil man; the candle of the wicked shall be put out. T. M.

Dec. 3. 1849.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS—EXECUTION OF MARGARET HAMILTON AT GLASGOW.

On the 4th December last we submitted to our readers an article on capital punishments, in connection with the trial and execution of the Mannings; and on the calmest and most careful review of our published sentiments, we find nothing which we could conscientiously alter, or retract, or modify. We have, moreover, looked again into some of those assumed great authorities on the subject of criminal jurisprudence which are referred to by zealous inquirers, and perceive them to be so barren of all truthful principle, that we restore them to their dusty shelves, with a firm determination to repair to those dead oracles no more. The real guiltiness of crime, and the just appropriation of punishment, are themes utterly beyond the comprehension of fallen human nature; for the blindness and corrupt confusion of the intellectual powers are the universal consequences of sin, so as to destroy all pure perception of the demerit of evil, or the proper penalties which should attach to it. To make it manifest, however, that the world's wickedness shall not be increased by open impunity, it hath pleased God to appoint *Law* to be the means of denoting crime, and of affixing punishment. And this is the sole intent and object of all law; and when laws cease to be penal, they are nothing—for all good must come to man through the gospel. As we write in a land where the sacred scriptures are still held in reverence, we may refer men of understanding to the solemn declaration of the inspired Apostle, recorded for unfailing instruction. *Knowing*, saith the spirit by Paul, *that the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners, for unholy and profane;* and then follows an enumeration of transgressions, which, if examined, will be found completely conformable with the denunciations of the decalogue. Here, then, we have the divine doctrine of crime and punishment; and all departures from the simplicity of scripture will only entangle wretched mortals in inextricable error. Human laws framed by fallible men will, of

course, evince the taint of sinful imperfection; but this radical weakness of our nature cannot impair the original sanction stamped upon the punishment of crime, where that crime is clearly defined and fully proved. But what is popularly termed the "spirit of the age," scornfully rejects all guidance from the Word of God, when the severities of justice clash with the dictates of an overstrained sensibility. The letter of a London correspondent, which will be found in another part of our journal, affords an important illustration of our remarks. The writer is a person of high literary repute, much versatility of talent, and capable of judging correctly upon all themes which belong to that part of society where the criminal code is not called into penal exercise. A London literary life has undoubtedly its *agremens;* but we are not disposed to consider the chatty coteries of the metropolis as teeming with sages qualified to reverse all the commandments; which, in fact, constitute the practical wisdom and safety of mankind. Just think of Mr Charles Dickens joining the mob of London rascaldom, plying their trade of evil on the night previous to the execution of the Mannings; and then rushing home to indite a lacrymose letter to the *Times* in favour of private hanging! His feelings were, it seems, so excoriated by the want of delicate susceptibility on the part of the pickpockets and harlots of the modern Babylon, that nothing can soothe the biographer of *Oliver Twist* but the quiet strangulation of offenders within the walls of a jail! We showed, on a former occasion, that publicity is a part, and a most proper part, of capital punishment—quite irrespective of any presumed example to be reached to the spectators of an execution; but we may also reasonably and confidently allege, that public executions afford a guarantee against tyrannical injustice. The Scriptures, which contain treasures of truth, shedding the light of certainty upon every subject, supply us with special instruction on this very point. Herod was desirous of putting John the Baptist to a public death, and the only restraint upon the tyrant's cruelty was, that he *feared the multitude;* but, when overcome by the wicked importunity of the daughter of Herodias, he consented to the death of John; *he sent an executioner who went and beheaded him in prison.* The historical epochs of darkest despotism abounded in such clandestine atrocities; and our English and Scottish annals are full of prison murders perpetrated by royal command, and sometimes inflicted upon royalty.

But our clever London correspondent assumes a position of non-acquaintance with the subject, which, in despite of eloquent enthusiasm, negatives the writer's claims to be considered quite oracular. "The justice of Margaret Lennox's conviction I do not pretend to argue. I have never read her trial, and am unacquainted with the particulars of her crime." That our epistolary friend may be a little enlightened on these points, we would just throw in a hint that Margaret Lennox was convicted, upon the clearest evidence, of having administered as much arsenic as would have destroyed an elephant, to a poor young woman, whose money she thereby possessed herself of. Until the "new morality" is in full systematic vogue, so as to extirpate all existing criminal codes, such a malefactor as this *must* be adjudged to die; and death upon the scaffold, by the hands of the public executioner, is the proper, fitting penalty for such enormous guilt.

Oh no! exclaims our state sentimentalist, "are we to stain our annals of jurisprudence with details such as these?" and then the details are copied and reprinted. Now in our humble apprehension the delinquent party who laboured under "stain," was the murderer Margaret Hamilton; and the only stain which could have visited our jurisprudence, would have been leaving the wretched woman unconvicted, and consequently unhanged! It may seem a very stern proposition to Quakers, Pickwickian philosophers, and the school of social optimists who eke out creeds and codes from *Goethe's Faust* or *Schiller's Robbers*, but it is, nevertheless, eternally true, that capital crimes demand capital punishments. The whole drift of the present petty clamour against sentences and executions is to destroy the distinctions between right and wrong, as they are immutably laid down in God's Word, and innately implanted in man's conscience. As to the behaviour of a mob congregated in a populous city to behold a public spectacle; it is an incident connected with any exciting display, to which numbers of idle people have access. That the presence of a crowd is an indirect part of the punishment, may be inferred from the last recorded request of Maria Manning. The wicked woman, though persisting in a desperate denial of her proved guilt, and ready to rush with a lie in her mouth into the awful presence of *God the Judge of all*, shrank from an ocular encounter with the gaze of a multitude, and asked to have her eyes covered with a silken scarf of her own providing!

The remarks of "Mercy and Justice" lead us to question if the the writer clearly apprehends the meaning of the words seized on as a signature. The mercy of the *gospel* cannot be righteously extended so as to render void the temporal sentence on transgressors of the *law*. In answer to the supposition of the writer as to how *Jesus of Nazareth* would have acted had our divine Lord stood among the thirty thousand witnesses of the execution at Glasgow? —we reverently say, just as he acted in the very case adduced from the Scriptures. For, on referring to John viii. 10., it will be seen that *Jesus said unto the woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?* Howsoever strong her guilt might have been, the adulteress had not been lawfully condemned by a formal adjudication; and *therefore* our Saviour was not interfering with the administration of human justice—which Christ never did—and which well instructed Christians will never attempt to do, on pleas unsanctioned by their great Head. The thief, it may be added, was pardoned on the cross; but the promise of Paradise was not accompanied with deliverance from penal death. Our correspondent, like many other erring zealots, is quite mistaken in assuming that "punishment inflicted by the hand of man, should be inflicted for the amendment of the guilty;" we on the contrary affirm, that all lawful punishment is the assigned and meet recompense for wilful transgression of the law itself; and that the *law worketh wrath*, without contemplating *reformation*—which, whenever it takes place, is effected exclusively and sovereignly through *the grace of Christ's Gospel*—by the divine agency of *Faith*. In conclusion, we would notice the inconsistency of pleading against capital punishments on the score of cutting short human life; and yet indulging in wholesale clemency towards murderers, who it seems may destroy their victims with impunity! Truly, false knowledge breeds more rampant error, than ever sprang from mere ignorance.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES—DOES GREAT BRITAIN REQUIRE 100,000 SOLDIERS?

Mr Fox Maule, the very efficient Secretary at War, hast just made the annual statement regarding the cost of the British army, which may be shortly summed up in the following figures. It is

proposed to apply to the effective service £3,936,582, which will defray the expense of 59,398 men upon home service, and 39,730 men upon the colonial service. The cost of the non-effective service consists in half-pay, allowances, &c., and amounts to £2,682,815. The details were given with much minuteness and considerable clearness by Mr F. Maule, who seemed to be chiefly intent upon propitiating Mr Cobden, the great champion of unsparing retrenchment. A discussion followed, in which the usual arguments were testily put forward in favour of reductions, but which we do not deem of much value. Items of expenditure are commented upon according to the peculiar crotchets of the objecting party; but as for comprehensive views, or useful suggestions, no such contributions to the public stock of knowledge must be looked for from the small talkers and dull debaters, who constitute the "collective wisdom" of the greatest empire under the sun.

But there is mind in exercise outside the walls of Parliament which *will* make its power known; and perhaps with more benefit to the public weal, than all the snip-snap of would-be statesmen, and babbling legislators. The feebleness; the inconsistency; the shuffling tergiversation which mark the career of our prominent political leaders, deprive them of national confidence; while they show the emptiness of party professions, and the vileness of pretended patriotism. One of the palpable perils of our days, is the imbecility of governments. There is nowhere to be seen anything like commanding energy on the part of ostensible rulers, who vacillate between adherence to old abuses, and a truckling subserviency to popular movements. The consequence is that we behold neither just authority nor willing subjection. Real reforms are out of question; for these can only emanate from an upright executive, never from the turbulent impulses of the people. Year after year the pressure of unjustifiable public burdens, not only irritates and impoverishes the masses; but it corrupts the upper orders of society, who profit by the lavishnes of the State. To a certain extent this has been true of all the communities of Christendom for long ages; but then there is an element of danger in the present condition of things which was unknown to our ancestors. Until the French revolution, political changes arose from the shiftings of power in high places; but for the last fifty years, the disturbance of social order has begun *below*. All democratic demolition of old institutions has failed to improve society;

for revolutionists cannot *build*, their mission is destructiveness, nothing more; and one infallible result of revolution is an extension of expensive establishments to gratify the greed of poverty lifted into power. Strange as it may appear, we view all this with Christian contentment. The world can never mend itself. The corruption of human nature is so ingrained, as to be incapable of educing correctives for social evils. Where, then, can help come from? We answer, from the wisdom, goodness, and mercy of God, who teaches by his recorded truth how nations may be righteously and prosperously governed, in despite of the folly and wickedness of mankind. If the sovereignty of the Most High were reverenced by rulers, they would find themselves invested with substantial sway, which would uphold order and promote peace, without the lavish hire of military multitudes.

To apply our doctrine; why is it that Great Britain, safe in her insular position, and mistress of the ocean by means of her invincible fleets, is intolerably taxed for the maintenance of a regular army of one hundred thousand men? We say—Through the folly of her rulers and the blindness of her people. The pride of meddling interference—miscalled national dignity—gives us a pernicious plea for thrusting ourselves into continental quarrels, and we are hated for our pains, which confer no benefits on other nations, while inflicting lasting imposts on our own. Is Spain, or Portugal, a whit the better for all Wellington's victories; and we may add, is Great Britain the better or richer, except in Peninsular medals? War is, in truth, at once the product and the punishment of sin; for all strife originates in evil, and then spreads its sorrowful results among evil-doers. Our great and powerful country was tempted into wars of aggression by the vain pretext of resisting the republicanism of France. We then fought against the French imperial idol; fancied that we smote him down, whereas his own lust of conquest destroyed him; and after two Bourbonite monarchies—one of stupid legitimacy, the other of tricky usurpation—lo! France is a republic again, *i. e.*, a republic swayed by a half-socialist soldiery.

During the long interval since the battle of Waterloo, we have been paying the wages of war in the midst of profound peace. When continental commotions arose, *our* position, as an insular people, became, if possible, still more secure, because the pressure of intestine alarm and revolt rendered foreign potentates unable to

combine against English interests; and we derived a strength from neutrality, which we should lose by idle and uncalled-for interposition. Nevertheless, the revolutionary mania of the last two years has been seized on by our Government as a motive for upholding our immense military establishments, and also for fostering the military spirit which is the curse of nations. The glory and dignity of the British empire cannot, it seems, be sustained but by one hundred thousand soldiers, whose campaigning consists in removing from one set of barracks to another, where the troops are penally paraded twice a-day, and where the officers are chiefly engaged in smoking cigars, and getting up private theatricals! Let us not be misunderstood; the British army contains thousands of men in every grade, whose ennobling qualities reflect lustre upon their country, and who in some respects draw from discipline, and from the *esprit du corps*, a love of order, and a sense of honour, which are less frequently found among civilians; but we speak of the false system that condemns men to a profession which knows no medium between the sloth of unrequired energy, or the calamitous excitement of unnecessary war. Nothing can be more preposterous than the pretence that a vast military force is demanded for home service. Our internal quiet is preserved, not by the menacing show of horse, foot, and artillery, but by the incessant operation of God's goodness in acting on the minds of our people; endowing them, in the aggregate, with an abiding reverence for the time-honoured institutions of their sacredly-protected country; and inclining them rather to submit to the errors of mis-government, than to plunge into the horrors of anarchy. Look at that portion of the empire in whose northern nook we now write. Observe how little need Scotland has of soldiers; so little, indeed, that in the contemplation of a royal visit to Sutherlandshire, a supplementary regiment is about to be imported from Ireland, to constitute a guard of honour for her Majesty. Thus Scotland is proved to be tranquil without the aid of military menace; but Ireland, it may be said, *she*, miserable land of insurrectionists, cannot be kept in subjection without forty thousand soldiers! Never, we boldly aver, was there a stronger delusion. We have gone through the most disreputably disturbed parts of Ireland, and we never saw or heard of occasion for the soldier's sword, except for saluting at reviews, or for going through exercises which forbid tarnishing rust. The Irish constabulary, a most effective

force, is perfectly adequate to the repression of disorder; and it should be remembered, that Smith O'Brien's cabbage-garden rebellion was quelled by a handful of intrepid policemen. During the last forty years, the severest service to which her Majesty's troops have been exposed was enforcing the tithe-system; relieved by forced marches in order to put down illicit distillation! But the pomp of panic is craftily displayed in Ireland, with the view of nourishing the necessity for extravagant army estimates. With good government in Ireland—righteous rule, holding the scales of justice equably over all parties—that unhappy country might soon be as scantily soldiered as peaceable Scotland. The same might be affirmed of our colonial possessions, where misrule is the true cause of discontent and turbulence, which soldiers must be sent from home to awe and suppress. Rebellion at the Cape; rebellion in Canada; rebellion in Ceylon; can any sober-minded persons, who have looked closely into the subject, entertain a doubt but that a corrupt overstrain of authority lay at the bottom of these convulsions of the social system, which it has cost us millions of money partially to subdue; for power can never supply the place of justice. Our possessions in India are not peaceful acquisitions, but the product of fierce aggression, not unmixed with monstrous fraud; and therefore England must provide soldiers for carrying out a system of constantly enlarging subjugation. And yet, when the annual appeal to Parliament comes round, the military aspect of the British empire is alleged to be a primary ingredient in our national condition of prosperity and dignity. Until God shall raise men to authority whose hearts are filled with faith in the truths of Christianity, so as to boldly proclaim the only sound principles of upright government, Great Britain will sink deeper and deeper in gulfs of distress, produced by extravagant expenditure, defrayed by grinding taxation. Men of the world can only mislead the world; they cannot rule it. *When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.*

Since writing the foregoing lines, we have looked over the recent debate on Mr H. Drummond's renewed motion for the reduction of the national expenditure, and we find a still further confirmation of the truth and justness of our general course of contemplation and remark. Mr Drummond we happen to have some pleasing and intimate knowledge of, and we esteem him very

highly; but we are still constrained to consider him as one *beating the air* in matters connected with public retrenchment. He would pinch off this improper sprout; lop off that unworthy branch; and strip some bark from a profitless trunk; but he is unwilling or unable to detect the *root of rottenness*, which must be unearthed before the *causes* of extravagant State expenditure can be truly discovered. So long as the people of England second their government in an erring system of policy, which assumes it to be axiomatic that the British empire must maintain her dignity by means of costly armies; this immense military machinery will always keep the country in a fearfully false position. What we want as a nation is, the diffusion of Christian principles, which shall bring the people under the government of the *King of kings*—a species of rule which, so far as we can perceive, Mr Drummond no more contends for, than the cotton millionaire, Mr Cobden. Unbelieving knowledge, and unsanctified wisdom, have no tendency to reform the abuses of an empire reeling under a weight of accumulated corruption. All that we behold at present is little more than struggles made by one suffering section of society, to shift their calamities upon some other class of the community; for selfishness bears supreme sway, and must continue to do so until the glorious power of Christian sovereignty shall shine forth. The dominating oppression in this land is the monarchy of mammon: how unlike that righteous rule of which the word of inspiration speaks! *The king that faithfully judgeth the poor, his throne shall be established for ever.*

PRINCE ALBERT'S HOBBY—THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

When this project was originally propounded, we treated it as a commendable scheme emanating from royalty, which in general is hardly so well employed as in getting up industrial exhibitions. But now that the matter ripens, it assumes the unmistakeable features which characterise all jobs; importunate solicitation for subscriptions, and the most unscrupulous puffery that ever disgraced an auction mart. Our opinion is, that Prince Albert is a mere nose of wax in this blatant business; and that a sort of fashionable joint stock company, very like some of the railway concoctions, is at the bottom of the whole affair. We judge of the tree by its pleasant blossoms. There is first of all an aristo-

cratic array of supporters at West End meetings, where Bishops babble loyal divinity, and Lord Brougham sputters scientific and political nonsense; but all with the view of toadying the Prince Consort. Then comes the Duchess of Sutherland with her Ladies' Committee, lounging gracefully on ottomans at Stafford House, and lisping out resolutions to invite the co-operative sympathies and shillings of the "women of England" to aid the Mistress of the Robes to help on the Buckingham Palace crotchet! As no great object can ever be attained in England without a dinner, we are all aware of the gastronomic grandeur which signalized the Lord Mayor's banquet to Prince Albert and his Commissioners, with a congress of municipal magnates borrowed from the three kingdoms. The prince evidently looks forward to the Exhibition just as the pietists of the Papacy foreviewed the Council of Trent. His royal Highness comes out in great force with regard to "man's sacred mission;" which it should seem consists in sharp buying and selling! But notwithstanding the Prince's post-prandial eloquence, we cannot concur in the new doctrine that a sort of millennium is to be brought about by means of commercial chaffering. To our thinking, the cause of sordidness is much more likely to be helped than the cause of Christianity; which latter will, we apprehend, find small favour with the foreign frequenters who shall resort to the modern Babylon, on this grand occasion. Dismissing therefore, as mere phantasms, the moral and religious benefits bespoken for the Prince's project, let us calmly enquire what are the strictly secular advantages which may be reasonably expected from so great a gathering in the metropolis. We must here keep out of view all the eulogies so lavishly bestowed upon the royal husband of our good Queen; for if the plan should turn out to be essentially a bad one, the Prince's patronage will only have the effect of enlarging the sphere of injuriousness; and more strenuous efforts will be made to bolster up a failing concern. There is, no doubt, something dazzling in the scheme of assembling in the British metropolis a huge collection of the products of industry contributed from all near nations, and even from the very ends of the earth; but we think it will be admitted that London is the last place that stands in need of such an assemblage. The metropolis of this great empire is not only the seat of supreme government and le-

gislation, and the residence of the powerful, fashionable, and wealthy; but it is also the most magnificent mart of commerce; the most astonishing meeting-place of merchants; and the vastest receptacle of varieties in the known world. Every article ministering to comfort or luxury; every result of *man's art or device* which can subserve the uttermost cravings of novelty, may be readily procured in London. Plant yourself in the English metropolis, and (always implying that you possess money or credit) your orders will obtain for you a sufficient supply of every foreign fine thing that can be imported into Prince Albert's bloated Exhibition. Take the list of invited items in your hand; cull out the most *recherchees* of that inventory of needless things, so far as utility is concerned—and a five shilling advertisement in the *Times* will soon fetch out the *habitat* of every useless article your heart may be set upon. Well, instead of viewing this proud pre-eminence of London as constituting an over-powering monopoly which bids defiance to competition, Prince Albert and his helpers are desirous of swelling the splendours of the *crowning city* into an enormous aggregate of supplemental pomp and opulent gorgeousness. Nor is this all; for by a shabby deviation from the primitive plan, the country is to be made to pay for the gainful ostentation of the town, and subscriptions are solicited in all quarters, and virtually in the Prince's name, to defray the expenses which are about to be incurred by the promoters of the exhibition. The brilliant banquet to the 168 Mayors was, in fact, a sort of catch-penny conviviality designed to enlist these functionaries into a kind of municipal mendicancy in behalf of the new Babylonish bazaar. A *temporary* building is to be erected at a monstrous cost in one of the parks, and when the fit of folly is over, the materials will be sold for a song. A million of trading exhibitors and idle sight-seers are to be congregated, it seems, for three months in the metropolis; and every annual meeting, in any part of the united kingdom, is recommended to be postponed for a year, in order to multiply the London mob of curiosity-seekers, made up of *people, nations, and languages*, not unlike the crowds convened by Chaldean sound of sackbut in the *plain of Dura*. We do not envy the largeness of London; but we think her natural and acquired superiorities are sufficiently secured to her, without rendering it necessary to strip the provinces of their proper share of prosperity. So far from promoting true trade, we maintain that

this tawdry exhibition will disturb all the regular channels of useful industry and enterprise, and reduce rational display to the trumpery standard of a show at a fair. What serves to make the whole matter still more preposterous is the appointment of a royal commission to work out a project which is to be *paid for;* not out of the privy purse or the national revenue, but by funds for which an Albert hat is to be sent round to the Queen's lieges! Sir Robert Peel, zealous as he is for this silly scheme, dropped some significant doubts as to the success of the proposed subscription, and intimates that the failure of funds would be disgraceful to the British people. But we beg leave to differ from the ex-premier. We believe that the discredit of a pecuniary deficiency will rest upon the indiscreet contrivers of so paltry a plan, who, if they could have made out a case worthy of State interposition, should have shaped it as a Government measure, so as to avert the chances of failure. At present the affair borders on the ridiculous. Prince Albert and a board of royal commissioners have a grand project confided to their management, which they cannot carry out upon public principles except they are succoured by private pence. Here is a practical incongruity which so many counselling sages ought to have foreseen, and which appears already to damage the certitude of the august concern. Nothing but an extraordinary ebullition of British bounty can extricate the Prince from the consequences of bad advice; and at this moment John Bull does not seem over-inclined to come to the rescue.

THE MARRIAGES BILL.

Under this cheatingly-comprehensive title, Mr S. Wortley has again annoyed the House of Commons and the public with his old crotchet, that every man in the British empire must necessarily fall in love with his wife's sister! To facilitate marriages with young ladies filling this relation, after first wives have been swept off, is the main intent of Mr Wortley's bill; which we boldly affirm to be the most impudent attempt at legislation ever made in this country. Into the theological discussions which have been raised concerning the restriction which now subsists, we decline entering; because the promoters of the bill are not parties legislating upon general principles, but are, in fact, *transgressors of an*

existing law, which they first wilfully violate, and then seek to get retrospectively repealed for their special indulgence and indemnity. It is perfectly notorious that the whole of this hubbub originates with a small clique of aristocratic and moneyed delinquents, who find themselves sunk in social position by contracting concubinage, which they would fain mature into marriage. The law, forsooth, stands in their way; and these modest folks ask to alter the whole land's legislation, for their special behoof and satisfaction! To which we say, Most certainly not. You knowingly and contumaciously pleased yourselves in contempt of the law, and you have no more claim to be freed from the penalties of misconduct than any other transgressors. Indeed so clear is the case of these shameless parties, that if an act repealing the present law were to be passed to-morrow, equity demands that *they* should be exempted from the abrogating provisions by making the statute exclusively prospective.

COMPULSORY EMIGRATION—STRATHAIRD, SKYE. SCOTTISH PROPRIETORS AND THEIR FACTORS.

(Communicated by Mr Mulock to the Northern Ensign.)

We promised our readers some continuous details with reference to the proceedings at Strathaird, and we now hasten to fulfil our pledge. In entering more and more closely into a subject which involves the relation of landlord and tenant, we repeat, for the last time, our indignant disclaimer of the charge that we are endeavouring to weaken or impugn the rights of property. No, no. Ours is a Christian championship of universal equity, and we feel ourselves bound to vindicate the real rights of misled oppressors, even whilst we plead earnestly the cause of the oppressed. It is the *abuse*, the open, or, what is still more to be dreaded, the flagitiously-furtive *abuse* of the rights of property that we boldly expose and conscientiously condemn. All legal rights we unfeignedly respect; but the system now pursued by the bulk of Highland, and we might add, many Lowland proprietors, is utterly unsanctioned by any known law. The violence, the exaction, the subtle ravage perpetrated on many a noble and fair estate, are not the proper operation of the law of Scotland,—they are the wicked fruit of an organised injustice carried on under colour of law.

The legal *profession* being for the most part sordidly transformed into a mere *trade*, it is the power of the purse that commands the *dicta* of lawyers. It is true that when a case can be got fully before the Supreme Courts, an adjudication conformable with sound principles may be generally calculated upon. The eyes of the whole country are upon the deliberations and decisions of first-rate judges, who thus, in addition to their learning, experience, and independence, have a salutary check laid upon them by the very circumstances of their position. But thousands of cases, full of iniquitous hardship, can never reach a lofty tribunal, and are totally unredressed by inferior courts, over which no public opinion (as in England) can exercise a wholesome control. We fearlessly assert that the poor cannot obtain justice against the rich and powerful in the north of Scotland. Proprietors, or *quasi* proprietors (for, in plain truth, hundreds of possessors of the soil are virtually insolvent), however hostile to each other, are always agreed upon one point; viz., the collective enforcement of a system which drives bettermost tenants to poverty, and crushes poor tenants into pauperism! This is the frantic, suicidal system of many Highland proprietors, who, abetted by factors, lawyers, bankers, and even by ministers of the gospel, whether Bond or Free Church, form a phalanx of despotism such as we have never noticed in any other country. In Ireland—misgoverned, infatuated Ireland—we have witnessed more distress arising from destitution than we ever traced in the north of Scotland; but the latter exceeds the Emerald Isle a hundred-fold *in oppression*,—the tyranny which penetrates into the heart's core,—where the forms of law are associated with the denial of justice! This serves to show, that with all the seeming religious zeal burning and bustling in Scotland, true Christianity is not *in power*, if we may so speak. The *poor and needy* are afflicted and outraged without succour or sympathy; and we must subjoin that *their* endurance, which is wonderful, implies that the oppressed poor have more of the restraints of religion than their rich oppressors. We shall take occasion to recur to these general considerations in the sequel of the present article; but, in the meantime, we must direct our attention to the case of Strathaird. As the particulars relative to this estate may serve to illustrate a large class of Highland cases, we give the following details from an authentic source. The proprietor of Strathaird is Alexander M'Alister, Esq., of Torrisdale Castle,

Campbelltown, Argyleshire, who is described to us as being what is called an amiable man, *i. e.*, who does all his harsh deeds by deputy. "The best good man with the worst-natured muse." But with this sort of amiability we are not disposed to be extraordinarily lenient. *Qui facit per alium*, saith the legal adage, *facit per se*. If proprietors who enjoy the renown of piety or philanthropy, like our *quondam* friend Mr Lillingston, or our august correspondent the "good Duke," devolve their duties upon factors or others, who abuse the confidence of their employer, we stick to the liability of the master, instead of wasting powder and shot on the birds of prey who have collars round their necks inscribed with some proprietor's name. At this moment we are making ready for contingent publication two cases of signal injustice, in which the factor of a Ross-shire *millionaire*, and of an Inverness-shire proprietor, figure, as we think, very discreditably, and yet the worthy *lairds* would shuffle off all responsibility from themselves, and refer us to an impeccable factor, with whom we beg to decline all controversy, forasmuch as he is no paid servant of ours! It is high time that the grand secret of responsibility should be solved. If men are vested with the rights of property, let them honourably discharge the duties, and fearlessly meet the responsibilities, of property; therefore, when we open up any shameful abuse perpetrated by a factor or commissioner, we shall not suffer the employer to slink under the shelter of his vague repute for benevolence, but, fixing the accountability upon the real party, we shall say at once, *Thou art the man!* If a super-excellent master continues to employ pernicious servants, *who* is to blame, pray, for this mischievous preference? So Mr A. M'Alister must be considered responsible for all the proceedings at Strathaird, cloaked with his delegated authority. The district of Strathaird is divided into eight farms—namely, Camismary, Glasnakelt, Kilmore, Kirkibost, Elgol, Keppoch, Arinacraig, Feolin. The population of the whole district is about 620. It is the people upon the four last farms that are under notice to remove—the number of persons, exactly 477. Arinacraig and Feolin are small farms: upon the former there are only four families, and upon the latter three, who, within the last fortnight, got notice that they would be allowed to remain during the lifetime of an old man who had a lease of Feolin, but, not paying his rents, forfeited his lease. The arrears laid to their charge have been accumulating for the last

twenty years—(pretty factorship this!) There are some of them who are not in arrears, with the exception of the last half-year's rent, which they are ready to pay. There are others so little in arrear, says our informant, that they could, through time, pay. The large sums due are confined to a few crofts possessed by people not able-bodied, so as to till the land or earn the rents by their labour, and who, in fact, are fit subjects for parochial relief, which, being (nominally) rate-payers, they are disentitled to receive. These non-payers are unjustly jumbled with solvent tenants, so as to make it appear that all share alike in the £450 of alleged arrears, which, as we have just remarked, have been accumulating for twenty years, not through the liberality of the proprietor, but through the remissness of the factor. Now let this veritable statement be contrasted with the verbiage on the subject which has appeared in the *Inverness Courier*, and it will be readily seen that the latter's paragraph's are factors concoctions. "A gentleman well acquainted with the Highlands," writes, it seems, to establish the proposition, that if "the poor crofters had a gift of their possessions they would remain in a state of hopeless and inextricable pauperism!" Now where is the man, conjoining a grain of common sense with another grain of honesty, who can give in his adhesion to such a monstrous misrepresentation as this. It is simply an atrocious falsehood, fabricated to subserve Mr M'Alister's project of compulsory emigration, on which he is willing, it appears, to expend "an outlay of £1200, a large sacrifice, undoubtedly, but which, if judiciously managed, would permanently benefit both the *people* and the property!" *What* people, we ask? Does the *Courier* mean the crofters, who, if enfeoffed with land in Skye, would prefer pauperism to agricultural industry; for, except they undergo a change on the passage, such as is affirmed of Madeira wine, we adhere to the poet's assertion—*Non animos mutant qui trans mare currunt.* Perhaps we must understand the permanent repose of the emigrant dead, such as was secured for the unhappy voyagers from Lochalsh and Glenelg! Mr M'Alister being resolved to clear his lands of some 477 souls, let us now examine the *modus operandi* by which the ordinary process of ejectment is sought to be converted into compulsory emigration—for here is a little mystery which the public have not yet fathomed. The great evicting proprietors are, according to their own flourish of trumpets, the most

beneficent of potentates—*Titus* Sutherland, *Trajan* Argyle, or *Adrian* Baillie of Glenelg. *They* compel indigent idlers to emigrate, entirely on philanthropic principles, that the expatriated wretches may be happily reformed, or buried in a wide-dug Canadian grave! But alas, for modern benevolence! Another efficient cause for promoting compulsory emigration is found in the fact, that if ejectment were to take place *without* the benignant drain of emigration, "a large body of people would be thrown on the poor-rate" (we quote from the *Courier)*, "*the burden of which would fall on the proprietor, and thus it is obvious that the value of the estate would be wholly destroyed!*" So here, at last, we have the *rationale* of this grand plan of benevolence. The princely M'Alister wishes to ship off to the wilds of America 477 people who owe him £450, and to effect this humane object he is willing to "sacrifice" £1200, which would discharge three times the accumulated arrears of twenty years, and enable the poor people to cultivate the lands where ancestral generations have lived and died! Ah, Mr M'Alister of some Argyle *ilk*, how should you like to be transported against your Scottish will from Torrisdale to Torronto? How painful would be the compulsory packing up of a laird's moveables, bairns inclusive! Stars and garters! just imagine the Duke of Sutherland under orders for a backwood location—Trentham and Dunrobin receiving a new possessor —the mistress of the robes breathing a mournful adieu to the "old country," and about to exchange Almack's for a tea party in an improvised log-hut! Worse things have been within memory. French Dukes and Marquises have cleaned shoes and cooked dinners in London, under the pressure of "compulsory emigration." Property, and the power which it confers, constitute a solemn trust, for which men are accountable to God. If this true title and tenure be forgotten, and foolish men live only for themselves; if the rights of humanity are set at nought, and caprice or covetousness become the ruling motives with the masters of mankind, depend upon it their reign verges to a close. God is not mocked with impunity. If the precepts of Christianity be laughed at, and the will of the oppressor substituted for the just law of the land, how can proprietors reckon upon the permanency of their possessions? There is no real protection for property but the blessing of God; and how can creatures expect a blessing who scoffingly resist the commandments of their Creator?

After these digressions, we find ourselves cramped for room to signalise the special acts used to bring about compulsory emigration at Strathaird. The parties most prominent are—the Sheriff, the factor (who is, we believe, a banker at Portree), Captain Smith, the chief agent of the Highland Destitution Relief Board, and his assistant, a worthy named M'Innes, whose conduct calls for peculiar censure. To take matters in order, it appears that the Sheriff, who, like some other functionaries of his class, is more ready to volunteer improper interferences than to discharge prescribed duties, issued a sort of manifesto to the people of Strathaird, setting before them the necessity of emigration, with which subject he had, in our opinion, no more business to meddle, *as Sheriff*, than with the squaring of the circle. But lest there should be any right step in the whole affair, the Sheriff, instead of sending his own pathetic production by the hands of his own officer, confides the eloquent *morceau* to Captain Smith, who incloses it to his boatswain, Donald M'Innes, who gets a M'Kinnon to assemble the Strathaird people, with what success we may gather from the following epistle:—"To Captain Smith.—Dear Sir,—I received your letter, inclosing the Sheriff's declaration, together with a letter to John M'Kinnon, Elgol. I went to Strathaird, and M'Kinnon got all the people together, and read and explained to them the Sheriff's declaration, but this had no effect on them in the least. It is my opinion, by what I understand, and by what they expressed themselves, that they will do all in their power to resist any number or force that may be brought against them, and that they will abide by the consequence. They are quite determined not to emigrate, from the foolish idea that no other one will take their farms so long as they are in them, and that the proprietor will be obliged to give them their lands, perhaps in a twelvemonth. But a few of them expressed their wish to emigrate next year, on condition that they would be allowed to keep their holdings for another year to prepare clothes, &c. &c. What they dread most is, that they will get no relief from the Committee next year." Now, so utterly untrue is the whole of this letter that we boldly affirm it to be a tissue of barefaced falsehoods from first to last, with the exception of the letter, &c., he received from Captain Smith. 1, It is a downright lie that the people ever expressed themselves, or to any one else, that they intended offering resistance to any proceedings that the proprietor might see proper to enforce. It

has always been their determination to submit peaceably. 2, "They are quite determined not to emigrate, but are not prevented doing so from the reason given by M'Innes. They pointedly deny having said that in consequence of their intention of remaining upon their farms, the proprietor would be obliged to give them back their crofts for want of another tenant or tenants. They did not expect to be left upon their present farms, after being deprived of the land, but wished sites for houses to be pointed out for them, in any part of the property most suitable for the proprietor. This they did not even say to M'Innes." 3d, "None of them said that they had any desire to emigrate next year, if left in their holdings. Whatever they may do next year, as yet they are, without an exception, as much opposed to emigration as it is possible for them to be." 4th and last clause, was the pretext that Captain Smith had for coming from Portree to call a meeting of the people of Strathaird, to assure them that no relief must be expected next season from the Destitution Board;—he also read a letter from the Sheriff-Substitute, which was nothing more or less than a portion of the poor-law act, which they were not ignorant of, through the information of their own Parochial Board. They were equally aware that no relief need be expected next year from the Destitution Board; *that* notice was printed both in Gaelic and English, and posted upon every church and smithy in the parish. But they had been also taught in the way of privation, for with very few exceptions no relief has been given by the Board's officers since February.

We have been thus specific in order to pursue the pernicious progress of a lie! M'Innes concocts a wicked fable for Captain Smith, and the latter (though fully apprised of its falsity, as we are informed,) transmits it to the Highland Destitution Board. The Sheriff on his side is not supine. He sends it to the Lord-Advocate, who straightway orders the Sheriff of Inverness, his Procurator-Fiscal, and a body of police (to be paid for *extra* by the county) to be ready for immediate action in Skye! Sheriff Colquhoun diligently prepares some *extempore* harangues on the patriotic duty of emigrating to prevent the pulling down of houses; and the Procurator-Fiscal is quite on the *qui vive* to dictate precognitions of what witnesses never uttered, but for which fiscals must be honestly paid! To crown the whole, the Home Office must get an alarm—rebellion in Skye—armed peasantry—police

deforced by two old women and a lame boy—Sheriff Colquhoun deprived of his dinner at the Factor's—two companies of the 13th, Prince Albert's Own, absolutely required at Strathaird, if Skye is expected to form a part of the British empire!!

This may seem somewhat too comic, but it is only what the North Uist affair warrants us in anticipating elsewhere. We cannot answer for the Scottish authorities, who must of course travel in their own tracks, which are of a money-getting order. We perceive the "Law Charges" voted this year for pious, peaceful Scotland are £40,000, whilst those for lawless, turbulent Ireland are only £30,000. We hope some fine day to be able to explain this anomaly, for we happen to know a little of the solemn astuteness with which some Procurators-Fiscal make mountains of molehills, in order to swell the costs of criminal proceedings.

As Sir George Grey is a very able and clear-sighted Secretary for the Home Department, we have put him in possession of the truth of the Strathaird case, and we think it will not be easy to convince him that constables' *batons* or soldiers' bayonets can be constitutionally employed in enforcing COMPULSORY EMIGRATION.

T. M.

July 1. 1850.

APPENDIX.

THE MACKINTOSH BEQUEST.

It is a fact worthy not only of remark, but of deep contemplative consideration, that in all countries, whether savage or civilized—whether sunk in heathen ignorance, or cheered and instructed with rays of revelation, an extraordinary degree of sanctity has always been attached to the fulfilment of testamentary declarations and dispositions. This must not be ascribed to vague usage, or even to traditional fixedness of feeling—we must mount much higher in order to offer a satisfactory explanation of the almost universal reverence with which the dying wishes of the departed are regarded by those who follow in the funeral tracks of a common mortality. It is by means of *Testaments* that the *God of all grace* hath been pleased to make known his immutable will, and unspeakable mercy to mankind; and therefore it seems to be a part of the divine wisdom, that men should possess an innate consciousness of the importance of any observance which shadowed forth the determinations of Deity. The scriptures of truth abundantly attest the solemn sense which the Jewish people were taught to cherish of the weight of testamentary obligations; and one of the earliest instances is in the case of Joseph, who, we are told, *gave commandment concerning his bones*—which was most reverently obeyed—Exod. xiii. 19. Not that we are to suppose that the previous patriarchs had not exercised their rights of command and bequeathment; but this instance is emphatically declared to have been allied with *faith;* and consequently bears a more direct impress of the divine mind as to the origin, dignity, and confirmation of testaments. Wherever legal institutions prevail, forms have been multiplied in the alleged view of hedging round the intentions of testators with all the precautionary technicalities that professional shrewdness can frame; and yet, truth to say, with very little beneficial effect. Five-sixths of the litigation growing out of the construction of wills, arises from the studied perplexity and vicious verboseness of modern will-making, which, in the vain attempt to give additional security to simply enunciated purposes, involves a testator's thoughts in a lawyer's mesh of crafty confu-

sion. The clearest wills are, generally speaking, those which are penned by the disposing parties, for they know best *what* they have to leave, and *how* they mean to leave it; and surely if a testator has ordinary faculties for imparting his intentions, he can hardly fail of rendering his desires clearly intelligible.

These observations may fitly usher in a subject which engrosses not only a considerable measure of local interest, but which, from its general importance, as comprising great principles, requires to be made extensively known for diffusive public benefit. More than two months since there appeared in this journal a notice, signed by parties in London and Inverness, of an intention to apply to Parliament in the ensuing session, "for leave to bring in a bill to unite, under one trust and management, in whole or in part, the funds and property called THE MACKINTOSH FARR FUND, held by the Provost, Magistrates, and Dean of Guild of Inverness, *under the will and relative codicils made and executed by the deceased* WILLIAM MACKINTOSH, and the Funds and Property belonging to the Directors and Managers of the INVERNESS ACADEMY." After some farther and more specific details of the objects to be accomplished by the proposed bill, the notice winds up with a momentous intimation of the avowed intent to *alter, explain, and enlarge the powers and provisions of the said will and codicils.* No mistake, therefore, can exist as to the result sought to be effected by the promoters of this bill. A will—clear as the noon-day in its main design—severely scrutinized by twofold litigation in the English and Scottish courts; and acted upon for a period of twenty-five years, under the sanction of a "Decreet of Declarator," which, with all its tedious circumlocution, nevertheless establishes beyond the possibility of cavil, the judicial sanction of *all* the testator's intentions—this will, properly framed, fully litigated, and finally ratified and *executed*, is about to be abolished, if any one of the published notifications of the menaced bill shall pass into parliamentary enactment. Let us not be wheedled out of our conscientious common sense by any glosses which may be given to this proceeding. The very circumstance of applying to Parliament regarding a will, denotes a renunciation of the trusts which executorship involves; for, as we have recently remarked, is not the resort to legislation equivalent to making a new will for a dead man? If it be alleged that some instances have occurred in which the interference of the Legislature was successfully invoked to qualify the mode of administering bequeathed property; we reply that the instances have been most rare, and that the strongest possible case was required to be made out to shew the *public impolicy* of a devisor's injunctions—such, for example, as in the celebrated, *Thelluson* case. But in the case of Captain Mackintosh's will, we boldly maintain that the intentions of the testator are not only ex-

pressed with unimpeachable clearness and accuracy; but that the intentions are, in the highest degree, praiseworthy, and entitled to the strictest—we had almost said, the most sacred observance. In order to present the subject in so clear a shape as shall render it easy of apprehension to all our readers, we shall here give an orderly epitome of those parts of Captain Mackintosh's will which bear directly on the question now discussed; and also call into quotation any illustrative passages which may cast a useful light upon the general intentions of the testator, as leading to his special bequest.

Captain Macintosh was of the Family of Farr; and we dwell a little upon this point, because we perceive an utterly unfair use of this fact has been made by the promoters of the proposed Bill. They pompously persist in styling the product of the bequest, THE MACKINTOSH FARR FUND, with the view, as it strikes us, of creating some presumptive pre-eminence in favour of the family thus singly associated with the fund. Now, there is not a particle of evidence in the will or codicils which goes to sustain any such supposition; on the contrary the worthy Captain takes care to inform the whole Mackintosh world that his "elder brother had never been of any service to him," and that "when in want of his aid he treated me unkindly and harshly." Therefore, we must take the liberty of docking this prefix "Farr," so ingeniously foisted in by our clever bill-manufacturers; and to assure our readers that there is no more ground for the designation than for the title *Kylachy* or *Dalmigavie* Fund!

Captain Mackintosh having dispatched his donatives to his relations, with a liberality which, as we have noticed, smacks somewhat of spleen and disappointment, next devotes his attention to a theme which lands us in the heart of the present controversy. "Having so far done with my relations," saith the bluff Captain, "it is my express will that £5000 be vested in trust with the Magistrates of Inverness for the time being, the interest of which sum is to be appropriated to the education of *five* boys in succession, to be selected first from the descendants of the family of Farr; next to those of Dalmigavie; and thirdly to those of the house of Kylachy, or their nearest relations, in the above order of consanguinity, but always of the name of Mackintosh; and it may be hoped that some of these boys, if they succeed in life (which this gives them a fair chance for), will follow the example. It is to be remembered that they are to be educated at the Academy lately established; but if the Trustees think it advisable, on discerning marks of genius, to send any of the boys to an university, they are not restricted from doing it. The said sum of £5000, as soon as may be expedient *to be invested in lands in the county;* and perhaps it might not be improper to paste up the copy of this be-

quest in some part of the Academy, which, probably, would stamp an impression, and stimulate to similar acts of liberality." Such is the *foundation* of the Mackintosh fund; and no rational person, uninfected with the pedantic foolery which some legal practitioners would palm upon us as profound knowledge, can entertain the shadow of a doubt as to the true intent, positive meaning, or even indirect drift of the testator. He assigns a fixed source of income for the educational maintenance of a *minimum* number of boys; he tells clearly from what families those boys are to be eligible; and he indicates the academical institution where primary education was to be obtained, leaving a liberal discretion for the farther progress of any distinguished youth by means of a university *curriculum*—a *Scottish* university being, no doubt, distinctly in view—for who can imagine that a rough Scotch sea-captain, full of laudable nationality, and fond of his *clan*, ever dreamt of Saxon scholarship, or the costly refinements of Oxford or Cambridge? To the will was subjoined a N.B. as follows:—"In the selection of the boys for education, my mother's family of *Holm* is to be preferred next to my father's, and in succession, before that of Dalmigavie."

In approaching the codicils which relate to the original bequest, we are favoured by this "ancient mariner," who was a *celibataire*, with a little episode of an amatory strain, which accounts for his doubling the amount designed to promote the intellectual welfare of the clan Mackintosh. Our naval friend had, it seems, got it into his head or heart, that "a most valuable young woman, Mrs Rae, sister to Sir George Dallas," was desperately in love with him, and would willingly have become Mrs Mackintosh, "were it expedient," on the Captain's part, "to form such a connection." To atone for this lack of expediency, the briny swain adds another £5000 to his former bequest, and re-disposes of the whole as follows:—"That is to say, I leave the above £5000 in trust with the Magistrates of Inverness, added to the £5000 in the first part of this will, intended there for the education of certain boys, the interest of which two sums, making in all £10,000, is to be regularly paid to her (the valuable Dame Rae) during her natural life; and after her decease, the sum is to be *vested in lands* for the education of boys as above; but that my will, with respect to the boys, may be put in immediate effect after my death; whatever sum of money may appear over and above the legacies in this instrument, which I expect will be considerable, I will that the interest of such money shall be appropriated for the education of boys, during the life of my dear Mrs Rae, and after her death, this money, whatever it may be, to be then proportionally divided amongst my brother and sister's children, or the survivors of them, or their heirs; and the £10,000, of which she is to enjoy the in-

terest, to be then finally and for ever *secured in lands*, as soon as may be convenient, for the education of *as many boys of the name of Mackintosh* as it is adequate to, always observing that they are the descendants of the four families above named or their nearest of kin."

"The course of true love never did run smooth" is a Shaksperian adage, which our combustible Captain distressingly verified. In another codicil we find the following uncomfortable retractation of former sentiments:—"*Mem.*—From a correspondence that I have had with (no longer "my dear") Mrs Rae sometime past when she was at Brighton, I find I have been mistaken, and that the attachment she appeared to show for me, proceeded more from the wish of a convenient settlement, than from any very particular preference! (Naughty Rae!) I therefore revoke the whole of that part of my will relating to her; and hereby direct that the £10,000 of which she was to enjoy the interest during her life, shall, immediately after my decease, be appropriated for the education of boys, as before described."

With this little frustration of the tender passion terminate all tossings to and fro of the Mackintosh Fund. The will was written at sea in 1797—the last codicil was added in 1803—and in the month of June, in that year, we find that probate was obtained by the testator's executors.

Such are the precise specifications with which from time to time Captain Mackintosh accompanied, enlarged, and sought to secure his bequest to his relations, near and remote, (and by implication to his clan), in order to permanently provide for their education. There is not a particle of puzzle in the whole matter. The mind of the testator evinces a *growing* liberality in the accomplishment of his objects; and this should be kept in recollection, to free us from the fallacies with which interested parties seek to narrow the scope of a beneficent bequest.

We have before exposed the misnomer Farr fund, and thrown out certain surmises which we believe to be well founded; and certainly our conjectures are strengthened by referring to the history of the properly proved will. "Brother James" of Farr having been, by a second thought left residuary legatee, this gentleman attempted, by means of proceedings in Chancery, to render void the trust confided to the Magistrates of Inverness. Thirteen years of discreet delay sweetly intervened; and it was not until 1816, that, under a decree of Chancery, a sum of principal and interest amounting to £22,857 : 5 : 10d. 3 per cent. consols was paid over to the Magistrates of Inverness, instead of flowing into more private pockets, and constituting a thoroughly domestic Farr fund. One would have thought that the extrication of this money out of the limbo of English Chancery would prove a *quietus*

as to law proceedings; and that the practical enforcement of the testator's intentions would now employ all the energies of the trustees. But not so, gentle and simple reader, "Soft—by regular degrees—not yet." Having escaped out of English Chancery, the poor Captain's will must now pass through the ordeal of the Scotch Court of Session—and O what pleasing processes of Multiplepoinding and Declarator now regaled the wigged and gowned gentry of the Parliament House! What fees!—what refreshers!—what speeches against time, to satisfy solicitors, while judges were somnolent or dinnerless!—to say nothing of the piles of pleadings, heaped like pigs of lead—direful to behold, and painful to peruse! At length, that is to say in about nine years, the grand question was decided by a Decreet of Declarator—declaring what? Why, that the accumulated interest actually belonged to the principal, and that both constituted the capital for investment—*minus* the enormous law expenses incurred in establishing what was as plain to any rational being as the light (physical we mean) which shone into the Court! This said Decreet is nothing more than an awfully verbose verification of all the points of the will affecting the trust—with this drawback, that the Judicial expositors "found and find" difficulties wholly of their own making—so that, as Puff says in the Critic, "the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two." One good result, however, relieved the dullness of this judgment: the importunate residuary legatee was again baffled—the accumulated interest evaded his grasp—for it was solemnly stated that "if it were to be paid to the claimant James Mackintosh, as he desires, *it would be totally diverted from its destination.*" Quite true, most grave and reverend Seniors; and let us hope that no alliance of the same House with other speculative spoilers, will have power to pervert by legislation what was protected by ordinary operation of law.

The remaining history of the Mackintosh fund, is a chronicle of absurd efforts to administer the trust—not by the judicious exercise of the powers which the will plainly conferred—but by means of groundless doubts, shaped into nonsensical queries, endlessly propounded to sapient advocates, who always complain that they have no information furnished them whereon to found opinions; but opinions they nevertheless give, and of such an "uncertain sound," that they are frequently called upon to review their former *dicta*—which they of course did, upon payment of fresh fees. We have taken the trouble of reading over these opinions, and a tougher job we have not had for a long time—a headache in every page of them! We suspect that some Inverness lawyer must have been at the bottom of these *quiddities*, and that he must have acted as provincial purveyor for his hungry legal brethren in the

Scottish metropolis. We thus judge from the qualities of the queries transmitted for solution, as they happen to steer so wide of any real connection with Captain Mackintosh's will. On one point we cannot help thinking Messrs Rutherfurd and Macneill decidedly feeble. Being asked, in a very clumsy way, respecting the disposal of "surplus accumulations;" those gentlemen as clumsily intimate their opinion that, having been invested in land, "it should remain part of the permanent capital;" but they do not state distinctly the true point, viz., that the whole interest of investment should be annually disbursed according to the intents of the testator—otherwise the trust cannot be said to be fulfilled.

And thus we arrive in regular order at the condition of things which gives rise to our present discussion. Throwing therefore aside all litigation, and all the forensic fiddle-faddle in the shape of opinions with which the subject has been overlaid, we now come to the main question,—Is the trust properly administered? To which we reply, Certainly not—if it can be shewn that any parties entitled to the benefits of the trust are excluded therefrom. What are those benefits? Education—and education to be specially imparted at the Inverness Academy—and in peculiar cases, a higher grade of instruction, to be attained through the medium of a Scottish University. We hold ourselves completely aloof from all the disputants now in the field; and we seek to occupy mentally the position of a member of a committee of the House of Lords or Commons before whom a bill should be laid, purporting to "alter, explain, and enlarge the powers and provisions" of Captain Mackintosh's will; to annul the trust which he created; and to amalgamate the funds derived under his bequest, with "the funds and property belonging to the directors and managers of the Inverness Academy." Before yielding a moment's consideration to the tenor and details of any such bill, a previous point must be satisfactorily explained. How comes it that the trustees appointed under a will, do not content themselves with the discharge of their proper duties, instead of appealing to the Legislature to abrogate the trust reposed in them? What brings them *here*, seeing that the will under which they have at least appeared to act, is clear in its intents, sufficient in its product, and perfect in its powers? Until these questions are explicitly answered, it seems to be impossible that any intelligent and impartial committee, could deign to notice a tittle of the proposed bill, which proceeds upon the silly presumption that wills are revocable upon pleas of alleged expediency.

Connected with an enquiry as to the proper fulfilment of the Trust, there would of course be a due investigation as to the efficiency of the Inverness Academy; not in the way of improper interference with the functions of the Directors, nor yet upon

grounds associated with the interests of the public at large; but simply with reference to the *quantum* of instruction which the institution was capable of affording to the pupils sent thither under the particular provision of the Mackintosh Trust. The Mackintosh trustees are, we conceive, entitled to remonstrate strongly and effectually with the Directors of the Academy, if they have suffered any defectiveness to creep into the practical working of their educational Establishment. Is the *curriculum* of study a judicious and adequate one?* and if so, is it carried out by able and assiduous teachers, men who are sufficiently remunerated for their important, intellectual toils? In order to qualify ourselves for forming a tolerably correct judgment as to the powers of the Directors, we have closely examined the Charter and Bye-laws of this Incorporated Institution, and we notice no lack of proper power to accomplish every object aimed at by the projectors of the Academy. They have ample authority over the Rector and teachers, who have no vested interests in their situations, but who, on the contrary, are liable to be removed for inefficiency, if the same shall be fully proved. As usual, considerable mystification has been thrown over this subject, by dint of prolix cases drawn up, we presume, by lawyers, and submitted for opinion, to certain other lawyers; amongst the latter, Mr Hope (the present President Hope) evincing his wonted talent for obscuring the most obvious certainties. But apart from professional perversion, the state of the case is plain to the most ordinary perception; and we recommend the directors to look simply to their own Charter, and they will find themselves armed with all lawful powers to rectify and retrieve the Academy, without labouring to upset the will of Captain Mackintosh, by virtue of which they enjoy a monopoly which would be deemed a valuable *bonus* to any institution.

THE MACKINTOSH BEQUEST—OMITTED WORDS OF THE WILL.

We have quite enough to do without re-perusing our own printed scribbling; but on glancing over our last publication, we instantly perceived that the words "to keep up a respectable though declining clan," which formed part of Captain Mackintosh's will, and which we saw safely in our own type, had unaccountably disappeared. Here follows the explanction. We had attached so much importance to the words in question, that we annexed them to the heading of our article; but, on the judicious remark of a friend, that this prominence savoured, or would seem to savour of partisanship, we desired the words to be removed;

* Here it may be proper to remark, that through a most blundering omission, there is no *curriculum*, which reduces the Academy to a state of anarchy.

and the printer, misapprehending our intention, equally withdrew them from the body of the article. However, we seize the opportunity of correcting the omission, to notice the light which these words shed upon what is technically termed the *mind* of the testator. He was liberal to his family, but he loved his *clan;* which is just what we should expect from a Highland old bachelor, who had no bonny *bairns* conjugally assigned him. He naturally concluded that the four families whom he names had, by marriages, been interfused with the clan Mackintosh, and his will is so expressed as to give *breadth* to his bequest; whereas the parties who aim at quashing the defunct Captain's will and codicils, are evidently endeavouring to narrow his educational bequest into the smallest numerical limitation of recipients. The Captain wished to have as many boys educated as the income should be "adequate to;" but the Inverness legislation-mongers are for dwindling down the Mackintosh students in order that public scholarship may be extended, by means of a larger boon to the Academy. Now we do not yield to any of the Inverness illuminators in our cordial anxiety for the increased diffusion of useful knowledge; but we do not deem it necessary to break a will, so many years acted upon, in order to elevate the intellectual position of the Inverness Academy. If the funds of the Mackintosh Trust be properly applied, there must be an ample income flowing in upon the Academy in addition to their own resources derived from subscriptions and fees. Mere money, it should also be observed, will not sustain a scholastic institution, if that money is not employed in securing the most competent instructors, imparting the best system of instruction. Indeed large endowments sometimes prove injurious, by creating fat emoluments for idle or incapable incumbents, who are jobbed into offices which they supinely enjoy. There is no more necessity for a bill to regulate Captain Mackintosh's charitable bequest, than for a bill to revoke the other dispositions of his will; and we should as soon think, at this time of day, of setting aside the Farr residuary legateeship, as of altering one jot or tittle of the arrangements in favour of the Mackintosh boys. We are happy to find that we are not alone in our conclusions upon this subject. One of the ablest and soundest members of the Scottish bar—an excellent as well as an eminent man—writes to us as follows, and we do not feel justified in cancelling the compliment of our distinguished friend. "The article on the 'Mackintosh Bequest' has much interested me, and the views you have stated on this subject appear to me (like all your views on most subjects) to be remarkably judicious and correct."

THE MACKINTOSH BEQUEST.

[From the *Inverness Advertiser*, Feb. 19. 1850.]

We can safely say, that we have not indulged a particle of partisanship in our strictures upon this subject, nor have we held the slightest communication regarding the proposed bill with any persons either promoting or opposing it. We took up the question exclusively upon public grounds; and as we are willing to believe that our local contemporary is as impartial as ourselves, we shall notice in a spirit of fairness and courtesy, some observations on our article, emanating, we presume, from the editor of the *Courier*. As people are always pleased with compliments, however their satisfaction may be cloaked by a little, decent disclaimer, we confess ourselves not insensible to the praise of being deemed "a generally able writer," though we suppose it to be implied that our customary faculty has failed in the matter of the Mackintosh bequest! All we can allege is, that we did our best; and we shall endeavour to do the same now—albeit this theme so severely tries our humble powers. But we are so unfortunate as to discern no great difficulty in the subject. We think the question a very clear and simple one; and that all the embarrassments are created by parties who are bent upon overthrowing a will, in order to effect certain speculative changes, which they speciously attempt to intertwine with the interests of improved education in the "gude town" of Inverness. We give our contemporary, and all who side with him, the fullest credit for their zeal in the cause of education; but we take the liberty of repeating, what we so earnestly insisted on in our article, viz., that a preliminary point must be settled *before* these fine educational schemes can properly come under consideration. Nothing is more easy than an *ad captandum* flourish at a town's meeting, about the efficacy of fresh funds in renovating the intellectual character of the Inverness Academy; but we beg to inquire whether any required reforms could not be wrought out at this moment by the respective trustees of the Academy and of the Mackintosh bequest?

We are not much moved by the *Courier's* objections to our "ponderous pleading" in behalf of the sanctity of wills. We are perfectly certain of the propriety and justness of our reference to the Scriptures as to the origin of the reverence attached, by common consent, to testamentary dispositions. Surely we must rise higher than the scrivener's subtlety, to account for so important a fact in the social history of mankind! A part, and a very humiliating part of the shallowness of lawyers, is connected with their total ignorance of the true foundations upon which legal obligations immutably rest. Therefore it is that their theories are mere wind; and their practice becomes debased into technical triviali-

ties, which convert a *profession* into a *trade*. The *Courier* appears to have borrowed a bit of lawyer's law, in his assumption that "to alter the *powers* does not mean to alter the *objects* of the trustees." Who conferred the original *powers*, we should like to know? Did Captain Mackintosh consult a committee of the House of Commons, in order to adjust his bounty to his relations? Did the family of Farr secure the benefits of their residuary legateeship by virtue of an Act of Parliament? Oh no! All purely *private* interests are, it seems, to be sacredly sustained by simple reference to the intentions of the testator; but where a trust has been (with equal solemnity) constituted for *public* purposes, it may, forsooth, be "altered, explained, and enlarged," under the pretext of bestowing great educational benefits on society at large! What misleading, unjust, unscrupulous sophistry inheres in all these vague generalities about benefiting the community! An "Investigator," whose very prolix, and (as we think) singularly feeble letter, we gave insertion to, is, it appears, desirous of dealing with the Mackintosh Fund according to the principles of the Utilitarian philosophers, who wish to promote "the greatest good of the greatest number"—by confiscating a fund applicable, at most, only to persons named Mackintosh! There is a dash of Communism in all these golden visions of anti-Christian perfectibility; and whenever lawyers and philosophers agree to hunt in couples, depend upon it that they will run down all truth and equity! Our critic of the *Courier* does not, however, avail himself of "the greatest happiness principle," but chiefly harps on the impossibility of administering the Mackintosh bequest without the aid of the Legislature; and still, adverse as he is to our views, it falls out oddly enough, that, like Mrs Malaprop, "every second word he says is on our side of the question;" and, by way of requital, we shall now proceed to abet *his* side of the question.

We do not entertain any doubt whatever as to the gross mismanagement of the Mackintosh bequest, and we confidently assert, that if the Fund were wisely and uprightly administered, the Inverness Academy would occupy an excellent position as a well endowed Institution; for is not the monopoly given to the Academy, by virtue of Captain Mackintosh's will, equivalent to a formal endowment? We assume with the *Courier* that the bequest was meant to promote the *education* of certain boys bearing the name of Mackintosh; and this education is to be imparted at an institution which only professes to supply intellectual improvement. On inquiry, we find that funds which should have been mainly devoted to the education of as large a number of boys as possible, have been practically lavished upon the physical sustentation of *families* to whom certain boys belong. This palpable perversion of the testator's intentions has been accomplished

through the supineness, or something more censurable, of the trustees. If the managers of the fund think they are justified in giving a *small sum* on account of each boy to the Inverness Academy—and a *large sum* to the parents of such boy or boys, on the plea of *education*, but which in fact is a sort of *peculium* pocketed by the parents themselves—we must frankly declare, that the sages of the Inverness municipality labour under a very strange delusion. The results of such mal-administration would infallibly be, that the number of boys to be educated would be reduced to the smallest figure; that the families of the fortunate youths would be better fed; but that the Inverness Academy would necessarily be famished—inasmuch as the monies meant to be expended on the mental improvement of as many boys as the funds are "adequate to," would be actually employed in liberalizing the larders of some half-dozen domestic establishments! So here, thanks to the fresh scent which the *Courier* has kindly drawn us to, we arrive at the grand secret of the Inverness Academy's "want of repair," though it be, it should seem, "an excellent institution." The reason is plain enough. The Mackintosh pupils are few—in order that some Mackintosh families may be fattened; and the funds which, if allocated in the shape of fees would supply ample remuneration for first-rate instructors, go to provide beef and mutton for *families*—instead of languages and elementary science for a goodly number of *boys*. Have we not helped you now, gentleman legislators, who seem at a loss how to find pupils for the Academy, except you can wheedle Parliament into a revocation of Captain Mackintosh's will! Rest assured that if men will only condescend to allow conscience and common sense to have fair play, the honest and judicious carrying out of the Mackintosh Trust, as it now stands, is wholly void of difficulty. When candidates are selected, examine into the circumstances of each case; and while education is to be provided for all who are chosen, limit any *extra* succour, to such boys as really stand in need of it. For example, a proveably poor family, living at a distance from Inverness, might be, in practice, debarred of the benefit of the bequest, if their child were not lodged and boarded in Inverness, where alone the appointed education could be received. We are quite satisfied that the Trustees have power to classify the recipients so as to assist the poor nearest of kin; and yet by rigidly refusing to job away the funds to parties able to support their children, while obtaining elemosynary education, a much larger number of pupils would be constantly contributed towards the income of the Academy.

Of course we labour under a disadvantage in our non-acquaintance with the accounts of the Trustees of the Mackintosh Fund. We should be particularly gratified by being allowed to know how

much is paid for each privileged Mackintosh now imbibing gratuitous instruction at the Academy? When we visited that institution, we were informed (if we mistake not) that the number of the little Mackintosh worthies now flourishing there amounts to ten; whereas the presumedly correct Mr Douglas, in his "Supplement," swells them up to twenty-two. We should like to learn whether any such classification as we have just adverted to, is laid down and enforced by the Trustees; for if not, the sooner it is resorted to the better. The administration of the Fund must be a fraudulent farce, if it be assumed, that a boy placed on the list of pupils at the Academy, thereby entitles his family to get a good annuity, payable out of the Mackintosh bequest—irrespective of the *proved* poverty of that family.

We trust that the *Courier* will now acknowledge that we have rendered the cause he espouses some good service; and that, on the score of this, he will deal gently with our "idiosyncracy" in reverencing the sacred Scriptures. If those Scriptures were more diligently searched for instruction in the every-day concerns of life, men would not be so prone to mistake *expediency* for *justice*; and to deal with a generous testator's clearly-expressed will, as if it were a piece of waste paper!

*** On referring to the *Queries* submitted to Messrs Macneill and Rutherfurd, by certain Trustees of the Mackintosh Fund, in April 1842, it appears that the joint opinion of these eminent Counsel was decidedly against "increasing the amount of allowance in individual cases, as now proposed by Farr and Holm." However, in direct contravention of this opinion, it may be stated, on the authority of Mr R. Smith, Secretary and Treasurer, that the Trustees acceded to the application for increased allowances on the part of Farr and Holm, and that there are now *three* children of Col. Mackintosh of Farr, who are sustained at a much higher rate than the children of *poorer* parents—thus inverting the intentions of the Testator.

WHAT CAN BE DONE TO REMEDY THE DISASTROUS DEPRECIATION OF RAILWAY PROPERTY?

Such a vast variety of national interests are now embraced by the operation of the railway system, that, essentially evil as we believe that system to be, we cannot divest ourselves of sympathy for the innumerable parties who have been seriously injured by the ruinous depreciation of railway securities. We have recently given free expression to our opinion as to the total want of wisdom and probity which marked all the railway schemes, under the failure of which the public now groans; but thousands have

honestly invested their money in railways, who are victims to the villany of others, and for whom we should gladly see a way of escape. And without arrogating for ourselves any extraordinary stretch of sagacity, we think we are able to afford some instructive information and consolatory counsel in the present emergency. What is pre-eminently wanted is a true knowledge of the case, which it would be a futile attempt to gather from the grand nonsense and vituperative declamation of the *Times;* which, having made a fortune by advertising swindling railway schemes in that journal, whose circulation was availed of to abet fraudulent projects—now turns round, and with virtuous indignation assails the very parties who filled their printing-house pockets! We are quite as indignant at railway rascalities as the *Times* can possibly be; but at the very time when roguery was rampant, we pointed out the monstrous trickeries which were in course of perpetration; and we may add, that the *Times* was closed against the admission of all cautionary communications on railway subjects. But let that be—our object is to deal with the present difficulty.

That the almost destructive depreciation of railway shares took its open rise in the discovery of Mr Hudson's gigantic malversations, is an undoubted fact; but it is equally true that the disclosures made concerning this railway pagod, arose out of the inevitable embarrassments engendered by the rotten railway system. To bolster up fraudulent schemes, shares were profusely allocated to multitudes who applied for them on gambling grounds, hoping to get gain in that mart of iniquity, the Stock Exchange, by a speedy transfer from hand to hand. As matters maddened, thousands of tradesmen embarked in railway speculations—first to the neglect, and in the sequel to the great detriment of their regular business. But in process of time the Legislature sanctioned an enormous number of railway schemes, and the projectors were armed by law, with powers to carry out their undertakings by means of peremptory *calls*. And here began the discovery of the true state of things. Calls must be enforced, or how could lawyers and engineers extort thirty thousands pounds per mile for getting up and laying down a railway, whose very curvatures were to be turned into cash! Now we maintain that the penal enforcement of calls led to the revelations respecting Hudson. Men of straw, mechanics, servants in and out of place, were shewn to have been holders of railway stock, and could not of course pay for the furtherance of Mr Hudson's projects, he poor man being only a *millionaire!* The shop-keepers, too who had preferred railway shares to grocery or drapery dealings, now found that calls were eating up their little capital, and they must take choice of shop or rail! Reader, dost thou not see the matter clearly enough now! The adored shares, the fondly cherished,

dearly-bought tokens of boundless wealth, must be forced upon the market to be sold at any price! The wider the sphere of speculation, the more numerous were the necessitous parties who rushed eagerly to get rid of their shares, and the consequence was, that Capel Court, formerly blocked up with the equipages of aristocratic gamblers bidding higher and higher for shares in sham railways, was now crowded with competing sellers, glutting the market with stock which found no favour with buyers. Down fell the prices of shares, and oddly enough shares in the best lines soon became proportionally more affected, because money could be more readily raised upon them, and they were sold for the repayment of advances. Just as these pressures were sufficiently matured, the *peccadilloes* of the great Hudson, the bronze king we may now dub him, were, after vain attempts to stifle disclosure, partially published abroad—for depend upon it, we are yet ignorant of the thousandth part of the embezzlements of Hudson and his confederates in fraud. Prices fell still lower, for many upright shareholders, who had resorted to railways as a secure investment—now became frightened by the divulged devilments which the *Times* made the most of—and the revulsion was so dreadful, that it continues to influence the beggared share-market up to the present time. What is to be done, is the general cry? but as all the confident counsellors are quite at fault, we venture to offer a few humble suggestions. Panic is the order of the day, and the first point which strikes us as serving to rebuke that panic, is the undoubted increase of railway traffic, the true foundation upon which all just railway expectations must rest. The returns from almost all railways clearly prove that the numbers of passengers, and the carriage of goods, have increased enormously. Nevertheless, the cost of working, and the charges of management, are so high as to swamp the profits of income, and the prospect of cheering dividends becomes more dim and distant. *Our* remedy for this uncomfortable condition of things, is to have a sweeping change in the *principle* of the present system of management. We recommend that meetings of shareholders should be held, *not* to displace chairmen and directors, and fill up the vacancies with fresh corruptionists; but to lay the axe to the root of all rottenness, by disbanding all chairmen, directors, and committees, and appointing over each railway a competent functionary, whose individual responsibilities shall place him fully under the public eye, and whose character and position will depend upon the due discharge of his trust. Committees of all descriptions are dens of deception and fraudulent impunity. No individual would dare to try, nor could he possibly effect, the monstrous villanies which are accomplished by means of committees—often made up of crafty knaves who organize and lead the gang,

and of timid, half-and-half members, who are overborne by the assurance of their guileful colleagues. Does not the whole railway system of scoundrelism testify to the truth of our remarks? How were the bubble projects brought out but by means of committees, patched up in the back office of some pettifogging lawyer, and then published, along with a list of decoy names of notabilities—Manchester warehousemen mixed up with needy lords, and backed with bankers who had a railway partner to traffic at the Stock Exchange! Now, up to this hour all the working railways are mainly in the hands of these corrupt concoctors; and can we wonder that the poor shareholders are robbed and spoiled by the operation of an incurably unsound system? The great drift of all these people is to keep the railway realm of riches in their own clutch; and when one set of directors is forced to resign, the *system* is still as actively fraudulent as ever. Government audits, and other specious restraints, are sheer nonsense. Place men of intelligence and probity at the head of each railway concern—give them full power to carry on the executive of the railway—and allow no supplementary schemes to be embarked in without the concurrence of a majority of shareholders; for it was by amalgamations and other plausible arrangements, founded in fraud, that Hudson contrived to accumulate the wealth which he is now disgorging. The vast manufacturing establishments of the great railway companies are emporiums of wasteful expenditure, utterly unnecessary in a country where immense facilities are supplied by contractors ready to compete with each other in furnishing the best machinery at the most moderate rates. In short, every part of the existing railway system must be reformed, before public confidence can be revived to such an extent as shall render railway shares a desirable investment for all classes of capitalists.

THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

Some weeks since we took the opportunity of conveying to our readers a series of very strong observations on railway management, in the course of which we did not hesitate to denounce the whole system as being radically rotten, and, in plain truth, a crafty organization for swindling and spoliation. We affirmed, that if railway property is rescuable from destruction, the only means of safety is to be found in abolishing the present machinery—in disbanding the entire tribe of chairmen, directors, committees, &c., who constitute an oligarchy of plunderers; and to appoint, in lieu of these, over each railway company, an able, authoritative manager, to whom should be confided the executive of

these important concerns—leaving the financial arrangements completely under the control of the shareholders. We alleged that the irresponsible power entrusted to knots of directors, rendered any effective check upon profligate expenditure totally impossible; that a Hudson, and his clique of knaves, would be found in every committee; and that the smallest coterie of cheats would overpower the milk-and-water morality of their colleagues. Men who have much business of their own rarely take a lead in these committees; the active, ruling robbers are men who make it their business to attend constantly to what they call "the affairs of the company," but which on some day of after reckoning, turns out to be an incessant occupation in filling their own pockets! In short, the railway mania engendered a class of railway corruptionists, who monopolise the mismanagement of railway property, and, until a sweeping change takes place, all hope of rendering investment in shares safe or profitable, is nothing better than a gambler's dream! Nor are railway embarrassments confined to railway committees; a further, and more fearful range of difficulties is, it strikes us, connected with banking establishments. Many banks covertly encouraged, and even participated in railway speculation, and are at this hour holders, to an immense figure, of desperately depreciated railway securities. In England, such liabilities as these would fall upon a firm of speculative bankers; but in Scotland, they would rest ruinously upon a multitude of joint-stock proprietors, who are answerable for all banking engagements to the last farthing they are possessed of.

We have been led into this train of enquiry by considering the case of the Caledonian Railway Company, which has just been fully opened to public view; and looking into the published details, we are of opinion that the mischievous mismanagement of the affairs of this ruined company exceeds anything of the kind as yet dragged into day. A committee of shareholders having been appointed to investigate the concerns of the company, the investigators have presented a report, in which the directors are pithily charged with "recklessness, folly, and infatuation, without a precedent in the history of commercial affairs." And vigorous as this censure sounds, it is amply borne out by facts and figures. These ingenious gentlemen have contrived to expend their entire capital in outlays upon an incomplete line; and they have incurred a debt of £850,000, which with other engagements amounting to nearly £700,000 more, serves to establish the certainty that the future revenue is all mortgaged! Agreeable state of things this! The directors are not dealt with in a very complimentary manner by the reporting remonstrants, for they are alleged to have acted "more like boys than men;" and very bad boys, too, it might be added, if only a tithe of the accusations

were proved against them. And who are these "boys?" Why, neither more nor less than such important persons as Mr Hope Johnstone, Mr Hodgson Hinde, Mr W. Lockhart, M.P., Mr Hastie, M.P., Mr Alderman Thompson, M.P., and though last, not least, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, with a little crowd of inferior Hudsonians! Now this array of names should teach impoverished shareholders, that a decoy list of flaming M.P.'s affords no security against wasteful or fraudulent misapplication of their funds—and that *such* security is the one thing needful in railway management. As soon as this Pandora's box was opened, the directors began to negociate terms of resignation; and the conditions of retirement go to verify all the charges urged against them. The agreement is thus stated—"that the present directors should go out of office; that they should receive an indemnity for all the money which they had expended in buying their own company's shares (to bolster up the market prices); and that the company should exercise their borrowing powers to the amount of £66,600, to clear off engagements;" and to these extravagant extortions the shareholders have yielded, as did Mr Hudson's creditors, rather than plunge their insolvent affairs in the bottomless pit of Chancery. However, it should seem that the promised indemnity is not thought to be sufficiently safe; so the miserable shareholders are pledged to obtain an indemnity for their destroyers by means of an act of Parliament—leaving us to conclude that if there is any peculiarly dirty work to be done, it is a sort of *remanet* to be disposed of by the Legislature!

On the whole, these infamous railway proceedings fill us with indignation and alarm; indignation, that so many gentlemen of high position in society should have shown themselves so suspiciously inadequate to the discharge of a great public trust; and alarm, from our clear perception that railway troubles must inevitably increase. Holders of railway securities will be constrained to make forced sales of depreciated stock—especially where banking advances have been made on shares; and the market will be more and more glutted through the pressure of sellers, and the shyness of purchasers. All the elements of a fearful pecuniary panic are fatally maturing, and yet men are content with old, shuffling expedients, instead of boldly coping with a great evil by a vigorous and decisive course of action.

COUNTRY DEPUTATIONS TO MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

As there seems springing up on all sides a very commendable zeal for public retrenchment, we think it quite possible that we may render some service to corporate bodies, and other associations, by

opening their eyes to the needless prodigality with which public funds are lavished in defraying the expenses of totally useless deputations. The common belief craftily propagated by interested parties, is a stupid fallacy that public objects cannot be successfully promoted, except a lot of sages be dispatched from some locality to London; travelling in first-class carriages; depositing themselves at first-rate hotels; faring sumptuously every day; honouring theatres with their presence every night; and then returning to their downy couches to snore away their metropolitan fatigues! The way in which these patriotic pleasures are brought about is something like the following. A project of some kind or other is started in some municipality, or chartered company, or organised body; and the attention of the Government to it is alleged to be indispensable. In England, some man of law—a Smith or a Brown; in Scotland, some Mac this; in Ireland, some O' that, demonstrates in the most convincing manner, that nothing can be done without a deputation, of which he is to be the guardian angel. Moved, seconded, carried! and off flies the deputation by an express train, discreetly composed of persons who have luckily private business in London, which they can now pleasantly transact at the public expense. Then ensue all the plausible trickeries which are calculated to spin out the sojournment of the worthy deputationists. M.P.'s are to be hunted out at their respective clubs; and "our member" is requested to "put himself in communication" with the departmental great man who irradiates the Treasury, or Board of Trade, or Home Office, as the case may happen to be. The longer an interview can be staved off, all the better; for the patient parties are paid for *not* seeing a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or other magnate, just as liberally as for beholding him. Therefore, why hurry one of her Majesty's servants, who has peradventure a long list of country gabies, all supplicating for ten minutes benign chat. At length the important day and hour arrive; the Downing Street doors turn smartly on their hinges; and the deputation, headed and flanked by smiling senators, is ushered into the presence of Lord John, or Sir Charles, or the Right Hon. Mr Somebody; and what then? Why, some complimentary babble takes place; a little bit of business is obscurely hinted at by the least bashful member of the deputation; Lord John listens with a sort of frosty reserve; mutters something about "giving consideration to the subject," and bows out the deputation, who retire precisely as they entered; for the whole affair is a complete farce; and if anything is ever effected, it is by means of written communications, which in point of fact render deputations utterly unnecessary. Having remained so long for the honour of an interview, the deputation must tarry some time longer, in order to ascertain that their solemn conference has been

of no use whatever; and that six penny-worth of postage stamps might have covered the expense of all really required communications. In due season our deputationists return home to report their *no*-progress in the important affair confided to their zeal and ability, looking very fat and rosy, and presenting London dresses of the latest fashion to their wives and daughters. The epilogue consists of an uncommonly long bill, in which the items of expenditure are thrown into gigantic generalities, not seeking the support of vulgar vouchers. A discontented discussion takes place on the motion for payment, in which some disappointed candidate for a trip to London is more than usually sarcastic and chary of the public funds. But the bill is eventually ordered to be paid in full, out of revenues raised by compulsory assessment; and if the deputation-monger is up to his trade, he has another visit to London on the anvil, before he gets the treasurer's cheque cashed at the bank. Now we think it high time that this costly nonsense should receive a salutary stop. What is the use of members of Parliament if they cannot contrive to do the *public* business of their constituents? Why should straitened payers of municipal taxes, for example, be saddled with extra imposts to defray the wasteful mummery of deputations, who, at the very best, cannot accomplish more than a judicious correspondence would to a certainty obtain? Our doctrine is that all public services should be liberally rewarded; but it is monstrous that public money should be squandered on such transparent humbugs as needless deputations.

THE SABBATH-DAY'S RESPITE FROM POST-OFFICE LABOUR.

We are quite ready to confess that we took the slightest possible portion of interest in the agitation against Sunday labour being partially introduced in the London General Post-office. We do not yield to any people breathing in reverential regard for the sanctity and privilege of the Christian Sabbath, but we must candidly acknowledge that we were unable to discern how the vital interests of religion were so importantly helped or hindered by the absence or attendance of a few clerks and letter-sorters at St Martin's-le-Grand for some hours on the Sunday. So very differently did we view the subject, that we merely considered it as the first step towards breaking up a metropolitan monopoly of post-office ease, which was enjoyed at the expense of all the rest of the empire. For what was the naked truth of the case? Why, that London should be piously prohibited from sending or receiving letters on the Sunday, but that every Post-office functionary *elsewhere* should, on that day of rest, be harassed with a full amount

of duty, in order that the Londoners might have their week-day correspondence poured in from the most distant points with unfailing abundance! All reverence, all repose, all comfort, were to be sacrificed in every other quarter, for the purpose of giving to London a sham religious repute, coupled with incessant activity in the provinces, to make up for one day's London suspension of intercourse. Therefore, we were unable to participate in the *religious* fervour which inspired so much movement against *Sabbath desecration*, as it was emphatically termed. We could not for the life of us detect more in the new Post-office arrangement than a stop put to some country excursions and suburban pic-nics, on the part of a score or two of subordinates who were called on to carry out a crotchet of Rowland Hill, the penny postage schemer. If we were to credit the strong statements of many zealous declaimers, the whole cause of national religion was wrapped up in this petty Post-office regulation; but, much as we felt inclined to appreciate the motives of well-intentioned men, we scrupled to give in our adhesion to their somewhat extravagant doctrine. In short, we saw distinctly that pietists were unconsciously transformed into London Post-office *protectionists*, and that the earnest arguments urged in behalf of the privileged officials in the great British Babylon were virtual pleadings against the just rights of innumerable other Post-office people, whose bondage and Sunday travail were still to be perpetuated. But we lift up our voice to promote a measure of universal equity, which shall embrace the rightful rest of *all* servants of the state employed in the Post-office department. We are not sticklers for suspended work in the London district and ceaseless toil in every other region where a Post-office is planted. We allege that Post-office labour on the Sabbath is a direct breach of the law of the land, and that it can no more be justified than any other infringement. There is not, so far as we are aware, any special statute which secures the Sunday leisure of the London Post-office; it is simply by following out the course of general law that the Postmaster-General and his staff stay at home on the Sabbath, or enjoy themselves elsewhere, while the multitude of provincial postmasters must fag at their office windows to hand out letters to inquirers. Here, therefore, is the monstrous injustice and inequality which we are eager to denounce. All paltry, partial shifts and expedients will prove utterly fruitless in this matter. The evil is, that a public department sectionally shut up on the Sunday in London, is open for business purposes on the same sacred day throughout the empire. What an absurd and unjust anomaly is this! Cannot country folks do for one day without posted letters or newspapers, as the London millions have hitherto done? and cannot Londoners and

ruralists forecast their communications so as to effect every legitimate interchange which pleasure prompts or business demands? If the government had enough of firmness and wisdom to issue a plain order to keep *all* Post-offices closed on the Sabbath, the social system of the whole empire would instantly accommodate itself to the previously announced change, and an immense weight of oppression would be removed not only from Post-office *employes*, but from clerks, servants, and other messengers, who besiege the country Post-offices in order to receive their respective packets of letters and newspapers.

While on the subject of Post-office management, we may observe that a good deal of nonsense has been spouted at public meetings as to the presumed ill effect of Sunday labour in producing theft and embezzlement in the Post-office department. We apprehend that the cause of Post-office peccadillos of this unseemly sort is more traceable in the fact that the public department, which offers the greatest temptations to theft, is, if we are rightly informed, the worst paid department of Her Majesty's service. No one will enter into it who has decent expectations elsewhere, and the consequence is that the London office is crowded with an inferior class of men, whose poor positions are obtained through the lowest electioneering influences. This has been always the state of things; but the penny postage project has still further degraded the Post-office. Whilst the revenue has been diminished, so as to leave a mere nominal surplus, the duties of the entire Post-office department are intolerably increased. We say intolerably, because men cannot be expected to bear with equanimity that great additional labour should be imposed upon them, and that their recompense should remain unaugmented. Now mark how this boon to the letter-writing public acts upon menials in the Post-office. Their drudgery is excessive; for Mr Rowland Hill's grand notion of economically working out his system is to make one miserable man do the work of two! They toil, and toil, and toil; no adequate reward awaits their *extra* exertions,—and they feel at once the weight of undue labour and the pressure of poverty. Every man of them has treasures passing hourly under his thumb, and he purloins transmitted monies instead of forwarding them to their lawful destination. If his theft be untracked, while he labours under suspicion, the authorities resort to the questionable trick of filling a letter with marked money, and thus hunting home the conjectured delinquent. The police reports teem with these things; but Lord Clanricarde has not enlargement of mind to understand what they denote. They show that the public are robbed, because the public service is confided to ill-paid labourers of a low caste; and the real remedy consists in selecting proper persons to perform responsible duties,

bearing in mind a Scripture truth, as applicable to clerks, and letter-sorters, and letter-carriers, as to Postmasters-General; viz., that *the labourer is worthy of his hire.*

The public expect and exact marvels of probity and punctuality from the Post-office; but although their brazen idol Rowland Hill succeeded in demolishing the Post-office revenue, he will never succeed in securing post-office probity by means of his niggardly system towards the oppressed officials of that ill-administered department. Indeed, we always thought Mr Hill a shallow, inefficient pretender, a *penny wise* panderer to the covetousness of traders, but cloaking his scheme with the pretext of vast public benefit. Either of two things must shortly take place; a moderate augmentation of postage rates, or some other impost, must be devised to eke out the required expenditure of the Post-office; for the present revenue cannot possibly suffice for the due remuneration of respectable persons fitted to perform the onerous and responsible duties of the department.

THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

[The renewed failure of the potato in Ireland, having again given rise to the identical state of things which drew forth the following strictures; they are presently reprinted, in order to shew that the pertinacity in pushing the culture of the doomed potato will continue to inflict wide-spread calamity upon the peasant population of the sister island].

Ireland, Sir Robert Peel's "difficulty," and the perpetual field for political paradox, is again distressingly obtruded upon public attention. The London journalists, ensconced in their snug editorial chambers, are, after a short lull, busily employed in getting up for their excitable readers, a fresh supply of conspiracies and rebellions in Ireland, as a sort of equipoise to the Bermondsey murder. The *Times* rolls its theatrical thunder, affects to know everything better than everybody, and is, by common consent, the "Sir Oracle," with all the priesthood of the press. A crowd of scribbling senators—"the mob of gentlemen who write with ease"—are also in full trot throughout Ireland, inditing sundry epistles on the present, past, and future condition of "that unhappy country," and favouring the public with reams of equivocal information, and confident prediction. S. G. O.; Poulet Scrope, M.P.; the corn-leaguer, Bright; and Carlyle, the concocter of English-German crudities, are all engaged, pen in hand, scouring through the sufferings of the green isle, and preparing to cheer our winter evenings with the most contradictory statements of Irish horrors.

We smile at these tourists and their productions, for we know practically, that the bulk of English enquirers return from Ireland just as they went, so far as relates to truthful, useful information. The mere outside of things—the beggar, the hovel, and the bog—they, of course, peer at through the broken sash of a rickety post-chaise; but as for the social state of Ireland, it is a hidden mystery to all these well-meaning, but utterly unqualified investigators, who can do little good, save by encouraging road-side inns, and tossing occasional sixpences to eloquent mendicants.

Lest we should travel in the tracks of the writers whose authority we hold so cheap, we must eschew preliminary disquisition, and enter at once upon the present state of Ireland. In flat opposition to the potentates of the London press, we boldly affirm that neither politics nor religion have any share whatever in the existing commotions. Neither can it be justly said that the present rural disturbances are a renewal of the old system, designated as "agrarian outrages." Fanatics, whether of the Roman Catholic or Protestant creed—agitators, whether for repeal or rebellion—have no place in the actual, pervading, tumultuary violence which now afflicts many parts of Ireland—their "occupation's gone." The parties now in deadly conflict are the landlords and tenants of Ireland, and the battle-plains are the harvest fields covered with grain, on which the life of the combatants may be truly said to depend. The potato blight having again unmistakeably visited the sole subsistence of the peasant population, it follows, that if the whole crop of corn be seized on by the landlords, the working producers of that crop must infallibly perish. This is no exaggeration, it is the plain, awful truth. During long years a false and pernicious agricultural system prevailed in Ireland; for the inconsiderate owners of the soil exacted, in the shape of rent, the whole amount of the corn crops, wringing from the wretched peasant the entire produce of the land, *minus* his daily potato. The proprietor lived lavishly—kept his pack of hounds—sported race-horses on the Curragh—saddled his estate with judgment debts—and parried his creditors with a roll of rack-rented tenants. These miserable tenants, huddled in mud cabins—for the thatch of which landlords would not even spare straw—without any of the comforts which would serve to fill up the barbarous blank of savage existence—the crushed, yet struggling cultivators of the ground in Ireland, were indisputably in a more abject position than any tillers of the soil throughout Europe. "All the fault of the idle, dirty, intractable peasantry," exclaim the unanimous host of absentee proprietors and resident exactors of rent. But not so, worshipful lords and gentlemen. How came you to think that the whole produce of the soil, with the exception of an esculent divided among tenants and their swine, was meant for YOU? Did it never occur

to you, that *your* idlesse—*your* banquettings—*your* ostentatious clothing—*your* horses, hounds, and other *paraphernalia* of wasteful proprietorship, were, in point of fact, sustained by the toiling hard hands of the ragged peasants, who could call nothing but the precarious potato their own? "The Corinthian capitals of polished society," as Burke styles them, have their assigned station in the community; but *where* would capitals be if there were no foundations to rest upon? The simple truth with regard to Irish society is, that the whole column, with its chapiter and base, was upheld by the potato. It afforded savage subsistence to the poor peasant, who was thereby strengthened to cultivate the corn, which the insatiable proprietor exclusively engrossed. At length came the fatal infliction, which, in destroying the food of the peasant, slowly but surely smote down the seeming prosperity of the owners of the soil. The landlords battled hard against their inevitable doom. They invoked the aid of Government—besought the beneficence of England—deluded themselves—*Hibernico more*—with patriotic associations for shirking their proper duties; but in the meanwhile the evil was fearfully progressing. The operation of the poor-law was ruinously wreaked upon the prostrated tenantry, who speedily sank into a pauper state themselves. To remedy this grievance, the proprietors of the sterner stamp resorted to wholesale evictions, which make the Christian cheek turn pale, and which, moreover, clearly evince that Christianity has no place in the hearts of the inexorable evictors! All appliances having failed, the landlords of Ireland, who have betrayed their trust, and who have forfeited the true title to their possessions, are now *in extremis*. They put themselves upon their austerest legal rights, and, in the teeth of a universal menacing potato failure, they demand (to supply their own necessities) all, or nearly all, the produce of an abundant harvest. This is the simple solution of the turbulent scenes now alarmingly exhibited in Ireland. The landlords pounce down upon the growing crops, with the view of arresting them on their progress to the desolate stack-yard; and the panic-stricken tenants, seeing the prospect of certain famine (famine in the midst of plenty), staring them in the face, betake themselves to lawless resistance, and seek the aid of their equally-frightened neighbours, to remove, furtively or by force, the future food of their families. Carts and horses (for Ireland knows not yet the lumbering wain) are in full requisition; double diligence is exerted, and the corn vanishes from the sight of the incensed landlord, who, however, in nine cases out of ten stifly refuses all accommodation with the tenant. Pursuit is, of course, immediately instituted; then comes collision, often desperate and deadly, between the adherents of the rival claimants; and the police and military are ultimately called in to quell what bears the aspect of semi-insurrection. Such is

the brief story of Irish movements to protect property on the one hand, and to evade starvation on the other. A middle course might be found in mutual concession, but lawyers and soldiers are bad umpires between landlord and tenant. We may look forward, therefore, to one of the worst winters that Ireland has ever experienced—a winter's death-clutch to obtain food!

Some shallow scribblers are very angry that the poor Irish did not submit to have all their woes and personal privations completely removed by the magic influence of the Queen's nine days' wonder. Her majesty is a very amiable, exemplary personage, possessing good sense, good feeling, and good taste, but, really, it would be as preposterous to expect Ireland's wounds to be healed by the Queen's transient visit, as to expect a cancer to be cured by a physician's morning call! Much social good will, no doubt, result from the unfeigned, exuberant feeling of loyalty which the Queen's visit palpably inspired, but her Majesty cannot stay the strife between landlords and tenants—she cannot supply the place of the potato. There is a faction in the land, stronger than the milions wielded by O'Connell, or the handful of insurgents deluded by Smith O'Brien—it is the *famine faction*, which neither laws nor bayonets can put down. Bounty and benevolence are the only quellers of an insurrection like *this;* and, where Christian charity is lacking, every other mode of repression will be found to fail.

Let us not be misapprehended in these candid strictures. We deplore unfeignedly the miserable condition of *all* Ireland. We pity the distresses of needy landlords, as we compassionate the hard case of destitute tenants; but we are anxious that the subject should be thoroughly understood, and that a resourceless population should not be confounded with a rebellious population, which latter the Irish are *not*. If the owners of the soil, instead of generously extending aid to their dependants, insist upon appropriating a whole harvest to themselves, it becomes a grave question how far the rulers of the state are justified in squandering the civil and military power to uphold a system of such relentless exaction? To maintain order is one thing, to succour inhumanity is quite another thing; and if the Government once undertake to fight the battle of oppressive landlords, avenging anarchy will quickly overspread three-fourths of Ireland.

October 1849.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 9, line 5 from top, *for* pernicious *read* perniciously
... 13, ... 15 from top, *for* remunerate *read* remunerated
... 18, ... 6 from bottom, *for* commissioners *read* commissioner
... 63, ... 12 from bottom, *for* however, cloaked, *read* however cloaked,
... 79, ... 20 from bottom, *for* aware of *read* aware that
... 179, ... 8 from bottom, *for* incidently *read* incidentally
... 212, ... 13 from bottom, for *exceedingly sinful.* read *exceeding sinful.*